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LADY WENTWORTH. .

ONE hundred years ago, and something more,
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door,
Neat as a pin and blooming as a rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,
Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,
And half resolved, though he was past his prime,
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
To fall down at her feet, and to declare
The passion that had driven him to despair.
For from his lofty station he had seen
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green,
Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four in hand,
Down the long lane and out into the land,
And knew that he was far upon the way
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay!

Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare, —
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon;
A creature men would worship and adore,
Though now in mean habiliments she bore

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VOL. XXIX. — NO. 171.

I

A pail of water, dripping, through the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace, —
The slender form, the delicate, thin face ;
The swaying motion, as she hurried by ;
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced :
And with uncommon feelings of delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say
These words, or thought he did, as plain as day :
" O Martha Hilton ! Fie ! how dare you go
About the town half dressed, and looking so ! "
At which the gypsy laughed, and straight replied :
" No matter how I look ; I yet shall ride
In my own chariot, ma'am." And on the child
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,
As with her heavy burden she passed on,
Looked back, then turned the corner, and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable day,
Drew his august attention was a gay
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank,
While all alone within the chariot, sat
A portly person with three-cornered hat,
A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast ;
For this was Governor Wentworth, driving down
To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,
Where his Great House stood looking out to sea, —
A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great highroad,
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style ;
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air, —
Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter through.
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye, —
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry ;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs ;

Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs;
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names.

Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt,
A widower and childless; and he felt
The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom
That like a presence haunted every room;
For though not given to weakness, he could feel
The pain of wounds that ache because they heal.

The years came and the years went, — seven in all, —
And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall;
The dawns their splendor through its chambers shed,
The sunsets flushed its western windows red;
The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain;
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again;
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died,
In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.

And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved;
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining through;
A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine!
Through her each room was fair to look upon,
The mirrors glistened and the brasses shone,
The very knocker on the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill
Of Time; that never for an hour stands still,
Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birthday
And powdered his brown hair with silver-gray.
The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
The bluebird with his jocund carolling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May, —
All welcomed this majestic holiday!
He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,
Such as became the Governor of the State,
Who represented England and the King,
And was magnificent in everything.
He had invited all his friends and peers, —
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest,
For why repeat the name of every guest?

But I must mention one, in bands and gown,
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
Of the Established Church; with smiling face
He sat beside the Governor and said grace;
And then the feast went on, as others do,
But ended as none other I e'er knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many a cheer,
The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,
Who disappeared, and presently there stood
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,
A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,
Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How lady-like, how queen-like she appears;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty!
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there,
Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
"This is my birthday; it shall likewise be
My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"

The listening guests were greatly mystified,
None more so than the rector, who replied:
"Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task,
Your Excellency; but to whom, I ask?"
The Governor answered: "To this lady here";
And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.
She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.
The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried:
"This is the lady; do you hesitate?
Then I command you as Chief Magistrate."
The rector read the service loud and clear:
"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"
And so on to the end. At his command,
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring; and that was all:
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

Henry W. Longfellow.

SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

IT was a day in early spring; and as that sweet, genial time of year and atmosphere calls out tender greenness from the ground, — beautiful flowers, or leaves that look beautiful because so long unseen under the snow and decay, — so the pleasant air and warmth had called out three young people, who sat on a sunny hillside enjoying the warm day and one another. For they were all friends: two of them young men, and playmates from boyhood; the third, a girl who, two or three years younger than themselves, had been the object of their boy-love, their little rustic, childish gallantries, their budding affections; until, growing all towards manhood and womanhood, they had ceased to talk about such matters, perhaps thinking about them the more.

These three young people were neighbors' children, dwelling in houses that stood by the side of the great Lexington road, along a ridgy hill that rose abruptly behind them, its brow covered with a wood, and which stretched, with one or two breaks and interruptions, into the heart of the village of Concord, the county town. It was in the side of this hill that, according to tradition, the first settlers of the village had burrowed in caverns which they had dug out for their shelter, like swallows and woodchucks. As its slope was towards the south, and its ridge and crowning woods defended them from the northern blasts and snow-drifts, it was an admirable situation for the fierce New England winter; and the temperature was milder, by several degrees, along this hillside than on the unprotected plains, or by the river, or in any other part of Concord. So that here, during the hundred years that had elapsed since the first settlement of the place, dwellings had successively risen close to the hill's foot, and the meadow that lay on the other side of the road — a fertile tract — had been cultivated;

and these three young people were the childrens' childrens' children of persons of respectability who had dwelt there, — Rose Garfield, in a small house, the site of which is still indicated by the cavity of a cellar, in which I this very past summer planted some sunflowers to thrust their great disks out from the hollow and allure the bee and the humming-bird; Robert Hagburn, in a house of somewhat more pretension, a hundred yards or so nearer to the village, standing back from the road in the broader space which the retreating hill, cloven by a gap in that place, afforded; where some elms intervened between it and the road, offering a site which some person of a natural taste for the gently picturesque had seized upon. Those same elms, or their successors, still flung a noble shade over the same old house, which the magic hand of Alcott has improved by the touch that throws grace, amiableness, and natural beauty over scenes that have little pretension in themselves.

Now, the other young man, Septimius Felton, dwelt in a small wooden house, then, I suppose, of some score of years' standing, — a two-story house, gabled before, but with only two rooms on a floor, crowded upon by the hill behind, — a house of thick walls, as if the projector had that sturdy feeling of permanence in life which incites people to make strong their earthly habitations, as if deluding themselves with the idea that they could still inhabit them; in short, an ordinary dwelling of a well-to-do New England farmer, such as his race had been for two or three generations past, although there were traditions of ancestors who had led lives of thought and study, and possessed all the erudition that the universities of England could bestow. Whether any natural turn for study had descended to Septimius from these worthies, or how his

tendencies came to be different from those of his family, — who, within the memory of the neighborhood, had been content to sow and reap the rich field in front of their homestead, — so it was, that Septimius had early manifested a taste for study. By the kind aid of the good minister of the town he had been fitted for college; had passed through Cambridge by means of what little money his father had left him and by his own exertions in school-keeping; and was now a recently decorated baccalaureate, with, as was understood, a purpose to devote himself to the ministry, under the auspices of that reverend and good friend whose support and instruction had already stood him in such stead.

Now here were these young people, on that beautiful spring morning, sitting on the hillside, a pleasant spectacle of fresh life, — pleasant, as if they had sprouted like green things under the influence of the warm sun. The girl was very pretty, a little freckled, a little tanned, but with a face that glimmered and gleamed with quick and cheerful expressions; a slender form, not very large, with a quick grace in its movements; sunny hair that had a tendency to curl, which she probably favored at such moments as her household occupation left her; a sociable and pleasant child, as both of the young men evidently thought. Robert Hagburn, one might suppose, would have been the most to her taste; a ruddy, burly young fellow, handsome, and free of manner, six feet high, famous through the neighborhood for strength and athletic skill, the early promise of what was to be a man fit for all offices of active rural life, and to be, in mature age, the selectman, the deacon, the representative, the colonel. As for Septimius, let him alone a moment or two, and then they would see him, with his head bent down, brooding, brooding, his eyes fixed on some chip, some stone, some common plant, any commonest thing, as if it were the clew and index to some mystery; and when, by chance startled out of these medita-

tions, he lifted his eyes, there would be a kind of perplexity, a dissatisfied, foiled look in them, as if of his speculations he found no end. Such was now the case, while Robert and the girl were running on with a gay talk about a serious subject, so that, gay as it was, it was interspersed with little thrills of fear on the girl's part, of excitement on Robert's. Their talk was of public trouble.

"My grandfather says," said Rose Garfield, "that we shall never be able to stand against old England, because the men are a weaker race than he remembers in his day, — weaker than his father, who came from England, — and the women slighter still; so that we are dwindling away, grandfather thinks; only a little sprightlier, he says sometimes, looking at me."

"Lighter, to be sure," said Robert Hagburn; "there is the lightness of the Englishwomen compressed into little space. I have seen them, and know. And as to the men, Rose, if they have lost one spark of courage and strength that their English forefathers brought from the old land, — lost any one good quality without having made it up by as good or better, — then, for my part, I don't want the breed to exist any longer. And this war, that they say is coming on, will be a good opportunity to test the matter. Septimius! don't you think so?"

"Think what?" asked Septimius, gravely, lifting up his head.

"Think! why, that your countrymen are worthy to live," said Robert Hagburn, impatiently. "For there is a question on that point."

"It is hardly worth answering or considering," said Septimius, looking at him thoughtfully. "We live so little while, that (always setting aside the effect on a future existence) it is little matter whether we live or no."

"Little matter!" said Rose, at first bewildered, then laughing, — "little matter! when it is such a comfort to live, so pleasant, so sweet!"

"Yes, and so many things to do," said Robert; "to make fields yield prod-

uce; to be busy among men, and happy among the women-folk; to play, work, fight, and be active in many ways."

"Yes; but so soon stilled, before your activity has come to any definite end," responded Septimius, gloomily. "I doubt, if it had been left to my choice, whether I should have taken existence on such terms; so much trouble of preparation to live, and then no life at all; a ponderous beginning, and nothing more."

"Do you find fault with Providence, Septimius?" asked Rose, a feeling of solemnity coming over her cheerful and buoyant nature. Then she burst out a-laughing. "How grave he looks, Robert; as if he had lived two or three lives already, and knew all about the value of it. But I think it was worth while to be born, if only for the sake of one such pleasant spring morning as this; and God gives us many and better things when these are past."

"We hope so," said Septimius, who was again looking on the ground. "But who knows?"

"I thought you knew," said Robert Hagburn. "You have been to college, and have learned, no doubt, a great many things. You are a student of theology, too, and have looked into these matters. Who should know, if not you?"

"Rose and you have just as good means of ascertaining these points as I," said Septimius; "all the certainty that can be had lies on the surface, as it should, and equally accessible to every man or woman. If we try to grope deeper, we labor for naught, and get less wise while we try to be more so. If life were long enough to enable us thoroughly to sift these matters, then, indeed!—but it is so short!"

"Always this same complaint," said Robert. "Septimius, how long do you wish to live?"

"Forever!" said Septimius. "It is none too long for all I wish to know."

"Forever?" exclaimed Rose, and shivering doubtfully. "Ah, there would come many, many thoughts, and after a while we should want a little rest."

"Forever?" said Robert Hagburn. "And what would the people do who wish to fill our places? You are unfair, Septimius. Live and let live! Turn about! Give me my seventy years, and let me go,—my-seventy years of what this life has,—toil, enjoyment, suffering, struggle, fight, rest,—only let me have my share of what's going, and I shall be content."

"Content with leaving everything at odd ends; content with being nothing, as you were before!"

"No, Septimius, content with heaven at last," said Rose, who had come out of her laughing mood into a sweet seriousness. "O dear! think what a worn and ugly thing one of these fresh little blades of grass would seem if it were not to fade and wither in its time, after being green in its time."

"Well, well, my pretty Rose," said Septimius apart, "an immortal weed is not very lovely to think of, that is true; but I should be content with one thing, and that is yourself, if you were immortal, just as you are at seventeen, so fresh, so dewy, so red-lipped, so golden-haired, so gay, so frolicsome, so gentle."

"But I am to grow old, and to be brown, and wrinkled, gray-haired and ugly," said Rose, rather sadly, as she thus enumerated the items of her decay, "and then you would think me all lost and gone. But still there might be youth underneath, for one that really loved me to see. Ah, Septimius Felton! such love as would see with ever new eyes is the true love." And she ran away and left him suddenly, and Robert Hagburn departing at the same time, this little knot of three was dissolved, and Septimius went along the wayside wall, thoughtfully, as was his wont, to his own dwelling. He had stopped for some moments on the threshold, vaguely enjoying, it is probable, the light and warmth of the new spring day and the sweet air, which was somewhat unwonted to the young man, because he was accustomed to spend much of his day in thought and study within doors, and, indeed, like most

studious young men, was overfond of the fireside, and of making life as artificial as he could, by fireside heat and lamplight, in order to suit it to the artificial, intellectual, and moral atmosphere which he derived from books, instead of living healthfully in the open air, and among his fellow-beings. Still he felt the pleasure of being warmed through by this natural heat, and though blinking a little from its superfluity, could not but confess an enjoyment and cheerfulness in this flood of morning light that came aslant the hillside. While he thus stood, he felt a friendly hand laid upon his shoulder, and looking up, there was the minister of the village, the old friend of Septimius, to whose advice and aid it was owing that Septimius had followed his instincts by going to college, instead of spending a thwarted and dissatisfied life in the field that fronted the house. He was a man of middle age, or little beyond, of a sagacious, kindly aspect; the experience, the lifelong, intimate acquaintance with many concerns of his people being more apparent in him than the scholarship for which he had been early distinguished. A tanned man, like one who labored in his own grounds occasionally; a man of homely, plain address, which, when occasion called for it, he could readily exchange for the polished manner of one who had seen a more refined world than this about him.

"Well, Septimius," said the minister, kindly, "have you yet come to my conclusion about the subject of which we have been talking?"

"Only so far, sir," replied Septimius, "that I find myself every day less inclined to take up the profession which I have had in view so many years. I do not think myself fit for the sacred desk."

"Surely not; no one is," replied the clergyman; "but if I may trust my own judgment, you have at least many of the intellectual qualifications that should adapt you to it. There is something of the Puritan character in you, Septimius, derived from holy

men among your ancestors; as, for instance, a deep, brooding turn, such as befits that heavy brow; a disposition to meditate on things hidden; a turn for meditative inquiry;—all these things, with grace to boot, mark you as the germ of a man who might do God service. Your reputation as a scholar stands high at college. You have not a turn for worldly business."

"Ah, but, sir," said Septimius, casting down his heavy brows, "I lack something within."

"Faith, perhaps," replied the minister; "at least, you think so."

"Cannot I know it?" asked Septimius.

"Scarcely, just now," said his friend. "Study for the ministry; bind your thoughts to it; pray; ask a belief, and you will soon find you have it. Doubts may occasionally press in; and it is so with every clergyman. But your prevailing mood will be faith."

"It has seemed to me," observed Septimius, "that it is not the prevailing mood, the most common one, that is to be trusted. This is habit, formality, the shallow covering which we close over what is real, and seldom suffer to be blown aside. But it is the snake-like doubt that thrusts out its head, which gives us a glimpse of reality. Surely such moments are a hundred times as real as the dull, quiet moments of faith, or what you call such."

"I am sorry for you," said the minister; "yet to a youth of your frame of character, of your ability I will say, and your requisition for something profound in the grounds of your belief, it is not unusual to meet this trouble. Men like you have to fight for their faith. They fight in the first place to win it, and ever afterwards to hold it. The Devil tilts with them daily, and often seems to win."

"Yes; but," replied Septimius, "he takes deadly weapons now. If he meet me with the cold pure steel of a spiritual argument, I might win or lose, and still not feel that all was lost; but he takes, as it were, a great clod of earth,

massive rocks and mud, soil and dirt, and flings it at me overwhelmingly; so that I am buried under it."

"How is that?" said the minister. "Tell me more plainly."

"May it not be possible," asked Septimius, "to have too profound a sense of the marvellous contrivance and adaptation of this material world to require or believe in anything spiritual? How wonderful it is to see it all alive on this spring day, all growing, budding! Do we exhaust it in our little life? Not so; not in a hundred or a thousand lives. The whole race of man, living from the beginning of time, have not, in all their number and multiplicity and in all their duration, come in the least to know the world they live in! And how is this rich world thrown away upon us, because we live in it such a moment! What mortal work has ever been done since the world began! Because we have no time. No lesson is taught. We are snatched away from our study before we have learned the alphabet. As the world now exists, I confess it to you frankly, my dear pastor and instructor, it seems to me all a failure, because we do not live long enough."

"But the lesson is carried on in another state of being!"

"Not the lesson that we begin here," said Septimius. "We might as well train a child in a primeval forest, to teach him how to live in a European court. No, the fall of man, which Scripture tells us of, seems to me to have its operation in this grievous shortening of earthly existence, so that our life here at all is grown ridiculous."

"Well, Septimius," replied the minister, sadly, yet not as one shocked by what he had never heard before, "I must leave you to struggle through this form of unbelief as best you may, knowing that it is by your own efforts that you must come to the other side of this slough. We will talk further another time. You are getting worn out, my young friend, with much study and anxiety. It were well for you to

live more, for the present, in this earthly life that you prize so highly. Cannot you interest yourself in the state of this country, in this coming strife, the voice of which now sounds so hoarsely and so near us? Come out of your thoughts and breathe another air."

"I will try," said Septimius.

"Do," said the minister, extending his hand to him, "and in a little time you will find the change."

He shook the young man's hand kindly, and took his leave, while Septimius entered his house, and turning to the right sat down in his study, where, before the fireplace, stood the table with books and papers. On the shelves around the low-studded walls were more books, few in number but of an erudite appearance, many of them having descended to him from learned ancestors, and having been brought to light by himself after long lying in dusty closets; works of good and learned divines, whose wisdom he had happened, by help of the Devil, to turn to mischief, reading them by the light of hell-fire. For, indeed, Septimius had but given the clergyman the merest partial glimpse of his state of mind. He was not a new beginner in doubt; but, on the contrary, it seemed to him as if he had never been other than a doubter and questioner, even in his boyhood; believing nothing, although a thin veil of reverence had kept him from questioning some things. And now the new, strange thought of the sufficiency of the world for man, if man were only sufficient for that, kept recurring to him; and with it came a certain sense, which he had been conscious of before, that he, at least, might never die. The feeling was not peculiar to Septimius. It is an instinct, the meaning of which is mistaken. We have strongly within us the sense of an undying principle, and we transfer that true sense to this life and to the body, instead of interpreting it justly as the promise of spiritual immortality.

So Septimius looked up out of his thoughts, and said proudly: "Why

should I die? I cannot die, if worthy to live. What if I should say this moment that I will not die, not till ages hence, not till the world is exhausted? Let other men die, if they choose or yield; let him that is strong enough live!"

After this flush of heroic mood, however, the glow subsided, and poor Septimius spent the rest of the day as was his wont, poring over his books, in which all the meanings seemed dead and mouldy, and like pressed leaves (some of which dropped out of the books as he opened them), brown, brittle, sapless; so even the thoughts, which when the writers had gathered them seemed to them so brightly colored and full of life. Then he began to see that there must have been some principle of life left out of the book, so that these gathered thoughts lacked something that had given them their only value. Then he suspected that the way truly to live and answer the purposes of life was not to gather up thoughts into books, where they grew so dry, but to live and still be going about, full of green wisdom, ripening ever, not in maxims cut and dry, but a wisdom ready for daily occasions, like a living fountain; and that to be this, it was necessary to exist long on earth, drink in all its lessons, and not to die on the attainment of some smattering of truth; but to live all the more for that; and apply it to mankind, and increase it thereby.

Everything drifted towards the strong, strange eddy into which his mind had been drawn: all his thoughts set hitherward.

So he sat brooding in his study until the shrill-voiced old woman — an aunt, who was his housekeeper and domestic ruler — called him to dinner, — a frugal dinner, — and chided him for seeming inattentive to a dish of early dandelions which she had gathered for him; but yet tempered her severity with respect for the future clerical rank of her nephew, and for his already being a bachelor of arts. The old woman's voice spoke outside of Septimius, ram-

bling away, and he paying little heed, till at last dinner was over, and Septimius drew back his chair, about to leave the table.

"Nephew Septimius," said the old woman, "you began this meal to-day without asking a blessing, you get up from it without giving thanks, and you soon to be a minister of the Word."

"God bless the meat," replied Septimius (by way of blessing), "and make it strengthen us for the life he means us to bear. Thank God for our food," he added (by way of grace), "and may it become a portion in us of an immortal body."

"That sounds good, Septimius," said the old lady. "Ah! you'll be a mighty man in the pulpit, and worthy to keep up the name of your great-grandfather, who, they say, made the leaves wither on a tree with the fierceness of his blast against a sin. Some say, to be sure, it was an early frost that helped him."

"I never heard that before, Aunt Keziah," said Septimius.

"I warrant you no," replied his aunt. "A man dies, and his greatness perishes as if it had never been, and people remember nothing of him only when they see his gravestone over his old dry bones, and say he was a good man in his day."

"What truth there is in Aunt Keziah's words!" exclaimed Septimius. "And how I hate the thought and anticipation of that contemptuous appreciation of a man after his death. Every living man triumphs over every dead one, as he lies, poor and helpless, under the mould, a pinch of dust, a heap of bones, an evil odor! I hate the thought! It shall not be so!"

It was strange how every little incident thus brought him back to that one subject which was taking so strong hold of his mind; every avenue led thitherward; and he took it for an indication that nature had intended, by innumerable ways, to point out to us the great truth that death was an alien misfortune, a prodigy, a monstrosity, into which man had only fallen

by defect; and that even now, if a man had a reasonable portion of his original strength in him, he might live forever and spurn death.

Our story is an internal one, dealing as little as possible with outward events, and taking hold of these only where it cannot be helped, in order by means of them to delineate the history of a mind bewildered in certain errors. We would not willingly, if we could, give a lively and picturesque surrounding to this delineation, but it is necessary that we should advert to the circumstances of the time in which this inward history was passing. We will say, therefore, that that night there was a cry of alarm passing all through the succession of country towns and rural communities that lay around Boston, and dying away towards the coast and the wilder forest borders. Horsemen galloped past the line of farm-houses shouting alarm! alarm! There were stories of marching troops coming like dreams through the midnight. Around the little rude meeting-houses there was here and there the beat of a drum, and the assemblage of farmers with their weapons. So all that night there was marching, there was mustering, there was trouble; and, on the road from Boston, a steady march of soldiers' feet onward, onward into the land whose last warlike disturbance had been when the red Indians trod it.

Septimius heard it, and knew, like the rest, that it was the sound of coming war. "Fools that men are!" said he, as he rose from bed and looked out at the misty stars; "they do not live long enough to know the value and purport of life, else they would combine together to live long, instead of throwing away the lives of thousands as they do. And what matters a little tyranny in so short a life? What matters a form of government for such ephemeral creatures!"

As morning brightened, these sounds, this clamor, — or something that was in the air and caused the clamor, — grew so loud that Septimius seemed to feel it even in his solitude. It was in the

atmosphere, — storm, wild excitement, a coming deed. Men hurried along the usually lonely road in groups, with weapons in their hands, — the old fowling-piece of seven-foot barrel, with which the Puritans had shot ducks on the river and Walden Pond; the heavy harquebus, which perhaps had levelled one of King Philip's Indians; the old King gun, that blazed away at the French of Louisburg or Quebec, — hunter, husbandman, all were hurrying each other. It was a good time, everybody felt, to be alive, a nearer kindred, a closer sympathy between man and man; a sense of the goodness of the world, of the sacredness of country, of the excellence of life; and yet its slight account compared with any truth, any principle; the weighing of the material and ethereal, and the finding the former not worth considering, when, nevertheless, it had so much to do with the settlement of the crisis. The ennobling of brute force; the feeling that it had its godlike side; the drawing of heroic breath amid the scenes of ordinary life, so that it seemed as if they had all been transfigured since yesterday. O, high, heroic, tremulous juncture, when man felt himself almost an angel; on the verge of doing deeds that outwardly look so fiendish! O, strange rapture of the coming battle! We know something of that time now; we that have seen the muster of the village soldiery on the meeting-house green, and at railway stations; and heard the drum and fife, and seen the farewells; seen the familiar faces that we hardly knew, now that we felt them to be heroes; breathed higher breath for their sakes; felt our eyes moistened; thanked them in our souls for teaching us that nature is yet capable of heroic moments; felt how a great impulse lifts up a people, and every cold, passionless, indifferent spectator, — lifts him up into religion, and makes him join in what becomes an act of devotion, a prayer, when perhaps he but half approves.

Septimius could not study on a morning like this. He tried to say to him-

self that he had nothing to do with this excitement; that his studious life kept him away from it; that his intended profession was that of peace; but say what he might to himself, there was a tremor, a bubbling impulse, a tingling in his ears, — the page that he opened glimmered and dazzled before him.

"Septimius! Septimius!" cried Aunt Keziah, looking into the room, "in Heaven's name, are you going to sit here to-day, and the red-coats coming to burn the house over our heads? Must I sweep you out with the broomstick? For shame, boy! for shame!"

"Are they coming, then, Aunt Keziah?" asked her nephew. "Well, I am not a fighting-man."

"Certain they are. They have sacked Lexington, and slain the people, and burnt the meeting-house. That concerns even the parsons; and you reckon yourself among them. Go out, go out, I say, and learn the news!"

Whether moved by these exhortations, or by his own stifled curiosity, Septimius did at length issue from his door, though with that reluctance which hampers and impedes men whose current of thought and interest runs apart from that of the world in general; but forth he came, feeling strangely, and yet with a strong impulse to fling himself headlong into the emotion of the moment. It was a beautiful morning, spring-like and summer-like at once. If there had been nothing else to do or think of, such a morning was enough for life only to breathe its air and be conscious of its inspiring influence.

Septimius turned along the road towards the village, meaning to mingle with the crowd on the green, and there learn all he could of the rumors that vaguely filled the air, and doubtless were shaping themselves into various forms of fiction.

As he passed the small dwelling of Rose Garfield, she stood on the doorstep, and bounded forth a little way to meet him, looking frightened, excited, and yet half pleased, but strangely pretty; prettier than ever before, owing to some hasty adornment or other,

that she would never have succeeded so well in giving to herself if she had had more time to do it in.

"Septimius — Mr. Felton," cried she, asking information of him who, of all men in the neighborhood, knew nothing of the intelligence afloat; but it showed a certain importance that Septimius had with her. "Do you really think the red-coats are coming? Ah, what shall we do? What shall we do? But you are not going to the village, too, and leave us all alone?"

"I know not whether they are coming or no, Rose," said Septimius, stopping to admire the young girl's fresh beauty, which made a double stroke upon him by her excitement, and, moreover, made her twice as free with him as ever she had been before; for there is nothing truer than that any breaking up of the ordinary state of things is apt to shake women out of their proprieties, break down barriers, and bring them into perilous proximity with the world. "Are you alone here? Had you not better take shelter in the village?"

"And leave my poor, bedridden grandmother!" cried Rose, angrily. "You know I can't, Septimius. But I suppose I am in no danger. Go to the village, if you like."

"Where is Robert Hagburn?" asked Septimius.

"Gone to the village this hour past, with his grandfather's old firelock on his shoulder," said Rose; "he was running bullets before daylight."

"Rose, I will stay with you," said Septimius.

"O gracious, here they come, I'm sure!" cried Rose. "Look yonder at the dust. Mercy! a man at a gallop!"

In fact, along the road, a considerable stretch of which was visible, they heard the clatter of hoofs and saw a little cloud of dust approaching at the rate of a gallop, and disclosing, as it drew near, a hatless countryman in his shirt-sleeves, who, bending over his horse's neck, applied a cart-whip

lustily to the animal's flanks, so as to incite him to most unwonted speed. At the same time, glaring upon Rose and Septimius, he lifted up his voice and shouted in a strange, high tone, that communicated the tremor and excitement of the shouter to each auditor: "Alarum! alarum! alarum! The red-coats! The red-coats! To arms! alarum!"

And trailing this sound far wavering behind him like a pennon, the eager horseman dashed onward to the village.

"O dear, what shall we do?" cried Rose, her eyes full of tears, yet dancing with excitement. "They are coming! they are coming! I hear the drum and fife."

"I really believe they are," said Septimius, his cheek flushing and growing pale, not with fear, but the inevitable tremor, half painful, half pleasurable, of the moment. "Hark! there was the shrill note of a fife. Yes, they are coming!"

He tried to persuade Rose to hide herself in the house; but that young person would not be persuaded to do so, clinging to Septimius in a way that flattered while it perplexed him. Besides, with all the girl's fright, she had still a good deal of courage, and much curiosity too, to see what these red-coats were of whom she heard such terrible stories.

"Well, well, Rose," said Septimius; "I doubt not we may stay here without danger,—you, a woman, and I, whose profession is to be that of peace and good-will to all men. They cannot, whatever is said of them, be on an errand of massacre. We will stand here quietly; and, seeing that we do not fear them, they will understand that we mean them no harm."

They stood, accordingly, a little in front of the door by the well-curb, and soon they saw a heavy cloud of dust, from amidst which shone bayonets; and anon, a military band, which had hitherto been silent, struck up, with drum und fife to which the tramp of a thousand feet fell in regular order;

then came the column, moving massively, and the red-coats who seemed somewhat wearied by a long night-march, dusty, with bedraggled gaiters, covered with sweat which had run down from their powdered locks. Nevertheless, these ruddy, lusty Englishmen marched stoutly, as men that needed only a half-hour's rest, a good breakfast, and a pot of beer apiece, to make them ready to face the world. Nor did their faces look anywise rancorous; but at most, only heavy, cloddish, good-natured, and humane.

"O heavens, Mr. Felton!" whispered Rose, "why should we shoot these men, or they us? they look kind, if homely. Each of them has a mother and sisters, I suppose, just like our men."

"It is the strangest thing in the world that we can think of killing them," said Septimius. "Human life is so precious."

Just as they were passing the cottage, a halt was called by the commanding officer, in order that some little rest might get the troops into a better condition and give them breath before entering the village, where it was important to make as imposing a show as possible. During this brief stop, some of the soldiers approached the well-curb, near which Rose and Septimius were standing, and let down the bucket to satisfy their thirst. A young officer, a petulant boy, extremely handsome, and of gay and buoyant deportment, also came up.

"Get me a cup, pretty one," said he, patting Rose's cheek with great freedom, though it was somewhat and indefinitely short of rudeness; "a mug, or something to drink out of, and you shall have a kiss for your pains."

"Stand off, sir!" said Septimius, fiercely; "it is a coward's part to insult a woman."

"I intend no insult in this," replied the handsome young officer, suddenly snatching a kiss from Rose, before she could draw back. "And if you think it so, my good friend, you had better take your weapon and get as much

satisfaction as you can, shooting at me from behind a hedge."

Before Septimius could reply or act, — and, in truth, the easy presumption of the young Englishman made it difficult for him, an inexperienced recluse as he was, to know what to do or say, — the drum beat a little tap, recalling the soldiers to their rank and to order. The young officer hastened back, with a laughing glance at Rose and a light, contemptuous look of defiance at Septimius; the drums rattling out in full beat, and the troops marched on.

"What impertinence!" said Rose, whose indignant color made her look pretty enough almost to excuse the offence.

It is not easy to see how Septimius could have shielded her from the insult; and yet he felt inconceivably out-

raged and humiliated at the thought that this offence had occurred while Rose was under his protection, and he responsible for her. Besides, somehow or other, he was angry with her for having undergone the wrong, though certainly most unreasonably; for the whole thing was quicker done than said.

"You had better go into the house now, Rose," said he, "and see to your bedridden grandmother."

"And what will you do, Septimius?" asked she.

"Perhaps I will house myself, also," he replied. "Perhaps take yonder proud red-coat's counsel, and shoot him behind a hedge."

"But not kill him outright; I suppose he has a mother and a sweet-heart, the handsome young officer," murmured Rose pityingly to herself.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE GUESTS OF NIGHT.

I RIDE in a gloomy land,
I travel a ghostly shore, —
Shadows on either hand,
Darkness behind and before;
Veils of the summer night
Dusking the woods I know;
A whisper haunts the height,
And the rivulet croons below.

A waft from the roadside bank
Tells where the wild-rose nods;
The hollows are heavy and dank
With the steam of the golden-rods:
Incense of Night and Death,
Odors of Life and Day,
Meet and mix in a breath,
Drug me, and lapse away.

Is it the hand of the Past,
Stretched forth from its open tomb,
Or a spell from thy glamoury cast,
O mellow and mystic Gloom?
All, wherein I have part,
All that was loss or gain,
Slips from the clasping heart,
Breaks from the grasping brain.

Lo, what is left? I am bare
As a new-born soul,—I am naught;
My deeds are as dust in air,
My words are as ghosts of thought.
I ride through the night alone,
Detached from the life that seemed,
And the best I have felt or known
Is less than the least I dreamed.

But the Night, like Agrippa's glass,
Now, as I question it, clears;
Over its vacancy pass
The shapes of the crowded years;
Meanest and most august,
Hated or loved, I see
The dead that have long been dust,
The living, so dead to me!

Place in the world's applause?
Nay, there is nothing there!
Strength from unyielding laws?
A gleam, and the glass is bare.
The lines of a life in song?
Faint runes on the rocks of time?
I see but a formless throng
Of shadows that fall or climb.

What else? Am I then despoiled
Of the garments I wove and wore?
Have I so refrained and toiled,
To find there is naught in store?
I have loved,—I love! Behold,
How the steady pictures rise!
And the shadows are pierced with gold
From the stars of immortal eyes.

Nearest or most remote,
But dearest, hath none delayed;
And the spirits of kisses float
O'er the lips that never fade.
The Night each guest denies
Of the hand or haughty brain,
But the loves that were, arise,
And the loves that are, remain.

Bayard Taylor.

COLLEGE DAYS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

JEFFERSON was a stripling of seventeen, tall, raw-boned, freckled, and sandy-haired, when, in 1760, he came to Williamsburg from the Far West of Virginia, to enter the College of William and Mary. With his large feet and hands, his thick wrists, and prominent cheek-bones and chin, he could not have been accounted handsome or graceful. He is described, however, as a fresh, bright, healthy-looking youth, as straight as a gun-barrel, sinewy and strong, with that alertness of movement which comes of early familiarity with saddle, gun, canoe, minuet, and country dance, — that sure, elastic tread and ease of bearing which we still observe in country-bred lads who have been exempt from the ruder toils of agriculture, while enjoying, in full measure, the freedom and the sports of the country. His teeth, too, were perfect, which alone redeems a countenance destitute of other charm; his eyes, which were of hazel-gray, were beaming and expressive; and his demeanor gave assurance of a gentle heart and sympathetic, inquisitive mind.

Such lads, eager and unformed, still come to college from honest country homes, in regions where agriculture is carried on upon a scale that allows some leisure to the farmer's family, some liberality of expenditure, books, music, a tincture of art, and hospitable habits. How welcome, how dear, to instructors worthy of them, are such unhackneyed minds in bodies unimpaired!

The abode of this youth was a hundred and fifty miles to the northwest of Williamsburg, among the mountains of Central Virginia, near where the river Rivanna, an important tributary, enters the James. His home was a plain, spacious farm-house, a story and a half high, with four large rooms and a wide entry on the ground floor, and

many garret chambers above. The farm was nineteen hundred acres of land, part of it densely wooded, and some of it so steep and rocky as to be unfit for cultivation. The fields near the river were strong land, not yet (though soon to be) worn past the profitable culture of tobacco; but the upper portions were well suited to the grains and roots familiar to the farmers of the Middle States. For sixty years the staple product of all that fine mountain region, with its elevated fields, its far-reaching valleys and rapid streams, was wheat, which the swift tributaries ground into flour, and the yellow James bore down its tranquil tide to Richmond, distant from the Jefferson home two days' ride. The rustle of wheat-ears was familiar music to Thomas Jefferson from infancy to hoary age.

The farm was tilled, at this period, by thirty slaves, — equivalent to about fifteen farm hands. The circumstances of the family were easy, not affluent. Almost every common thing they consumed was grown or made at home, — all the common fabrics and ordinary clothing; and of home-made commodities they had an abundance; but the thirty pounds sterling per annum in cash, which the student was to expend at Williamsburg for his board and tuition, was not so light a charge upon the estate as it sounds to us. The entire expense of his maintenance away from home may have been fifty pounds a year; which was probably not less than half the sum that could be taken properly from the annual product of the farm and shops, after all the home charges had been paid. The yeomen of Virginia, though they enjoyed a profusion of the necessities of life, were sometimes sorely put to it when a sum of money was to be raised.

This student of seventeen, through

the death of his father three years before, was already the head of the family, and, under a guardian, the owner of the Shadwell farm, the best portion of his father's estate.

The happy results that spring from the intermingling, by marriage, of families long cultured, with families more vigorous and less refined, has been often remarked. Such conjunctions gave us Shakespeare and Goethe. A novelist of the day tells us of a ducal house which, on system, married a plebeian estate every other generation, which renewed, at once, its blood and its fortunes. The material point was the renewal of the blood, which brings with it the brain, the stamina, and the self-control by which great houses are founded and all great things are done. If, at the present time, there is an aristocracy in Europe which in any respectable degree earns its wages, it is that aristocracy which has oftenest renewed itself by the strenuous blood of men who have won commanding places by sheer strength of mind and purpose. The world would never have heard of the Palmerstons if the second lord had not wooed and won the admirable daughter of a Dublin tradesman; nor of Brougham, if the father of the late lord had married, as he intended, in his native country and class. Nature so delights in uniting opposites, that she seals with the unmistakable signet of her approbation the coming together of opposites artificially produced, ancient culture and plebeian force.

Peter Jefferson, the father of the student, was a superb specimen of a class nearly extinct in Great Britain which used to be called yeomen, — farmers who owned the soil they tilled, but had no pretensions to aristocratic rank, — a class intermediate in a parish between the squire and his tenants. In old Virginia, yeomen were farmers who, beginning life with little capital besides a strong arm and an energetic will, had taken up a tract of land to the westward of the great tobacco region of Virginia, and gradually worked their way to the possession of a cleared

farm and a few families of slaves. In this manner Peter Jefferson, and his father before him, had achieved an independent position; stanch yeomen both, of strong, unlettered sense, and of signal ability in the conduct of business; enterprising and methodical; liberal but exact; good at figures, with a clear, careful handwriting, and an aptitude for mechanics. The family was of Welsh extraction. The first of the name in Virginia, it is well worth noting, was a member of that Virginia Assembly of 1619, the first legislative body ever convened on the Western continent, the summoning of which ended the twelve years' anarchy that followed the planting of the Colony, and notified the colonists that, in crossing the sea, they had lost none of the rights of Englishmen. All that is important, characteristic, and hopeful in the history of America dates from the meeting of that Assembly; and an ancestor of Thomas Jefferson was a member of it. Virginia then contained six hundred white inhabitants. The church nearest his farm was called the "Jefferson Church" for a hundred years after his death, and the ruins of it were visible as late as 1856.

Peter Jefferson, a younger son, and therefore having little to expect from his father, made his entrance into responsible life by the door which, many years later, admitted the son of another Virginia yeoman, George Washington. He learned the art of surveying land, — a kind of liberal profession in a new country. He practised this profession in his native county of Chesterfield, and in all the region trodden by the Confederate armies and torn by Federal cannon during the long siege of Richmond and Petersburg, — cities which then existed only in the prophetic minds of men like Colonel Byrd, who marked both as the sites of towns when as yet not a tree of the primeval forest had been felled. Like George Washington, too, this young surveyor owed his rise in the social scale to a marriage; though it was Peter Jefferson's happier fortune to win a maiden

heart, and to create for her the home over which he asked her to preside. What a pretty romance it was! The athletic youth, master of his surveyor's chain and knowledge, a natural Prince of the Frontier, becomes knit in an ardent, young man's friendship with William Randolph, son of one of those flourishing Randolphs who lived in such lordly state, in the good old barbaric days, when the soil of Virginia was still unworn, when negroes were twenty-five guineas "a head," and tobacco brought four pence a pound in London docks. Together they visit an uncle of William Randolph, seated on a vast plantation on the James, some miles below the mouth of the Rivanna, — one of the few grand houses of Virginia where knowledge and taste were more conspicuous than pride and profusion. Isham Randolph was the name of this tobacco lord, and his eldest daughter was Jane. She was born while the family were living in London, where her father knew Peter Collinson, wool merchant, botanist, and friend of Pennsylvania; also Hans Sloane, founder of the British Museum, and all that circle of the Royal Society's more active members.

She was not too lightly won, this daughter of a stately house. Peter Jefferson was twenty-eight and she seventeen when he mounted and rode a hundred miles to the northwest of his home, and fifty miles beyond hers, and bought his first thousand acres on the Rivanna, and began to hew out a farm and home. Within half a day's ride, the smoke of only three or four settlers' cabins floated up through small clearings to the sky, and the trail of Indians was to be seen in the woods. For two years he wrought there in the forest, aided, doubtless, by a slave family or two; and when he had cleared a few fields and built something a little better than a cabin, he went to Dungeness, and brought home his bride, Jane Randolph. To do her honor, he named their abode Shadwell, because it was in a London parish of that name that she first saw the light. He was

married in 1738. Five years after — April 13, 1743 — his third child was born, whom he named Thomas, that student who stands at the threshold of William and Mary College, waiting our convenience to be admitted.

Of this adventurous lady, who gave her hand to Peter Jefferson and rode by his side to their home in the woods, we only know that she was the child of an intelligent and hospitable father; and this one fact comes to us by a strange and pleasant chance. There was a Quaker farmer near Philadelphia, at the beginning of the last century, named William Bartram, who, while he was resting from the plough one day, under a tree, pulling a daisy to pieces, and observing some of the more obvious marvels of its construction, suddenly awoke to his pitiful ignorance of the vegetable wonders in the midst of which he had lived and labored from childhood. He resumed his toil, but not with the stolid content with his ignorance that he had enjoyed so long. On the fourth day after, raging for knowledge, he hired a man to hold his plough, while he rode to Philadelphia, and brought home a work upon botany in Latin and a Latin grammar. In three months, by a teacher's aid, he could grope his way in the Latin book; in a year he had botanized all over the region round about, and cast longing eyes over the border into Maryland and Virginia. By good management of his farm and servants, — emancipated slaves, — he was able to spend the rest of his life in the study of nature, making wide excursions into neighboring Colonies, until he knew every plant that grew between the Alleghany range and the Atlantic Ocean; becoming at length botanist to the king, at fifty guineas a year, and founding on the banks of the Schuylkill the first botanical garden of America. He and his garden flourished together to a green old age, and he died, at the approach of the British Army during the Revolutionary War, of terror lest the pride of his life should be trampled into ruin by the troops. Among his European corre-

spondents was that assiduous friend of Pennsylvania and of Franklin, Peter Collinson, with whom for fifty years he exchanged letters, seeds, roots, trees, slips, nuts, grafts, birds, turtles, squirrels, and other animals; and it is to their correspondence that Europe owes the profusion of American trees and shrubs that adorn so many parks, gardens, and highways. To the same interchange America was indebted, among other benefits, for those rare kinds of plums, cherries, apricots, gooseberries, and other fruits that flourished for a time, though the climate has since proved too harsh and exacting for them. In a singularly quiet, homely way, those two excellent men, at the cost of a few guineas per annum, conferred solid and lasting benefits upon countless generations of the inhabitants of two continents.

It is in the letters of Peter Collinson to his American friend, that we find allusions to the father of our Jefferson's mother. William Bartram may have seen Peter Jefferson and Jane Randolph married; for, a few months before that event, when the botanist was about to make a botanical tour in Virginia, Collinson sends him the names of three or four gentlemen of that Province who were interested in "our science," one of whom was Isham Randolph. "No one," he remarks, "will make thee more welcome"; and he adds, "I take his house to be a very suitable place to make a settlement at, for to take several days' excursions all round, and to return to his house at night." The worthy Quaker favors his somewhat too plain American friend, who was also of Quaker family, with a piece of advice, that gives us some information. "One thing," he says, "I must desire of thee, and do insist that thee oblige me therein: that thou make up that drugget clothes" (a present from Collinson to Bartram) "to go to Virginia in, and not appear to disgrace thyself or me; for though I should not esteem thee less to come to me in what dress thou wilt, yet these Virginians" (having in his mind's eye

his old acquaintances, Isham Randolph and his young family) "are a very gentle, well-dressed people, and look, perhaps, more at a man's outside than his inside. For these and other reasons, pray go very clean, neat, and handsomely dressed in Virginia. Never mind thy clothes; I will send more another time." The benevolent Peter was a dealer in woollens, and sent the rustic Bartram many a good ell of cloth to wear at the great houses in the country.

The botanist visited Isham Randolph's mansion on the James, in and about which, it is said, a hundred servants attended. There he must have seen the eldest daughter of the house at the time when she was busy with preparations for her marriage, and he may have stayed to the wedding feast, and cheered the bride and bridegroom as they rode away on horseback to their new home. He had generous entertainment; of which he sent grateful accounts to his patron in London. Collinson replies, that it was no more than he expected of his friend Isham. "I did not doubt his civility to thee. I only wish to have been there, and shared it with thee." In another letter, the worthy merchant mentions that "our friend, Isham Randolph (a generous, good-natured gentleman, and well respected by most who are acquainted with him)" had agreed to correspond with him on their beloved science. When the news came of Isham Randolph's death, Collinson wrote of him as "the good man" who had gone to his long home, and, he doubted not, was happy.

These glimpses of the father of Jefferson's mother are slight, but they are the more interesting because they confirm the tradition that it was from his mother he derived his temper, his disposition, and his sympathy with living nature.

Though his mother had been the tenderest of women, his father had strength to match her tenderness. Tradition, current in the county where he lived, and gathered by Mr. Randall, whose extensive and sympathetic

work * must remain the great reservoir of information respecting the Jeffersons, reports Peter Jefferson a wonder even of physical force and stature. He had the strength of three strong men. Two hogsheads of tobacco, each weighing a thousand pounds, he could raise at once, from their sides, and stand them upright. When surveying in the wilderness, he could tire out his assistants, and tire out his mules; then eat his mules; and still press on, sleeping alone by night in a hollow tree, to the howling of the wolves, till his task was done. He loved mathematics. He managed his affairs so well that, in twenty years, he was master of a competent estate, and could assign a good plantation to his younger son, after leaving the bulk of his estate to his eldest. But with this strength of character there was genuine intelligence. He relished Shakespeare; and Shakespeare alone can be a liberal education. His fine edition of Shakespeare, still preserved among his relics, attests by its appearance that the man whose property it was loved it, and repaired often to it, during many years, for solace and delight. The *Spectator*, a new work in his day, and some volumes of Swift, are among the books, once his, that his descendants possess.

County honors, which, at that time and place, could mean nothing but public duties, always difficult, often perilous, never compensated, made him at length the unquestioned chief of that frontier region. When the county was set off and named Albemarle, Peter Jefferson was appointed one of its three justices of the peace; afterwards, county surveyor; then, colonel of the county, chief of provincial honors in old Virginia, in which capacity he was the defender of the frontier against the Indians; finally he was sent to represent his county in the House of Burgesses, which sat at Williamsburg, the capital of the Province. In politics, he was a British Whig, like most of the Western yeomen of the early day; the great

planters of the lower country generally affecting Tory politics. For many years he was vestryman of his parish church.

His qualifications were recognized by the royal government. He was out, when his boy was six years old, for several weeks on the line between Virginia and North Carolina, as joint commissioner with Joshua Fry, Professor of Mathematics in William and Mary College, completing the boundary between these two Provinces. Two years after, he was associated with Professor Fry in the construction of the first map of Virginia ever attempted since Captain John Smith's conjectural sketch of 1609. The boy of eight must have seen the surveys and broad sheets spread upon the great table in the family room. Perhaps this honorable connection with one of the college professors may have strengthened, may have originated, the fondest purpose of Peter Jefferson's heart, which was to give his son the best chance for education the Colony afforded.

From this natural chief of men Thomas Jefferson derived his stature, his erectness, his bodily strength, — in which only his father excelled him of the men known or remembered in that county, — his self-reliance, his habit of waiting upon himself, his aversion to parade and ceremony, his tendency to humane politics, his curious exactness in matters of business, his strong bias toward mathematics, mechanics, and architecture. He may have derived from him, too, some traits that limited his ability as an executive chief. One of his father's maxims was, "Never ask another to do for you what you can do for yourself." A man who has to direct extensive affairs and control many men must reverse this maxim, and never do anything himself which he can properly get another to do.

We can hardly imagine a boy better placed for the equal development of mind, body, and character than Thomas Jefferson was during his father's lifetime. That region combines both the charms and the advantages of mountain and plain; for the heights are not

* *The Life of Thomas Jefferson*, by Henry S. Randall, LL. D. Three vols. New York, 1858.

too difficult of access, and the lowlands are not insalubrious. He could shoot wild turkeys, deer, and all flying game, without going off his father's estate; and past his native fields flowed a river, over which he was early taught to swim his horse. The primeval wilderness covered the mountains, and waved luxuriant in many a valley, — the most conspicuous fact of nature around him till he was long past boyhood. But by the time he was a well-grown lad there were neighbors near and numerous enough for society. His father's official position made him the arbiter between contentious men, and the minister of justice. The lad must have seen his father try many a petty case, and settle many a difference, as well between white men as between whites and Indians.

That liking for Indians which we observe in the writings of Jefferson resulted from his early acquaintance with some of the best of the uncorrupted chiefs who used to visit and stay with his father on their journeys to and from the capital of Virginia. The Indians held his father in that entire respect which they were apt to feel for men who never feared and never deceived them. One of the most vivid recollections of his boyhood was of a famous chief of the Cherokees, named Ontassetè, who went to England on behalf of his people. The boy was in the camp of this chief the evening before his departure for England, and heard him deliver his farewell oration to his tribe, — a scene that he used to describe with animation seventy years after its occurrence. The moon was in full splendor that evening, and it seemed as if it was to that lustrous orb the impassioned orator addressed prayers for his own safety and the protection of his people during his absence. The powerful voice of the speaker, his distinct articulation, his animated gestures, and the silence of the listening Indians sitting motionless in groups by their several fires, filled him with awe and veneration, although he did not understand a word that was spoken.

All the important circumstances of his home come to mind as we brood over scattered indications in old and new Virginia books. We see that giant of a father, steadfast, reserved, even austere, but not ungentle, busy with official labors and the details of farm and barn during the day, and in the evening giving his boy (his only son for many years) lessons in book-keeping and arithmetic; two elder sisters, perhaps, taking their turn at slate and pencil, or sitting with their mother plying the needle; the father, not unfrequently, treating the group to a favorite paper from the *Spectator*. The morning scene, too, with the mother and her servants, we can infer with much probability from descriptions of similar interiors preserved from that period.

Deeply as Jefferson came to hate slavery, clearly as he foretold the ruin enclosed in the system, he saw it only in its better aspects at his own home. He saw his father patiently drilling negroes, not long from their native Africa, into carpenters, millers, wheelwrights, shoemakers, and farmers. He saw his mother of a morning in her sitting-room, which was well furnished with contrivances for facilitating labor, seated with her daughters and her servants, like *Andromache* surrounded by her maidens, all busy with household tasks. We possess authority for the picture. Have we not been favored with a glimpse of Mrs. Washington's morning-room at Mount Vernon, — that room which was so "nicely fixed for all sorts of work"? "On one side sits the chambermaid with her knitting; on the other, a little colored pet, learning to sew. An old, decent woman was there with her table and shears, cutting out the negroes' winter clothes, while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself. She points out to me several pairs of nice colored stockings and gloves she had just finished, and presents me with a pair half done, which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake." Bishop Meade, who quotes this interesting

passage from an old Virginia manuscript, adds that, in other houses (like the home of the Jeffersons) less opulent and containing many children, the mother would have her daughters with her in the same apartment, one spinning, another basting, another winding yarn, another churning, — all vigorously at work; for, at that day, a plantation was obliged to be nearly self-supplying, and the family at the great house had to do the thinking, contriving, cutting, and doctoring for a family of as many helpless, improvident children as there were slaves.

In such a busy, healthy home as this, with father, mother, two elder sisters, four younger sisters, and a little brother, Thomas Jefferson lived in his boyhood. He was singularly happy in his eldest sister, Jane, whose mind was akin to his own. She was his confidant and companion, and shared his taste for the arts, particularly his early love of music. The family were all reared and baptized in the Church of England, and this sister greatly excelled in singing the few fine old psalm-tunes which then constituted the whole psalmody of the Protestant world. For a century, it is said, there were but five tunes sung in the colonial churches. By the fireside in the winter evenings, and on the banks of their river in the soft, summer twilight, there were family singings, Jane Jefferson's melodious voice leading the choir; to which was added, as the years went on, the accompaniment of her brother's violin. There must have been much musical feeling in the family to have generated in this boy so profound a passion for music as he exhibited. He speaks of three early tastes as "the passion of his soul," — music, mathematics, and architecture, — and of these the one first developed was music.

The massive instruments with which we are familiar — the piano and the organ — would have been unattainable in a Virginia farm-house at that period, even if they had been sufficiently perfected to warrant transportation so far.

The violin, called by its old-fashioned name of the fiddle, king of instruments, was almost the only one generally known in the back countries of the Colonies. In Virginia, when Jefferson and Patrick Henry were merry lads together, both of whom played the fiddle, it appears that almost every farm-house which had a boy in it could boast a fiddle also. Mr. Rives, in his *Life of Madison*, among many other precious things, preserves the programme of the rustic festivities arranged for St. Andrew's day in 1737, in the next county but one to Jefferson's, Albemarle. It throws light on his early violin, besides showing how English the tone of Virginia was at that period.

First, twenty horses were to run round a three-mile course for a prize of five pounds, no one "to put up a horse unless he had subscribed for the entertainment and paid half a pistole." Next, a hat of the value of twenty shillings was to be cudgelled for. Then, a violin was to be played for by twenty fiddlers, — "no person to have the liberty of playing, *unless he bring a fiddle with him.*" When the prize had been awarded, all the performers were to play together, each a different tune, and to be treated by the company. Next, twelve boys, twelve years of age, were to run one hundred and twelve yards for a hat worth twelve shillings. A "quire of ballads was to be sung for by a number of songsters, all of them to have liquor sufficient to clear their windpipes." A pair of silver buckles was to be wrestled for by "a number of brisk young men." "A pair of handsome shoes" was to be "danced for." A pair of handsome silk stockings of one pistole value was to be given to "the handsomest young country maid that appears in the field." A "handsome entertainment" was also to be provided for the subscribers and their wives; "and such of them as are not so happy as to have wives, may treat any other lady." Drums, trumpets, and hautboys were to play, and, at the feast, the healths of the king and of the governor were to be drunk.

The programme concluded by notifying the public that, "as this mirth is designed to be purely innocent and void of offence, all persons resorting to these are desired to behave themselves with decency and sobriety; the subscribers being resolved to discountenance all immorality with the utmost rigor."

The prominence assigned to the violin contest in these festivities explains the frequent allusions to it in the early memorials of Virginia, and lessens our surprise at Jefferson's statement, that, during twelve years of his early life, he practised on the violin three hours a day. The innocent instrument, it appears, had an ill name among the stricter religious people of the mountain counties, where "evangelical" principles prevailed. Our zealous young amateur may have heard a sermon once preached in a parish church near his home by Rev. Charles Clay, — cousin of the eloquent Kentuckian, — in which the preacher warned his hearers against the "profanation" of Christmas day by fiddling, dancing, drinking, and such like"; practices, he said, which were only too common in Albemarle. Then, as now, it was the drink that did the mischief; though the fiddle and the dance had to share the blame.

Peter Jefferson began early to execute his heartfelt intention of educating his son. This was not so difficult as has been represented. Twenty years before the child was born, the Bishop of London, in whose diocese Virginia was, addressed certain questions to the Virginian clergy. One of the questions was, "Are there any schools in your parish?" All the clergymen, except two or three, answered, "None"; and the two or three who did not make this answer could only claim that their parishes had "a charity school." Another question was, "Is there any parish library?" To this, all the clergy, except one man, answered, "None"; and that one man made this reply, "We have the Book of Homilies, the Whole Duty of Man, and the Singing Psalms."

But by the time Jefferson was old enough to go to school there were a few schools in the more densely peopled counties of Virginia; and several of the more learned and decent of the clergy received pupils into their houses for instruction in Latin and Greek.

He was fortunate in his teachers, as in all things else. At five he went to a school where only the English language was employed; at nine, his education seriously began, when he entered a Scottish clergyman's family as a boarding scholar, where he learned Latin, Greek, and French. Entries in Peter Jefferson's account-book, still existing, show that he paid the Rev. William Douglass sixteen pounds sterling a year for his son's board and tuition. This first instructor of Thomas Jefferson came over from Scotland as tutor in the family of Colonel Monroe, father of President Monroe; and, settling on the James, near Peter Jefferson's tobacco plantation, spent a long life in teaching young and old. He was of what we now call the "evangelical" school, and regarded Dr. Doddridge's works as more precious than gold, "the best legacy" he could leave his children. Peter Jefferson was a vestryman of his church. The boy was evidently much at home during the five years he spent at this school, — always, probably, on Saturdays and Sundays, — and his father took care that the boy did not neglect a child's first and chief duty, which is to grow. He also instructed him in arithmetic and the rudiments of mathematics, then generally neglected in classical schools.

But this excellent father was not destined to experience the noblest triumph parents know, — that of seeing his child a full-formed man, and better equipped for life's journey than himself had been at starting. His great strength did not avail to bring him to old age. In 1757, when he was but fifty years old, he died, of a disease not recorded.

After Braddock's defeat in 1755, there could have been little rest for

such a colonel of a frontier county as he was ; and, indeed, there are indications—pay-rolls and other military documents and entries—among his existing papers, showing that he was active against the exulting foe. Nothing was heard of for a time on the borders but massacre and fire, and the flight of whole counties of settlers to the lower country. It is of this period, in the midst of which Colonel Jefferson died, that the youthful commander of the Virginian forces, Colonel Washington, wrote that despatch from the frontier which startles every reader of his letters by its burst of vehement pathos. "The supplicating tears of the women and moving petitions of the men," he wrote, "melt me with such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease." The county colonels were all in arms during that time of terror. Colonel John Madison, in Orange, the next county to Albemarle, and nearer the scene, saw some of the horrors of the war from his own front door. His son James, four years old at the time of Braddock's defeat, always remembered the terror and desolation of the two next years. Exposure and fatigue may have rendered the colonel of Albemarle County liable to the attack of one of the summer diseases, for it was on the 17th of August that he died.

His death is spoken of as sudden ; but this good father, it seems, had time and strength, sudden as his death may have been, to render his eldest son one last service. Dying, he left an injunction that his son's education should be completed, and enjoined those in whose charge he was to be not to permit him to neglect the exercises requisite for his body's development. This strong man valued strength. He used to say that the weakly in body could not be independent in mind ; and, therefore, among his dying thoughts was solicitude for his son's healthy, unchecked growth. He died leaving his

wife still young, not quite forty ; one daughter, seventeen ; another, sixteen ; his son Thomas, fourteen ; another daughter, thirteen ; another, eleven ; another, five ; and a boy and girl, twins, aged twenty-two months. To the end of his days, Jefferson spoke of his father, thus, early lost, with pride and veneration, and he especially loved to think that his dying command was that his son's mind should not be wronged of its due culture and nourishment. He used to say, that if he had to choose between the education of the estate his father gave him, he would choose the education.

His father's death left him his own master ; for he says in one of his later letters, that "at fourteen years of age the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relation or friend qualified to advise or guide me." The first use he made of his liberty was to change his school.

Fourteen miles away was the parsonage of Rev. James Maury, a man of great note in his time, and noted for many things ; from whose twelve children have descended a great number of estimable persons of the name still living. Of Huguenot descent and genuine scholarship, he was free both from the vices and the bigotry which the refuse of the young English clergy often brought with them to Virginia in the early time. Pamphlets of his remain maintaining the right and liberal side of questions bitterly contested in his day. He was one of the clergyman of the Established Church in Virginia who opposed, with voice and pen, that senseless persecution of Dissenters, which at last brought the Church itself to ruin. He went so far as to say, in a printed address, that he should feel it an "honor and happiness" to promote the spiritual good of "any one honest and well-disposed person of whatever persuasion" ; and though he preferred his own church, he thought he saw errors in it, as well as in the other sects, and should be glad to assist in the correction and improvement of both !

The coming of this clergyman into the mountain region about the time of Jefferson's birth was evidently a welcome event; for a glebe of four hundred acres was at once set off for him, and so spacious a parsonage was built, that he was able to add to his own large family some pupils from the adjacent counties. By the time Jefferson was fourteen, an important school had grown up about him, the best, it is thought, then existing in the Province; and it continued to flourish, under one of Mr. Maury's sons, as late as the year 1808, when one of its pupils was President of a nation which the founder of the school did not live to see established.

We do not know what Jefferson read in Latin and Greek during the two years that he remained at Mr. Maury's school, but we know that he learned nothing but Latin and Greek. A classmate and an associate of his at this school was the second son of the master, also named James; to whom Mr. Jefferson, when Secretary of State under President Washington, gave the Liverpool consulship, which he held for forty-five years. The consul, on his return to Virginia in old age, used to say that Jefferson was noted at his father's school for scholarship, industry, and shyness. If a holiday was desired, it was not he who could be induced to ask it, though he urged others to ask; and, if the request was granted, he would, first of all, withdraw from the noisy crowd of his schoolfellows, learn next day's lesson, and then, rejoining them, begin the day's pleasure. Their favorite diversion was hunting on a mountain near by, which then and long after abounded in deer, turkeys, foxes, and other game. He was a keen hunter, as eager after a fox as Washington himself, swift of foot and sound of wind, coming in fresh and alert after a long day's clambering hunt.

After two years' stay at this school, he began, like other students, to be impatient to enter college. He had never yet seen a town, nor even a village of twenty houses, for there were

none such within his range; and he doubtless had the curiosity of youth to behold the glories of the capital. He found plenty of reasons for gratifying his wish, some of which he laid before his guardian. He lost a fourth of his time, he said, by company coming to Shadwell and detaining him from school, which added very much to the expenses of the estate in housekeeping. At the college, too, he could learn "something of mathematics" as well as the languages, and "could get a more universal acquaintance, which may hereafter be serviceable to me." His guardian consenting, he bade farewell to his mother and sisters, and set off, early in the spring of 1760, for Williamsburg, five days' long ride from his home.

It was not the custom of this young gentleman, nor of Virginians generally then, to perform their journeys with straightforward rapidity. They took friends' houses on the way, were easily persuaded to remain over Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and made the most of the opportunity. Such was eminently the habit of young Jefferson, related as he was to half the families of the Province, and seldom going far from home without his fiddle, and perhaps a roll of "new minuets" from London, so welcome to young ladies in the remoter counties. It was always impressed on his memory that he began this interesting journey before Christmas, and stayed over for the holidays at a merry house in Hanover County, where he met, for the first time, a jovial blade named Patrick Henry, only noted then for fiddling, dancing, mimicry, and practical jokes. He was mistaken, however. An existing letter of the time shows that he had not thought of going to college till after Christmas, and did not consult his guardian on the subject till January was half gone. He probably spent the holidays with Patrick Henry, returned home, and *then* entered upon the project of going to college. But it was always his custom, in his journeys to and from Williamsburg, to make long visits to friends

on and near the road, and it was this, perhaps, that led to the error. He remembered the future orator merely as the prime mover of all the fun of the younger circle, and had not a suspicion of the wonderful talent that lay undeveloped within him. As little, doubtless, did Patrick Henry see in this slender, sandy-haired lad a political leader and associate, — the Pen of a Revolution of which himself was to be the Tongue.

On reaching Williamsburg, we may be sure he did not see that metropolis with our disparaging eyes. In the old letters and memoirs we read delusive accounts of its splendors and gayeties, — of the “vice-regal court,” “vying in elegance with that of St. James,” of the grand equipages of “the gentry,” and of all the pomp and circumstance of old Virginia gathered there in the winter. It was “the centre of taste, fashion, and refinement,” we are told, and the entertainments given at “the palace” were a blending of refinement and sumptuousity “worthy of the representative of royalty.” Such statements do not prepare the cold investigator to discover that the capital of Virginia was an unpaved village of a thousand inhabitants, surrounded by an expanse of dark green tobacco-fields as far as the eye could reach. Andrew Burnaby, an English clergyman who visited it eight months before the arrival of our student, estimates the number of its houses at “about two hundred,” and its population at “one thousand souls, whites and negroes.” He mentions, also, that “there are *ten or twelve* gentlemen’s families constantly residing in it, besides merchants and tradesmen.” But he adds that in the winter, when the Legislature and the great court of the Colony were in session, the place was “crowded with the gentry of the country,” and then there were balls and gayeties, but as soon as business was over the gentry return to their plantations, and “the town is in a manner deserted.”

Williamsburg, insignificant as it may seem to us, furnished the pattern for

the city of Washington. It consisted chiefly of one street, a hundred feet broad and three quarters of a mile long, with the Capitol at one end, the college at the other, and a ten-acre square with public buildings in the middle. It was well arranged to display whatever of equipage or costume the town could boast. As the great planters’ families travelled in their own huge coaches, which at least had *been* gorgeous in the fashion of the age, — coaches drawn of necessity by six horses, — and as the dress of the period was bright with color and picturesque in style, we may well believe that this broad avenue presented during the season a striking and animated scene.

The public buildings, as they appeared to Jefferson’s maturer judgment, were of a mongrel description, generally unpleasing and inharmonious. The Capitol, in which he was to witness such thrilling scenes and take part in such important events, he thought “a light and airy structure,” — heavy and dull as it looks in the old pictures, — and the governor’s palace, though not handsome without, was large and commodious, and surrounded by agreeable grounds; but the college and the hospital he condemns utterly. They were “rude, misshapen piles, which, but that they have roofs, would be taken for brick-kilns.” This, however, was the remark of a connoisseur in architecture. The main edifice of the college resembled those brick barracks of Yale and Harvard built in the same period; two stories high, with a steep roof and a row of windows in it, and a small belfry on its summit; quite good enough for young gentlemen who kept dogs and guns in their rooms, and considered it the chief end of students to frustrate the object for which they were sent to the institution. This building, with two solid-looking professors’ houses near it, all standing in a square of four acres, marked with well-worn paths, and not wanting in large trees, presented, upon the whole, a respectable appearance. The arriving stu-

dent probably did not think it so despicable as the author of the "Notes on Virginia." The private houses of Williamsburg, according to Mr. Burnaby, were "of wood, covered with shingles, and but indifferently built." The site of the town, however, was agreeable, — an elevated plateau, midway between the York and the James, six miles from both. Those breezes which swept across the peninsula, and raised the clouds of dust in Williamsburg streets that annoyed the English traveller, tempered the burning heat of the summer, and, as he records, kept the town free from mosquitoes.

Such was Williamsburg in 1760, the chief residence of Jefferson for the next seven years, the most important period of his life; for it was then that he acquired his knowledge and his opinions. Whatever Williamsburg may have been to others, it was to him a true university; because, coming into familiar contact there with a few universal minds, he was capable of being instructed by them. He brought with him to college the three prime requisites of the successful student, — perfect health, good habits, and an inquisitive intellect. He had come from a pure and honest home, where he had learned nothing but what was good and honorable, and he had come, in good faith, to fulfil his father's fond intention of making him a scholar.

It was an ill-starred institution, this College of William and Mary. It had existed sixty-eight years, having been founded in 1692 by the sovereigns whose names it bore. They gave it an endowment, as an old historian records, of "nineteen hundred and eighty-five pounds fourteen shillings and ten pence," besides twenty thousand acres of land, and certain taxes that yielded three hundred pounds a year. Other benefactors had bequeathed and given it property, until it enjoyed an annual income of three thousand pounds; which was enough, with the tuition fees, to maintain an efficient college. But, like Harvard and Yale, the institution was hampered by the incongru-

ous conditions imposed by donors of its capital. One important estate was given for the express purpose of maintaining Indians at the college; and Indians were maintained accordingly. But Indians cannot receive our civilization. If the college had any success with an Indian youth, he was no sooner tamed than he sickened and died. The rest may have assumed the white man's habits while they remained at Williamsburg; but the very day that they rejoined their tribe they threw off their college clothes, resumed their old costumes and weapons, and ran whooping into the forest, irreclaimable savages. And so this fondly cherished project of the benefactors ended in utter failure. But the estate remained; its income could only be spent in one way; and hence the Indian nuisance still clung to the college, wasting its resources and lessening its attractiveness.

A leading object of the founders was to provide learned ministers of the Established Church; and consequently there was a professor of "divinity," another of moral philosophy, and the only special duty assigned to the president, in return for his two hundred pounds a year and his handsome house, was the delivery of four theological lectures per annum. As if to give still greater prominence to the department of theology, the reverend president usually held the office of commissary, or bishop's representative, at a hundred pounds a year, and had charge of the parish church of Williamsburg, which swelled his income to about six hundred a year, — an official revenue only exceeded by that of the governor. Those who know for what kind of reasons the fat things in church and state were usually given in the good old times will not be surprised to learn that one of the commissary-presidents of the college, in Jefferson's youth, could not proceed against the clergy for drunkenness, because he was himself a drunkard; nor will he be at a loss how to explain the indications of college riot that lurk in the letters of the time.

Moreover, the chief object of the founders was not accomplished. As the parishes were usually assigned to English clergymen, whom the Bishop of London sent to Virginia because there was nothing for them in England, few young Virginians entered the college with a view to compete for a church living of sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco per annum. Yet the costly professorships of divinity had to be kept up, and the college was obliged to continue a theological seminary without theologians.

Dead branches are not merely inert, and useless: they injure and disfigure the tree. This college, which ought to have attracted all the *élite* of Virginia youth, and sent them home strong and enlightened to save beautiful Virginia from the blight of tobacco, repelled many of them, and seldom regenerated those who came. Young men whose fathers could afford the expense went to English Eton, Oxford, and Cambridge, often returning as ignorant as they went out, and dissolute beyond hope of reform. Of late years the college had been filling up, more and more, with boys who came to learn the rudiments of Latin; and it was some time before a clear distinction was made between these and the students proper of the college. Jefferson found the institution a medley of college, Indian mission, and grammar school, ill-governed, and distracted by dissensions among its ruling powers. The Bishop of London, who, as chancellor of the institution, had the nomination of its professors, sometimes sent out men so manifestly incompetent or unfit, that the trustees would not admit them; and others, being admitted, led scandalous lives, and filled the college, as the trustees said, with riot, contention, and dissipation. On Sundays, we are told, when the divinity professors and reverend president were away performing parochial duties, the more orderly students went off shooting, with their dogs behind them, and the others made the village resound with their noise. It was not until several years after

Jefferson's time, that the rights of the several authorities of the college were so defined that the suppression of these disorders became possible.

But out of this chaos Thomas Jefferson contrived to pick a genuine university education; because, among the crowd of its schoolmasters, mission teachers, divinity professors, and bishop's *protégés*, there was, by some strange chance, one man of knowledge and ability, one man who did *not* "survey the universe from his parish belfry," one skilful and sympathetic teacher. "It was my great good fortune," he says, in his too brief autobiography, "and what probably fixed the destinies of my life, that Dr. William Small of Scotland was then professor of mathematics. A man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication, correct and gentlemanly manners, and an enlarged, liberal mind. He, most happily for me, soon became attached to me, and made me his daily companion when not engaged in the school; and from his conversation I got my first views of the expansion of science, and of the system of things in which we are placed. Fortunately, the philosophical chair became vacant soon after my arrival in college, and he was appointed to fill it *per interim*; and he was the first who ever gave, in that college, regular lectures in Ethics, Rhetoric, and Belles-Lettres." It is a pleasure to copy a passage like this, one more testimonial to add to the long list of similar ones, from Marcus Aurelius to Lord Brougham, which attest the immeasurable value of an enlightened teacher of youth.

I wish we had something more particular of this gentleman. Jefferson's college intimate, John Page, governor of Virginia in later years, speaks of him as "my beloved professor," who was "afterward the great Dr. Small of Birmingham, the darling friend of Darwin." And he confesses that he did not derive all the benefit from his instruction that he might; for he was "too sociable to study as Mr. Jefferson

did, who could tear himself away from his dearest friends to fly to his studies."

Another friend of Jefferson, John Burk, author of a History of Virginia, insinuates that Dr. Small was not too orthodox in his opinions. The professors, he remarks, were usually chosen from "the licensed champions of orthodoxy"; by which he appears to mean the clergy: but, "now and then, in spite of the jealous scrutiny of the metropolitan, some unbeliever would steal into the fold." This, he adds, was particularly the case with the mathematical department, for which divines were generally incompetent; and he illustrates this observation by mentioning "the friend and companion of the poetic and philosophic Darwin," Professor Small, who had formed the minds of so many of the youth of the Province. It is certain the college was beginning to have an ill name among the religious people, not on account of the bad lives and inefficient teaching of some of "the divines" connected with it, but the heretical opinions supposed to prevail among the students. The true reason, it is said, why James Madison went to Princeton College, was the dread his parents had lest he should imbibe those opinions, if he attended the college nearer home. Edmund Randolph, who succeeded Mr. Jefferson in the office of Secretary of State, was a student of William and Mary about this time. He used to say that such heresies were much in vogue at the college, and he had a vivid recollection of a scene that followed his utterance of something in unison with the prevailing tone. One of the leaders of the new opinion patted him on the head, and called him a promising youth for daring to express so bold a thought. The fact remains, however, that all the professors were required by law to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, and all their pupils to say the Church-of-England Catechism.

The student settled to his work. Without neglecting Latin and Greek, his chief employment since his ninth

year, he now became, under Professor Small's tuition, enamored of mathematics. That science, as he wrote in later years, became "the passion of his life"; and he could read off, in his youth, "with the facility of common discourse," processes which at seventy cost him "labor and time and slow investigation." It is evident, from many trifling indications, that he subdued mathematics to his will, and employed it all his days, as a familiar, obedient servant. Part of his traveling apparatus, even on short journeys, was a box of instruments and a book of logarithms, and he always had a rule in his pocket. Professor Small, who left Scotland about the time (1756) that Professor Black was appointed to the chair of chemistry which he covered with immortal lustre, — James Watt and the improved steam-engine being among its incidental results, — shared in the new enthusiasm for applied science; and he imparted it to his young companion. There was some apparatus, it appears, at William and Mary. Doubtless Professor Small possessed the electrical tubes, one of which Benjamin Franklin, printer, of Philadelphia, had rubbed with so much effect fifteen years before. Details of the student's scientific course we do not possess; but we know that he derived from his walks and talks with Professor Small the habit of surveying objects with the eyes of science, and of subjecting them to scientific tests, — one of the chief points of difference between the educated and the ignorant mind.

He worked hard in college, and ever harder, as his circle widened, — too hard at last, — fifteen hours a day, as he said himself when talking of college days. He kept a horse or two at Williamsburg, it appears (and riding on horseback should be part of every college course); but, as his love of knowledge grew, his rides became shorter and less frequent; until the only exercise he allowed himself, on a regular working-day, was a rapid run out of town of a mile while it was getting dark enough

for candles. The beloved violin was never quite laid aside; he snatched a kiss, now and then, instead of his three-hours' wooing. Though related, through his mother, to most of the society of the place, and fond of society, he withdrew from it more and more. Few students could have indulged in such excess of mental exertion with impunity, nor could he for a long period, although "blessed," as he once wrote, "with organs of digestion which accepted and concocted, without ever murmuring; whatever the palate chose to consign to them." His habits, too, were excellent. The simple, old-fashioned cookery that gave the human race so many ages of good digestion, had not yet become one of the lost arts in Virginia; and, like most of the well-nurtured young Virginians of that period, he was so happy as to escape the servitude of tobacco. Many planters of the olden time, who had grown rich by the culture of tobacco, held the use of it in contempt. One reason assigned in a letter of the period, why the young men of Virginia should not be sent to England for education, was that they were so likely to acquire there the horrid practice of smoking.

The number of persons much interested in the intellectual affairs has never been great in any community, not even in college towns. In the Williamsburg of that day we hear of but two individuals who could be associates of Professor Small. One was Francis Fauquier, the lieutenant-governor of the Province, who inhabited "the palace," and presided over the grand entertainments given therein. Jefferson speaks of him as the ablest governor colonial Virginia ever had. Perhaps, in saying so, he meant to damn him with faint praise. He appears to have been a gentleman of the school of Louis XIV., translated into England by Charles II., and into English by Lord Chesterfield. We find him spoken of as the most elegant gentleman Virginia had ever seen, a great patron of learning and literature, himself an admirable scholar, master of an excellent style

both spoken and written. It was he who set the fashion of importing French literature, which filled so many Virginia libraries, a few years later, with Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and Diderot. He it was also who introduced high play into the polite society of the Province, or, at least, made high play reputable; which hastened the collapse of some showy Virginia fortunes, already eaten hollow by London creditors. Whatever his faults, he was a man of high personal and official honor. He was one of the few royal officers in the Colonies who disdained to increase their revenues by conniving at illicit commerce. Archdeacon Burnaby reports that, at a time when other governors were not so scrupulous, Governor Fauquier refused an offer of two hundred pounds for a permit to trade with the enemy. He was a gentleman, too, of eminent courtesy, of agreeable conversation, interested in knowledge and literature, acquainted with the polite world of cities, — a man of the metropolis residing for a while in a province.

Professor Small being the governor's most familiar associate, our student, young as he was, became intimate with him also, and was thus brought into communication with the great world. The governor, among his other accomplishments, was a musical amateur. Once a week, he had a musical party at the palace, to which the guests brought their instruments. Jefferson was regularly present with his violin; and, at these parties, for the first time in his life, perhaps, he heard music performed in concert.

But it was the governor's conversation that did most to form his mind. It was during these years that Great Britain, by the conquest of India, Canada, and many islands of the sea, became imperial; and when the news of victory came, Fauquier could tell the student something of the mighty genius who found his country an island and left it an empire. In Jefferson's first year at college, the "Williamsburg Gazette," Virginia's only newspaper,

published the account of the accession to the throne of George III., who found his country an empire and left it an island. Of that young prince, welcomed to the throne by acclamations in every quarter of the globe, the governor could doubtless relate hopeful things, much to the content of his young Whig friend from Albemarle. The Jeffersons, as a Whig family, could not but hail with joy the accession of the first king of the Hanover line who was a native of England. They were loyal subjects ever; and none of them more so than this youth, the present head of the family. From Governor Fauquier, too, he heard, doubtless, something of the literary gossip of London,—fresh traditions of Addison, Swift, Thomson, Pope, and Bolingbroke. All this was education to the young student. He was getting knowledge of the world in a very agreeable way. Sitting, as he says, at “the familiar table” of the governor, with Professor Small opposite him, he was learning to estimate things by other than Virginian standards, and saw more of the universe than could be discerned from the parish belfry. Most happily, too, he was one of those who, as they go their way through life, get the good that chance companions have to offer them, without imbibing the evil that qualifies it. He caught the graces and escaped the vices of the Chesterfield period. In avoiding the governor’s habit of gambling, he went even to an extreme; for, it is said, he never had a card in his house.

But the daily, familiar party at the governor’s table consisted of four persons. The fourth remains to be mentioned. It was George Wythe, a rising member of the bar of Virginia, who was destined to a distinguished and long career as lawyer, statesman, professor, and judge. He is the more interesting to us as the benevolent and wise preceptor by whom two persons of eminent note in the politics of the country were introduced to the profession of the law, and, through the law, to public life,—Thomas Jefferson and Henry Clay.

Virginia, during the hundred and twenty years of seeming prosperity given it by tobacco grown in virgin soil, cultivated by low-priced slaves, was an illustration of Mr. Buckle’s remark concerning the connection between leisure and knowledge. Without leisure, he observes, science is impossible; and when leisure has been won, most of the class possessing it will waste it in the pursuit of pleasure; but *a few* will employ it in the pursuit of knowledge. How perfectly this describes the Virginia of 1760! The great majority of the ruling class lived lives of thoughtless profusion and self-indulgence, with Governor Fauquier as the accomplished master of the revels. John Burk, historian of Virginia, very friendly to the memory of that brilliant personage, tells us that Fauquier found the Virginian gentlemen quite to his mind,—as profuse and fond of pleasure as himself,—and after spending a winter of elegant dissipation at the capital, he would enter upon a round of visits to the great proprietors; among whom, adds Burk, “the rage for playing deep, reckless of time, health, or money, spread like a contagion.”

In the midst of such scenes grew up a few men—very few, but always a few—who sought knowledge with disinterested love, and with such success as almost to redeem the character of their Province and period. Three of the best educated gentlemen America has produced were young men during Fauquier’s term of service,—Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and George Wythe,—all of them men of singular moral purity and elevation of tone, and all eminently capable of public spirit. It seems as if the very prevalence of the self-indulgent vices made these golden hearts recoil from them with the greater decision and firmness. Jefferson wrote once from the White House in Washington to a grandson at school: “When I recollect the various sorts of bad company with which I associated from time to time, I am astonished I did not turn off with some

of them, and become as worthless to society as they were." But, he adds, "I had the good fortune to become acquainted very early with some characters of very high standing, and to feel the incessant wish that I could ever become what they were. Under temptations and difficulties, I would ask myself, What would Dr. Small, Mr. Wythe, Peyton Randolph, do in this situation? What course in it will insure me their approbation? I am certain that this mode of deciding on my conduct tended more to correctness than any reasoning powers I possessed. Knowing the even and dignified line they pursued, I never could doubt for a moment which of two courses would be in character for them. Whereas, seeking the same object through a process of much reasoning and with the jaundiced eye of youth, I should often have erred." He tells his grandson that he was of necessity brought into contact with the extremes of character, — jockeys and moralists, racing men and philosophers, gamblers and statesmen, — and often, "in the enthusiastic moment of the death of a fox, the victory of a favorite horse," and during a contest of mind in court or legislature, he has asked himself which of these triumphs he should prefer.

George Wythe was thirty-three years of age at the beginning of Jefferson's college life. Though heir of a competent estate, he was wholly self-educated, except that his mother, as tradition reports, assisted him by keeping an eye upon an English Testament while he translated from the Greek. He became, as contemporaries agree, the best Greek scholar Virginia had ever seen; to which Mr. Jefferson adds, the best Latin scholar also. Young Henry Clay, his amanuensis long after, not knowing a Greek letter, had trouble enough in copying his decisions, interspersed, as they were, with passages from Greek authors. The chancellor was an old man then, and this habit of quoting Greek was an old man's foible; but when Jefferson was a student at Williamsburg, he knew him as an

able, vigilant lawyer, an enthusiast for all classical knowledge, and fond to an extreme of Greek literature and Grecian history. Jefferson's preference would naturally have been for Greek if he had never seen George Wythe, but, doubtless, their similarity of taste was a bond of union between them, and nerved him for the supreme achievement of old-fashioned scholarship, — a conquest of the Greek language. Wythe was a man of nice conscience. He was among the first to perceive the incongruous iniquity of slavery in our modern world, and he early washed his hands of it by emancipating his slaves. Henry Clay went straight from his office and inspiration to Kentucky, where his first political act was an attempt to induce that young Commonwealth to start fair by abolishing slavery.

Such was the party oftenest gathered about the governor's "familiar table": Professor Small, the mathematician and man of science; George Wythe, the moralist, learned in law and Greek; Francis Fauquier, the man-of-the-world of the period; Thomas Jefferson, a shy, inquisitive young man, quick to take in all which these accomplished men had to give, and contributing his share of the entertainment by the intelligent sympathy with which he listened. These men were his teachers: this table was his university.

Four persons so formed to entertain and improve one another need never expect to remain long together. The party was broken in 1762 by Professor Small's removal to Birmingham, where he had a bright career. The young man whom he aided to form corresponded with him till the Revolutionary War. They did not agree, it seems, on the topics of the Revolutionary period; but Jefferson not the less revered him as the person who met him at the threshold of life and directed his steps aright, who kept him out of the slough of mean provincial pleasures and excesses by awakening his intelligence, and guiding him to the sources whence its proper nourishment is to be drawn. An awakened mind, a hearty interest

in intellectual things, is virtue's strongest ally; and Jefferson felt that he owed this unspeakable boon to Professor Small.

A profession was necessary to the student. His father's tobacco farm on the James was the portion of his brother Randolph, still a child. The Shadwell estate was charged with the support of his mother and six sisters; and Virginia estates were not apt to be very productive when the eye of the master was wanting. He can scarcely be said to have had a choice of vocations. He was the last person in the world to think of the army or navy as a career; and if he had, it would not have been possible, perhaps, for him to get a commission. It was not as a "midshipman" that Washington's mother thought of sending her son to sea, but as a sailor before the mast; such was the narrow choice a parent had then in Virginia for younger sons. The very letter which discloses this unexpected piece of information shows how few employments were exercised in the Province. Mrs. Washington mentioned the scheme of sending George to sea, to her brother, Joseph Ball, in London. That gentleman replied, that she had better put him apprentice to a tinker; "for," said he, "a common sailor before the mast has by no means the common liberty of the subject; for they will press him from a ship where he has fifty shillings a month, and make him take twenty-three, and cut and slash him, and use him like a negro, or rather like a dog." And even (he proceeds to say) if the lad should work his way to the top of the ladder, and become the master of a Virginia ship, a "very difficult thing to do," a planter "that has three or four hundred acres of land and three or four slaves, if he be industrious, may live more comfortably, and leave his family in better breed" than such a captain can.* And so the mother thought better of her project, and George Washington did

not attempt the difficult achievement of rising to be master of a tobacco-ship.

There were no manufactures in the Province, except the very rudest and crudest. People sent to London for everything that slaves could not make, even window-sashes and the commoner implements. The commerce was in British hands. There was, of course, no art, no literature, no journalism, and nothing that could tempt intelligence or ambition in the medical profession. If Thomas Jefferson had been reared in a European capital, the first wish of his heart would have been to be an artist of some kind. After toying with music for a while, he would perhaps have fixed upon architecture as his profession. In Virginia, at Williamsburg, with George Wythe for a daily associate, he must needs become a lawyer; and accordingly, in 1763, after two years' residence at the college, he began, under Mr. Wythe's direction, the study of the law.

Perhaps the example of his jovial young acquaintance, Patrick Henry, first turned his thoughts to the legal profession. In 1760, a few weeks after his arrival at Williamsburg, who should present himself at his room in the college but the merry Patrick! But he had come on a serious errand. He was bent on a change in his mode of life, that had important consequences for his country as well as himself. He told the student that, since they had parted, after the Christmas holidays, two or three months before, he had studied law! He had studied it, in fact, six weeks, and he had now come to Williamsburg to get a license to practise. And he got it! Of the four examiners, only one, George Wythe, persisted in refusing his signature; and the three names sufficing, he went off triumphant, to tend his father-in-law's tavern for four years longer, until his opportunity came. Our student made no such haste. It was not in his nature to slight his work, and he prepared himself for a four-years' course of reading.

James Parton.

* Meade's Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia, Vol. II. p. 128.

THE HEART OF NEW ENGLAND.

O LONG are years of waiting, when lovers' hearts are bound
By words that hold in life and death, and last the half-world round;
Long, long for him who wanders far and strives with all his main,
But crueler yet for her who bides at home and hides her pain!
And lone are the homes of New England.

'T was in the mellow summer I heard her sweet reply;
The barefoot lads and lasses a-berrying went by;
The locust dinned amid the trees; the fields were high with corn;
The white-sailed clouds against the sky like ships were onward borne:
And blue are the skies of New England.

Her lips were like the raspberries; her cheek was soft and fair,
And little breezes stopped to lift the tangle of her hair;
A light was in her hazel eyes, and she was nothing loth
To hear the words her lover spoke, and pledged me there her troth;
And true is the word of New England.

When September brought the golden-rod, and maples burned like fire,
And bluer than in August rose the village smoke and higher,
And large and red among the stacks the ripened pumpkins shone,—
One hour, in which to say farewell, was left to us alone;
And sweet are the lanes of New England.

We loved each other truly! hard, hard it was to part;
But my ring was on her finger, and her hair lay next my heart.
" 'T is but a year, my darling," I said; "in one short year,
When our Western home is ready, I shall seek my Katie here";
And brave is the hope of New England.

I went to gain a home for her, and in the Golden State
With head and hand I planned and toiled, and early worked and late;
But luck was all against me, and sickness on me lay,
And ere I got my strength again 't was many a weary day;
And long are the thoughts of New England.

And many a day, and many a month, and thrice the rolling year,
I bravely strove, and still the goal seemed never yet more near.
My Katie's letters told me that she kept her promise true,
But now, for very hopelessness, my own to her were few;
And stern is the pride of New England.

But still she trusted in me, though sick with hope deferred;
No more among the village choir her voice was sweetest heard;
For when the wild nor'easter of the fourth long winter blew,
So thin her frame with pining, the cold wind pierced her through;
And chill are the blasts of New England.

At last my fortunes bettered, on the far Pacific shore,
And I thought to see old Windham and my patient love once more ;
When a kinsman's letter reached me : "Come at once, or come too late !
Your Katie's strength is failing ; if you love her, do not wait :
Come back to the elms of New England."

O, it wrung my heart with sorrow ! I left all else behind,
And straight for dear New England I speeded like the wind.
The day and night were blended till I reached my boyhood's home,
And the old cliffs seemed to mock me that I had not sooner come ;
And gray are the rocks of New England.

I could not think 't was Katie, who sat before me there,
Reading her Bible— 't was my gift—and pillowed in her chair.
A ring, with all my letters, lay on a little stand,—
She could no longer wear it, so frail her poor, white hand !
But strong is the love of New England.

Her hair had lost its tangle and was parted off her brow ;
She used to be a joyous girl,—but seemed an angel now,—
Heaven's darling, mine no longer ; yet in her hazel eyes
The same dear love-light glistened, as she soothed my bitter cries ;
And pure is the faith of New England.

A month I watched her dying, pale, pale as any rose
That drops its petals one by one and sweetens as it goes.
My life was darkened when at last her large eyes closed in death,
And I heard my own name whispered as she drew her parting breath ;
Still, still was the heart of New England.

It was a woful funeral the coming Sabbath-day ;
We bore her to the barren hill on which the graveyard lay,
And when the narrow grave was filled, and what we might was done,
Of all the stricken group around I was the loneliest one
And drear are the hills of New England.

I gazed upon the stunted pines, the bleak November sky,
And knew that buried deep with her my heart henceforth would lie ;
And waking in the solemn nights my thoughts still thither go
To Katie, lying in her grave beneath the winter snow ;
And cold are the snows of New England.

Edmund C. Stedman.

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

I.

THE MAN WITH THE CHIGNON.

THE elegant residence of Mrs. Lovell, at Montreal, stood just where Blank Street terminates in Dash Street, and its windows commanded an extensive view of the former thoroughfare. A caller was just leaving the house; while inside was Mrs. Lovell herself, in such a position that she could see out of the window without being visible, and her eyes were fixed upon the caller who was just retiring. This person did not claim her attention long, for he rapidly descended the steps, and, after walking down the street with long, swift strides the length of one block, he turned round the first corner and disappeared.

Upon this Mrs. Lovell withdrew her eyes from the window and stood for a time in deep thought. Standing in this attitude, she showed herself an uncommonly pretty woman. A minute description of her, however, is hardly necessary just now; suffice it to say, that Mrs. Lovell was a widow; a profound and pronounced brunette; young, wealthy, elegant, joyous, and also very well able to take care of herself in every respect.

After standing thus for some time she left the room, and, ascending the stairs, she entered an apartment at the top, by the landing.

"O Maudie dear!" she exclaimed in an excited voice as she entered, "who do you think has been here? what do you think has happened? O dear, it's such a worry!"

Her abrupt manner and excited words aroused a young girl who was in the room. She was seated in an arm-chair, one hand supporting her head, and the other one listlessly holding a letter.

"Well, Georgie dear," said she, turning her face, "what is it?"

The face which she thus turned was one of extreme beauty and great refinement of feature, and was pervaded by an expression of pensive and quiet sadness. She seemed also as if she might have been dropping a tear or two all by herself. There was a certain family likeness between the two, for they were sisters; but apart from this they were unlike, and when together this dissimilarity was very conspicuous. Both were brunettes, but the fashion of their features and the expression of their faces were different. In Mrs. Lovell's face there was a very decided piquancy, and various signs of a light and joyous temperament; while Maud showed nothing of the kind. At the present moment the sadness of her face might have concealed its real expression; but any one could see in it the unmistakable signs of a far greater depth of feeling than was known to her sister.

"Maudie dear!" said Mrs. Lovell at length, after some silence.

"Well, Georgie," said Maud, languidly.

Mrs. Lovell sighed.

"I'm worried out of my life, Maudie. What in the world I am to do I really cannot say. I'll tell you what I'll do," she added, after a pause, "I'll go to Paris."

"Go to Paris!" exclaimed the other, — "go to Paris! What do you mean? What has happened? What put such a mad fancy as that into your head?"

"I'll go to Paris," said Mrs. Lovell, with a determined tap of her little foot on the floor. "You see, Maudie, I've been thinking of going there so long, and it's so very convenient for me, and you shall go with me, too, you know; and this is just the time, for if we put it off any longer, we'll be too late, won't we, Maudie? and so I think we'd better go by the next steamer. What do you say?"

At this Maud sat upright, and looked

at her sister with an expression of intense astonishment.

"What in the world *do* you mean?" she asked. "Go to Paris! and by the next steamer. Why, Georgie, are you mad?"

"Mad? far from it. I'm really in earnest, you know. I'm going by the next steamer. O, my mind is quite made up,—quite. You can easily get ready. We need n't get any new dresses here. It will be so utterly charming to get them in Paris."

"I wonder what in the world you *do* mean," said Maud, in bewilderment. "You can't be in earnest."

"O, but I really am, you know. I'm in trouble, dear, and the only way to get out of it is to go to Paris."

"Trouble!" said Maud, in new surprise; "*you* in trouble! What is it, Georgie dear?"

Mrs. Lovell sighed.

"O well, I'm beginning to be worried out of my life with no end of bothers and torments, and I want to fly from them all."

"Bothers and torments?"

"Yes, bothers and torments."

"What?"

"Why, you know, people fancy I like them, and come and try to get me to marry them, when I don't really want to; and I'm sure I don't know what I am to do about it."

"People? what people? Do you mean any people in particular? Of course, you must expect to be very much admired; and I'm sure you ought n't to regret it, if you are; but why that should trouble you I confess I'm at a loss to see."

"O, it is n't that; it is n't general admiration, of course. It's an unpleasant sort of particular admiration that I refer to, that makes people come and bother me with telling me how fond they are of me; and I feel so sorry for them, too; and I have to give them pain when I don't want to."

"Why, Georgie dear, you talk as though some one had been making a proposal."

"Of course I do. That's just what

I mean; and I'm sure I never gave him any encouragement. Now did I, Maudie darling?"

"Him? Who?"

"Why, Mr. Seth Grimes."

"Mr. Grimes!" exclaimed Maud, with an indescribable accent, staring in a bewildered way at her sister.

"Well! what's the matter?" asked Mrs. Lovell. "What makes you stare so?"

"Why, Mr. Grimes! The idea of Mr. Grimes! Why, Georgie, how could he possibly have ever thought of such a thing? Mr. Grimes!"

And Maud sat looking unutterable things, quite overwhelmed by the one stupendous thought of Mr. Grimes.

"I'm sure I don't see any reason why you should stare so," said Mrs. Lovell. "If people will come on such errands, I don't see why Mr. Grimes should not come as well as anybody."

"Mr. Grimes!" said Maud; "why, it's perfect audacity."

"No, it is n't," said Mrs. Lovell. "It is n't anything of the sort. But I know you never liked him, and your bitter prejudice blinds you to his many admirable qualities."

"Liked him! Why, did you?"

"Well, I have a great fancy for original people, and — and he is one."

"Original he certainly is, but I should choose another word."

"He's a man of the people, of course."

"That's a euphemism. For my part, I should use a much harsher word to express my idea of Mr. Grimes, Georgie."

"Well, don't, Maudie dear, or I shall be vexed. At any rate, you see, I liked him because he was so — so original, you know, and you see he has misinterpreted it; and he has thought that because I liked to talk with him I would be equally well pleased to live with him. But that does n't follow, I'm sure; for I know many very, very nice people that I like to talk with, but I'm sure I should n't at all like to marry them. And that's the trouble about Mr. Grimes."

"I'm sure," said Maud, contemptuously, "I do not see why you should tolerate such a person for one moment; and I've often wondered how you ever became acquainted with him."

Mrs. Lovell sighed.

"Well, Maudie dear," said she, "it was very odd, it was really quite an adventure; and I suppose I may as well tell you all about it."

"Yes, do, dear," said Maud. "You've kept awfully close about this, you know, Georgie."

"Well, you know, Maudie dear," said Mrs. Lovell, after a brief pause, which was taken up with collecting her thoughts, "I became acquainted with him last year. I was at Niagara. One day I was out, and it was a dreadfully windy day, quite a gale. I had put on my very largest chignon, — awfully thoughtless in me, of course, but then you know that's the way I always am, — and I pinned it down as securely as possible before venturing forth. The wind proved even worse than I had anticipated; but other ladies were out, and I needed an airing very much, and so I walked on till I found a place which commanded a fine view of the Falls. It was a terribly windy place, but I found a railing where I could support myself. Several ladies and gentlemen were about, and among them was Mr. Grimes. I was n't acquainted with him at all, but had merely heard his name mentioned. Well, you know, Maudie dear, I was just beginning to conclude that it was altogether too windy for me, when all of a sudden there came a terrific gust of wind, and in an instant it tore away all my head-dress, — hat, chignon, and all, — and whisked it all away over the cliff. I gave a scream, half of fright and half of mortification. I was in utter confusion. It was so shocking. Such an exposure, you know. And what was I to do? Well, just as I was in a perfect agony of shame, and did n't dare to look around for fear of meeting the eyes of people, Mr. Grimes suddenly came up. 'Don't distress

yourself, ma'am,' said he. 'T ain't lost. I'll get it in five minutes.'"

"He did n't!" exclaimed Maud, indignantly. "What effrontery! O, my poor, dear Georgie, how you must have suffered!"

"Suffered! Why, Maudie dear, it was agony, — yes, agony; and at such a time! Tears of shame burst from my eyes, and I could n't say one word. Well, that was very bad, but it was nothing to what followed. After all, you know, it was the idea of the thing that was the worst. In reality it was not so very bad. You know what an immense head of hair I have, all my own; I could do without chignons, for that matter; so, you know, if nothing had been done, it might n't have been noticed, and I might have retired without making much of an exposure. My hair was all tossing about my head; but ladies often lose their hats, and my appearance would n't have been *very* bad, now would it, Maudie dear?"

"You would have looked perfectly lovely," said Maud. "But go on. This is really beginning to get exciting."

"Well," continued Mrs. Lovell, "there I stood, really crying with shame, when to my horror, my utter horror, I saw him — O Maudie darling, what do you think he did?"

"What? what?" asked Maud, eagerly.

"Why, Maudie, he began to go over the cliff."

"Over the cliff!"

"Yes, over the cliff. Was n't it awful? Not merely the fact of a man going over the cliff, but going over it on such an errand! And imagine me standing there in public, the centre of such a scene as that! And I hate scenes so!"

"Poor darling Georgie!" sighed Maud.

"Well, you know, Maudie dear," continued Mrs. Lovell, "I was utterly stupefied with astonishment and mortification. Before I could utter one single word he was out of sight. I dared not look round for fear of catching the

glances of people. I felt all their eyes on me, and longed for the earth to open and swallow me up. I had a wild impulse to run; but then, you know, I felt terribly anxious about Mr. Grimes. It was an awful thing, to think of a man going down there, and on such an errand. If he had gone down to save a life, it would have been sublime; but going down to save a chignon was too exquisitely absurd. Still, I felt that his life was really in danger, and so I stood there in terrible suspense.

"I really do not know how long I stood there, but at last I saw some wretched people coming forward, looking so odiously amused that I could have almost pushed them over. They looked down, and laughed, and one of them said: 'Hurra! he's got it!' Those few words were enough. They showed me that there had been no horrible accident. In a moment my deep suspense left me, and the only feeling that I had was a longing to get away. For O, Maudie, imagine me standing there, and Mr. Grimes approaching me solemnly with my chignon, after having saved it at the risk of his life, and making a formal presentation of it in the presence of those horrid men! The thought nearly drove me wild. I turned away, and I really think I must have run all the way back to the hotel.

"Well, on reaching the hotel I went at once to my room, and shut myself up. I had all sorts of fears, and all those fears were fully realized; for after about an hour a gentleman called and sent up his name; and who do you think it was? Why, Mr. Grimes, of course! Now, under ordinary circumstances, his astonishing devotion would have touched me; but that dreadful chignon made it all fearfully ridiculous, and all of the ridicule attached itself to me. What was more, I knew perfectly well that he had brought the horrid thing with him, on purpose to restore it into my own hands. That was an ordeal which, I confess, I had n't the courage to face; so I excused myself and was very ill. I expected, of course, that he would leave it."

"And did n't he?" asked Maud, in wonder.

"Leave it? No indeed, not he. You don't know Mr. Grimes yet, Maudie dear."

"The horrid wretch!"

"He is a noble-hearted man, and you must not abuse him, or I shall really feel quite angry with you."

"But I was only sympathizing with you, Georgie dear! I did n't mean any offence."

"No, of course not, dear. I know you would n't hurt my feelings. Well, you know, he did n't leave it, but carried it off, and that one fact filled me with a new horror. In the first place, I was afraid my chignon would become the public talk; and then, again, I felt sure that he would call again, bringing that horrid thing with him. I was convinced that he had made up his mind to deliver it into my hands alone. The thought drove me to despair. And so, in my desperation, I determined to quit the place at once, and thus get rid of all my troubles. So I made up some excuse to my friends, and left by the early train on the following day for home. And now I'm coming to the end of my story, and you will be able to understand why I'm so determined to go to Paris.

"About three months ago a person called on me here at my own house. I went down, and who do you think it was? Why, Mr. Grimes; and he had a parcel in his hand."

"O dear!" exclaimed Maud. "Not the chignon! O, not the chignon!"

"Yes, Maudie dear," said Mrs. Lovell, sadly and solemnly, "the chignon. When I entered the room, he was so eager and so excited that I really felt afraid. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could keep him in bounds at all. Besides, the remembrance of the affair was utterly ridiculous, and this absurdity, together with the fact that he had done a wonderfully daring thing for my sake, combined to make me feel embarrassed. He, on his part, had no end of things to tell me. What he said showed an as-

tonishing amount of devotion. Positively, he had been all over Canada searching for me. He had spent months in this search, before finding me. And now he appeared before me, with joy on his face, exultation in his eyes, and that horrid chignon in his hands. 'Here it is,' he said, 'safe and sound, ma'am, — not a star erased, not a stripe effaced, — to be given to your own hands in good order and condition'; and was n't that a funny speech to make, Maudie darling?"

"Very," said Maud, dryly.

"Well, you know after that, he went on in the strangest way. He said he had risked his life to get it; and had kept it for months till he loved it like his own soul; that it had been near him day and night; and that to part with it would break his heart; and he wanted to know if I would be satisfied with another instead of this one. He had got one made in New York, he said, which was the exact counterpart of this; and entreated me to let him keep my chignon, and give me the other. Well, you know, it was a queer thing to ask, but I really felt awfully sorry for him, and he pleaded so hard; and he had done so much; and he had taken so much trouble; and he made such a point of it you know, that —"

"What?" exclaimed Maud, "you did n't — you could n't —"

"Yes, but I could, and I did!"

At this Maud looked unutterable things.

"There was really no help for it," continued Mrs. Lovell, placidly. "Why, only think, Maudie. He could easily have kept it, if he had chosen, without asking me at all."

"Yes, but don't you see, Georgie, that there is all the difference in the world between taking a thing and having it given to you?"

"O, but in this case, where he had done so much, you know, he really deserved it, and as he made such a point of it, I yielded — and so — he has it now."

"Well," said Maud, "of all the ridiculous stories that I have ever lis-

tened to, this is the most absurd. I've heard of lovers wanting a lock of their ladies' hair, but never before did I hear of one who wanted a whole head of it."

"Yes, but then, you know, this was n't my own hair."

"But that only makes it the more absurd," said Maud. "He is cherishing the hair of some other person, — some French peasant, or perhaps the accumulated locks of some dozens of them. And he goes into raptures over this! He sits and gazes upon it in fondest admiration! He devours it with his eyes! He passes his fingers through its dark rippling curls! He —"

"He does n't do anything of the kind," interrupted Mrs. Lovell, somewhat sharply. "Mr. Grimes is quite above such nonsense. Of course he knows what it really is."

"But, Georgie, you did n't take his present did you. Of course not."

"O yes, but I did —"

"You did!"

"Why, certainly."

At this Maud drew a long breath.

"And what's more," continued Mrs. Lovell, "I've worn it ever since."

"You have n't!" cried Maud.

"I have it on now," said Mrs. Lovell, quietly. "I'm sure it's very becoming, and I only wonder how he could get one so good."

"Georgie, I declare you make me feel positively ashamed of you," cried Maud, indignantly. "It's really quite shocking. And you of all people! Why, you are usually so very fastidious, you know, and you stand so on *les convenances*, that I cannot understand how you ever came to forget yourself so far."

"Nonsense, Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell. "I can judge very well for myself, and besides, you know, that things that would n't do for you are all very well for me. But let that pass. It happened as I say, and the consequence was that Mr. Grimes saw more in that little piece of good-nature than was actually meant. So, you know, he devoted him-

self to me, and for the last two or three months I've seen very much of him. I liked him, too. He has many noble qualities; and he was awfully fond of me, and I felt half sorry for him, and all that. I liked to have him for a friend, but the trouble was that was not enough. He was always too ardent and devoted. I could see his face flush, and hear his voice tremble, whenever we met. Yet what could I do? I kept as cool as possible, and tried to chill him, but he only grew worse.

"And the plain fact is," continued Mrs. Lovell, "he never would have done, never. He has noble sentiments, it is true; but then he has such funny manners. He has a large heart, but dreadfully big hands. He has a truly Titanic soul, but his feet are of the same proportions. And all that is very dreadful, you know, Maudie. And what makes it worse, I really like him, and I feel a sense of deplorable weakness when I am with him. It may be because he is so big and strong and brave, and has such a voice, but I think it may also be because I am just a little bit fond of him."

"Fond of him? O Georgie! You don't mean it."

"O, just a *little bit*, you know, only ever so little," said Mrs. Lovell apologetically. "But at any rate it's really quite shocking to think how I lose control of myself and —"

"And what, Georgie dear?" asked Maud, anxiously, as Mrs. Lovell paused.

"Why, and let him treat me so —"

"Treat you so? How, dear?"

"Well, I'll tell you. It was to-day, you know. Of course you understand how he has been devoting himself to me for the past few months, and I have been trying to fight him off. Well, to-day he came, and he took me by storm, and I could n't fight him off at all; for before I could think, he was in the middle of a most vehement confession, and ended with a proposal. Well, you know, I never was so embarrassed in all my life, and I really did n't know what to do."

"You refused him, of course."

"O, but it was n't so easy. You see I really liked him, and he knew it."

"Knew it? How *could* he know it?"

"O, you know, I told him so."

"Told him!"

"Yes, and that was what ruined all, for he grew dreadfully bold, and began to appropriate me in a way that was really alarming. O dear, I should n't like to have to go through it again. You see, his proposal was not to be thought of, but then it was not easy to decline it in a pleasant and agreeable way. What was worse, I grew embarrassed and lost all my usual presence of mind, and at last had to tell him simply that it could not be.

"And then, O Maudie dear, he was so cut up. He asked me if this answer was final, and I told him it was. Then he sat silent for no end of time, and I felt so dreadfully weak, that I am sure if he had urged me I really don't see how I could have refused him. But he did n't. He was so simple-hearted that he never thought of trying to change my decision. At last he broke the silence by asking me in a dreadfully hollow voice if I loved another; I told him I did n't, and he gave a great sigh of relief. Then he asked me in a still more doleful voice if I would allow him to keep that wretched thing, the chignon, you know. He said he would like some small token —"

"Small token!" cried Maud, "a whole chignon! O dear! Georgie, do you think he intends having it put in a locket?"

"I don't know what he intends. I only know that I feel very, very sad and sorry for him, and did n't dream of refusing. I would n't look him in the face, but sat there looking as silly as possible. So at last he rose to go; I rose too, and felt so very nervous that I could n't even raise my eyes."

"O Georgie, Georgie, how very, very silly you were, poor darling!"

"I know I was, Maudie, and I knew it at the time, but how could I help it?"

"Well, dear?"

"Well, then, you know —"

Mrs. Lovell hesitated.

"What?"

"Why, we stood in that way for some time, and I wondered what he was doing, but did n't dare to look up, and then at last he took my hand and said, 'Good by,' in a shockingly hoarse voice. His hand was like ice, and my hand trembled excessively from excitement, and then, too, I felt dreadfully sorry for him, so I said, 'Good by,' and then, Maudie, he, the poor fellow, stooped down — and put his arms round me — and kissed me."

"He what!" cried Maud.

"O, you need n't be so awfully indignant, Maudie, I say it calmly, he kissed me, on my forehead; but I don't feel quite so calm now, when I think of that hot tear of his that fell on my cheek."

Mrs. Lovell sighed.

Maud looked earnestly at her, and both sat in silence for some time.

II.

THE MISDIRECTED LETTERS.

"You see, Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell, after a prolonged silence, "I am really in earnest about going to Paris, and I'll tell you exactly why. It's all Mr. Grimes. I have refused him, and he went away heart-broken, and all that; but I have a dreadful presentiment that he will be back again, bringing that horrible chignon with him, and making fresh protestations. I like him very well, as I have explained, but I don't want to marry him, of course, or any other person. The trouble is, however, that I have no confidence in myself, I am so shockingly weak; and I'm terribly afraid that he will come again and persuade me to do something very, very silly. Why, Maudie dear, when I think of what I have just escaped, I really tremble. I'm sure if he had only been a little more urgent, I really don't know what would have become of me. And then, think of the name, —

— Grimes! Mrs. Grimes! Why, it really sends a cold shudder through me. Really, Maudie darling, I'm afraid to stay here any longer than I can help. He will be here again, and I shall have to see him. Of course I will manage so as not to see him alone again, but I cannot always have you with me, and he will be sure to find me some day. And then think of my fate! O yes, I must go, and I shall go immediately. I have made up my mind to leave by the very next steamer. Really I shall never feel safe till I have the ocean between me and Mr. Grimes."

"I think, on the whole, Georgie dear, that it would be a very good plan. You expect me to go with you?"

"Of course, darling; did n't I say so at the very first?"

"Yes," said Maud, slowly, and in the tone of one speaking to herself. "Yes, it is better so, better for both of us, the best thing now —"

She sighed heavily.

At this Mrs. Lovell looked earnestly at her sister and seemed struck by something in her appearance.

"Why, Maudie! what's the matter with you?" she exclaimed.

"With me? O, nothing," said Maud.

"But you're shockingly pale, and you've been crying; and I've been so taken up by my own worries, that I never noticed it till now; but now as I look at you I see plainly that something is the matter. What has happened? It must be something dreadful. You really look heart-broken about something. Why my poor, dear, sweet darling Maudie!"

Full of tender pity and affection, Mrs. Lovell went over to her sister, and kneeling on the floor by her side, she twined her arms around her, and kissed her. Maud sat for a moment as though trying to control her feelings, but suddenly gave way, and letting her head fall on her sister's shoulder she flung her arms around her and burst into tears.

"You have some trouble, darling," said Mrs. Lovell. "Tell it to me, tell it to your own Georgie." And then she

proceeded to kiss Maud, and soothe her and coax her to give her her confidence, until at length Maud promised that she would. But it was some time before she could recover from the agitation into which she had fallen. She raised herself, and tried to control her feelings; but having yielded to them once, it was not very easy to regain her composure, and it was some time before she could speak.

"O Georgie," she said, at last, "I'm in such dreadful trouble, and I'm sure I don't know how it happened or how it will end, or what I ever shall do."

"Only fancy!" said Mrs. Lovell, "and I've been so selfish that I never noticed this; but then, I'm sure I should never have thought of *you* being in trouble, darling. How can trouble ever come near *you*?"

"I'm sure I don't understand it," said Maud, mournfully.

"But what is it all about? Tell me what it is, as far as you know. For my part, I can't imagine even a cause for trouble to *you*."

"I'm in dreadful, dreadful trouble," sighed Maud. "Mr. Carrol, you know."

"Mr. Carrol!"

"Yes. He — he —" Maud hesitated.

"What? he did n't propose, did he? not another proposal? Mr. Carrol! Well, Maudie dear, I remember having a vague suspicion that he was fond of you; but then, I was so bothered, you know, that I did n't think very much about it. So he proposed, did he? Well, I always liked him, and I think you did too."

"Yes," sighed Maud; "I did, I really liked him."

"But when did he propose? It's very strange. How very sly you've been, Maudie dear."

"Why, he wrote a letter."

"Wrote? What! wrote? O dear! I thought it was only old men, weary of the world, that wrote when they proposed. To think of Mr. Carrol writing! Only fancy! I'm sure I never would have thought that of him."

"Well," said Maud, mournfully, "he

apologized for writing, and said the reason was that he could never see me alone, and was anxious to know his fate. You see you and I were always together, Georgie dear, and so he chose to write to me about it."

"Well, that is certainly a justification, Maudie, for we always are together, as you say; and now that I think of it, I don't see how any one could have ever had a chance to see you alone. But I was always thoughtless. Well, Mr. Carrol proposed, as you say; and what did you say? Did you accept him? I suppose you did, I even hope you did; for now, when I come to think of it, he seems to me to be admirably suited to you. He is young, handsome, and evidently very fond of you; he's rich, too, but of course I don't care for that, for reasons which I have already explained, you know. So I really hope you did accept him."

Maud drew a long breath.

"Yes, Georgie dear, but that was n't all. I received another proposal at the same time."

"Another proposal!"

"Yes, and who do you think it was from? Why from that odious Frenchman who calls himself the Count du Potiron, and a very suitable name it is for such a man."

"The Count du Potiron!" repeated Mrs. Lovell. "How perfectly preposterous!"

"Perfectly," echoed Maud. "Why, really I had scarcely ever spoken to him, you know. I noticed, of course, that there was a great tendency on his part to those *galantries* which every Frenchman considers himself bound to offer; but I really never suspected that he meant anything by them. Even when I received his proposal, it only amused me, and I scarcely gave it a thought until to-day."

"To-day?" said Mrs. Lovell; "well, what happened to-day?"

"Why," said Maud, "to-day I find that some dreadful mistake has been made; but how, or why, or by whom I cannot quite make out."

"Tell me all about it, dear," said

Mrs. Lovell, earnestly; "perhaps I can help you to find out."

"Well, Georgie, you know, of course, I like Mr. Carrol, and so, — why, when he asked me, — I — I wrote him that — well, I accepted him you know, and at the same time I wrote that absurd Frenchman a civil note, declining his proposal of course. Well, Georgie dear, I waited, and waited, and for two or three days I expected to see Mr. Carrol. You know how often he used to come. Well, he did n't come at all, but yesterday that odious Frenchman called."

"I remember," said Mrs. Lovell.

"Well, I would n't see him."

"Yes."

Maud was silent for a time, and at length continued: "This morning I received a most singular note from him. He addressed me by my Christian name, and told me that my acceptance of his proposal had overwhelmed him with the profoundest joy. My acceptance of his proposal! Think of that, Georgie! And I had rejected him positively, and almost contemptuously."

"Good heavens! Maudie, dearest, what is the meaning of it all?"

"Wait a moment," said Maud, drawing a long breath, and speaking in an excited manner. "Wait till you hear all. Such a letter of course surprised me, and at the same time excited all sorts of fears. I could n't understand it at all. I suspected that I must have made some horrible mistake of the most stupid kind. My anxiety was increased by the silence of Mr. Carrol. I had accepted him, but he had neither called on me nor written. I was bitterly mortified, and afterwards dreadfully anxious; and though I began to fear that some mistake had been made, I really did not believe it till I got that dreadful letter from the Frenchman."

"Maudie darling, you really terrify me," said Mrs. Lovell. "I have a suspicion that is positively quite shocking."

"This afternoon," said Maud, in a tremulous voice, — "this afternoon, just

after lunch, I got this letter. It's from Mr. Carrol. Read it, and tell me what you think about it."

With these words she handed to Mrs. Lovell the letter which all this time she had been holding in her hand. Mrs. Lovell took it in silence, and opening it she read the following: —

"DEAR MISS HEATHCOTE: If you wished to crush me, your wish is gratified. I am crushed utterly, and am now in the lowest state of prostration in which even *you* would wish to see me.

"I received your reply to my letter two days ago, and would have acknowledged it before, but I did not do so, partly because I supposed that any further remarks from me would be unwelcome, but more particularly because I did not feel altogether able to write.

"I expect to leave this place to-day, and forever. All my arrangements are made, and you and I will never meet again. Under the circumstances, therefore, I hope you will forgive me for saying that your rejection of my offer might have been made in terms a little less cruel and cutting. *After all that has passed between us*, I think I deserved something more than a note such as the one you thought fit to send me. It seems to me that any one with ordinary kindness of heart would have been more willing to save one from pain and mortification than to inflict it. After all, my offence was not so very great as to be unpardonable. It only consisted in the avowal of my love for you.

"I might say very much more, but I think it is better to leave it unsaid. At any rate, you and I now part forever; but whether your peculiar mode of dealing with me will make you very much happier or not, the future alone can determine.

"Yours truly,

"PAUL CARROL."

Mrs. Lovell read this letter over twice. Then she sat and thought. Then she read it again. After this, she looked fixedly at Maud, whose pale face confronted hers with an expression

of utter woe that was pitiable to witness.

"This is horrible, simply horrible," said Mrs. Lovell. "My poor darling, how could it have happened? It's all some frightful mistake."

"And, O Georgie dear! I wrote him the very kindest, kindest letter," said Maud. "I told him how I —" But here a great sob burst from her, and choked her utterance, and she buried her face in her hands and wept aloud. Mrs. Lovell drew her towards her, and tried to soothe her with loving caresses and gentle words; but Maud's grief was too great for consolation, and it was very long before she was able to overcome it.

"He's gone, gone forever, and I'll never see him again!" she murmured over and over again amid her tears. "And I was expecting him, and wanting to see him so!"

"Poor dear darling!" sighed Mrs. Lovell; after which she sat for some time with an expression of deep perplexity on her pretty face, endeavoring to fathom the mystery of this somewhat singular affair.

"Of course, Maudie dearest," said she, at last, "there has been some mistake, and you yourself must have made the mistake. There is only one thing possible, yet it really seems too absurd. After all, though, it is positively the only thing that can account for it, and it is just possible. Don't you think so, darling?"

"Don't I think what? You don't say what it is."

"Well, I was thinking that it was just possible that you, in your excitement, which was very natural under the circumstances, you know, — that you might have made a dreadful blunder in the address, and directed the Count's letter to Mr. Carrol, and Mr. Carrol's letter to the Count."

"And that's the very thing I have been suspecting," exclaimed Maud, in a tone of dismay; "but it's so shocking, that I don't dare to think of it."

"Well, darling, won't you acknowledge that it is possible?"

"Certainly, it is possible, but not probable."

"Well, now let us see about the probability of it," said Mrs. Lovell, putting herself in an attitude of profound reflection. "In the first place you answered the Count's letter."

"Yes."

"And then Mr. Carrol's."

"Yes."

"Now do you remember whether you addressed each one immediately after writing it, or waited till you had finished your writing and then addressed both?"

"O, I remember that perfectly well. I did not address the letters until after I had finished both. I never do when I have more than one to write."

"Well, of course, you were a little agitated, particularly after your last effusion to Mr. Carrol. It was very natural. And you were excited, you know, Maudie dear. You know you were."

"I suppose I may have been a little excited."

"Well, isn't it possible, or even probable, that in your excitement you may have put the letters in their envelopes and addressed each of them to the wrong person altogether?"

Maud gave a heavy sigh, and looked despairingly at her sister.

"Well, now, Maudie dear," continued Mrs. Lovell, "there's another thing I should like to ask. I should like to know the general nature of each letter, so as to see if there was anything in either of them which might show the recipient that it was a mistake. A great deal depends on that, you know. Tell me now — I don't want to get your secrets, you know, I only want to help you. Let us begin with the one you wrote first, what did you say to the Count?"

"Well, Georgie, it was a very cool and civil rejection, that was all. At first I thought of writing in the third person, but I concluded that it was better to do so in the first; so I told him that I regretted that he had written to me in that way, and hinted that there had been nothing in our mutual

relations to warrant his sending such a proposal to me; and I very civilly hoped that he would not feel disappointed."

"And there was nothing more?"

"No."

"Nothing which might show that it was not for Mr. Carrol; no allusions to his being a foreigner, for example?"

"Certainly not. It was so very general in its terms that it would have done to insert in a Complete Letter-Writer. But then, Georgie darling, that is the very thing that should have excited Mr. Carrol's suspicions, and made him sure that such a letter could not have been intended for him."

"Well, Maudie, men are such odd, unreasonable creatures, you know, that there's no knowing how they will act, particularly in love affairs. I'm afraid he must have accepted the letter as your own actual answer to his, or else how could he have written in such a very shocking way? But now tell me about the other."

"Well, I wrote to Mr. Carrol the very kindest, kindest letter that I could compose. I'm sure I said everything that he could expect, and I even expressed a wish to see him soon."

"Did you make any very particular allusions to any particular incidents?"

"O no; it was only a general expression of—well, you know what, and all that sort of thing."

"How did you begin it? Not with 'Dear Sir'?"

"No. I said, 'My dear Mr. Carrol.'"

"And how did you begin the Count's?"

"Simply with 'Dear Sir.'"

"Not 'Dear Monsieur le Compte,' or 'Dear Count'?"

"Certainly not. The first was French, which would be out of place in an English letter, and the other seemed a little familiar, so I took refuge in the simple formula of 'Dear Sir.'"

"Well, the Count got the letter which began, 'My dear Mr. Carrol.'"

"He must have, if I did make the mistake."

"You are sure that you began it in that way?"

"O yes."

"Well, if you did, I don't see what the Count could make out of it. He must have seen that it was not for himself. He's acquainted with Mr. Carrol, too, and must have understood that it was for him. But then again he must have believed that it was for himself. Even French assurance could not make him appropriate a letter which he could see so plainly was addressed to another man."

"There is only one thing that I can think of," said Maud, dolefully, "and I've thought of it frequently; for all this was on my mind before you came in."

"What is that?"

"Well, it is this. I have thought that it is just possible for my writing to be a little illegible; my hand is very angular, you know, and the o's are open, and I don't cross my t's, and all that sort of thing. I find now that in writing the name of Carrol rapidly, it does bear a remote resemblance to the word "Count." I dare say you would show the same resemblance if you were to write it. Now look at this."

And Maud went over to her writing-desk, and wrote the name "Carrol" several times.

"There certainly is a resemblance, as you say," remarked Mrs. Lovell, as she looked at the writing, which was in the most pronounced angular "lady's hand." "There really is quite a resemblance," she repeated, "though the words are so unlike. But then, you know, Maudie dear, you say you wrote 'My dear Mr. Carrol'; would n't it seem a little odd to him to read 'My dear Mr. Count'?"

"O, he would have no trouble about that," said Maud, mournfully. "He might, in the first place, attribute it to my ignorance of the proper style of addressing him, or, what is still more likely, he would probably take the

'Mr.' as a plain 'M,' and would read it, 'My dear M. Count,' which would n't seem to him so very much out of the way, you know. See here."

And Maud, taking up a sheet of note-paper, wrote the words, "My dear Mr. Carrol." Mrs. Lovell looked at it thoughtfully for some time.

"There's a great deal in what you say, Maudie," said she. "I confess that you may really read those words as 'My dear M. Count,' or even, 'My

dear M. le Count.' In fact, I think you could even turn it into 'My cher M. le Count'; and if a pressure were put on one, I would not say that one could not read it as 'Mon cher M. le Count.' In fact, I dare say he reads it that way himself."

Maud sighed heavily, threw down the pen, and retreated to a chair, where she rested her head on her hands, and sat looking gloomily at the floor.

James DeMille.

BEFORE SUNRISE.

THIS grassy gorge, as daylight failed last night,
I traversed toward the west, where thin and young,
Bent like Diana's bow and silver-bright,
Half lost in rosy haze a crescent hung.

I paused upon the beach's upper edge:
The violet east all shadowy lay behind,
Southward the lighthouse glittered o'er the ledge,
And lightly, softly blew the western wind.

And at my feet, between the turf and stone,
Wild-roses, bayberry, purple thistles tall,
And pink herb-robert grew where shells were strown,
And morning-glory vines climbed over all.

I stooped the closely folded buds to note
That gleamed in the dim light mysteriously,
While full of whispers of the far-off rote,
Summer's enchanted dusk crept o'er the sea.

And sights and sounds and sea scents delicate
So wrought upon my soul with sense of bliss,
Happy I sat as if at heaven's gate,
Asking on earth no greater joy than this.

And now at dawn upon the beach again,
Kneeling I wait the coming of the sun,
Watching the looser-folded buds, and fain
To see the marvel of their day begun.

All the world lies so dewy-fresh and still!
Whispers so gently all the water wide,
Hardly it breaks the silence, — from the hill
Come clear bird-voices mingling with the tide.

Sunset or dawn, which is the lovelier? Lo!
My darlings, sung to all the balmy night
By summer waves and softest winds that blow,
Begin to feel the thrilling of the light.

Red lips of roses waiting to be kissed
By early sunshine, soon in smiles will break;
But O, ye morning-glories that keep tryst
With the first ray of daylight, ye awake!

O bells of triumph, ringing noiseless peals
Of unimagined music to the day!
Almost I could believe each blossom feels
The same delight that sweeps my soul away.

O bells of triumph! Delicate trumpets, thrown
Heavenward and earthward, turned east, west, north, south,
In lavish beauty, who through you has blown
This sweet cheer of the morning, with calm mouth?

'Tis God who breathes the triumph, he who wrought
The tender curves, and laid the tints divine
Along the lovely lines, the eternal thought
That troubles all our lives with wise design.

Yea, out of pain and death his beauty springs,
And out of doubt a deathless confidence:
Though we are shod with leaden cares, our wings
Shall lift us yet out of our deep suspense.

Thou great Creator! pardon us who reach
For other heaven beyond this world of thine,
This matchless world, where thy least trace doth teach
Thy solemn lessons clearly, line on line.

And help us to be grateful, we who live
Such sordid, fretful lives of discontent;
Nor see the sunshine, nor the flower, nor strive
To find the love thy bitter chastening meant.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

ROBERT STAVELEY (37).

CHARLES PEPPEREL (36).

MARGARET (21).

MARTHA (23).

Drawing-room of a house in the country. Glass doors at back into the piazza and garden; doors right and left into the house. Late afternoon. Middle of August.

SCENE I. — MARTHA, *coming forward, pale and agitated, followed by* PEPPEREL.

PEPPEREL. What is it to be, — peace or war? I knew you were here, and yet I came. You may imagine whether I like it. I saw you at the window as I came through the garden. I confess that, for an instant, I was on the point of turning away. But when a man has come a-wooing, he has a use for all his gallantry. I should have vastly preferred to respect your seclusion. Do me justice! I'm not so bad as you think. You know it's said that unless we're saints we hate those whom we've wronged. Of course if we're saints, we've not wronged any one. Now I don't in the least hate you. I don't say I pity you, — that would be insulting.

MARTHA. Yes, don't be insulting!

PEPPEREL. I esteem you — there! I esteem you more than any woman in the world. Under the circumstances I call that handsome. Meet me, if not as a friend, at least not as an enemy, and justify my good opinion by your tact.

MARTHA (*after a silence*). Is it really you that I hear? Am I really standing face to face with you and listening to you? calmly, after all!

PEPPEREL. It's very odd, certainly. Life leads us a dance, if we happen to have an ear for the tune! But everything's odd, or nothing's odd, according as you look at things. The grand

point is not to stand staring, like rustics at a fair. Will you forgive me?

MARTHA. I don't understand you. I only feel that every word you utter *must* be an injury.

PEPPEREL. The deuce! Well, I can't stand and argue the matter. I must play my part and do my work. Of course, at best, I can't expect you to think well of me; but I'm determined you sha'n't think so ill as you'd like to do. I shall therefore be perfectly frank. You know, I suppose, what has brought me here?

MARTHA. I wish to know nothing.

PEPPEREL. You must know everything. I'm engaged — I'm on the way to be engaged — it's the same thing — to Miss Thorne. Time is precious in such a case. If Miss Thorne chooses to come dutifully to spend a month with her aunt (though I'm told the poor lady's ailments don't increase the charm of her conversation), I can hardly be expected to wait till the month is up to make my offer, or to break off my wooing in the middle because you happen to be established here. You see we're just at that point when an offer is *apropos* at any moment. And, really, I'm extremely happy to find you so comfortably settled. You'll not pretend you were better off in that dismal little house of your mother's. Of course, if I could have arranged matters ideally, I should n't have chosen to come and make my offer under your very nose. But let me assure you that I shall remember what is due to you as far as I can without forgetting what is due to Miss Thorne.

MARTHA (*who has stood silent, with her eyes on the ground, raises them and looks at him*). Even your very face is altered!

PEPPEREL. I've let my beard grow. You'll forgive me yet.

MARTHA. Don't ask too much. (*Turns to go.*)

PEPPEREL. Yes, you'll forgive me. Allow me five minutes more. I'll prove what I say.

MARTHA. Mr. Pepperel, spare me, I beseech you.

PEPPEREL. You know our account's not squared. I'm your debtor. I seem as offensive as if I were a creditor. But you'll get used to me. An hour or two hence, I shall beg for five minutes. It's a little complicated!—Miss Thorne, I was told, is in the garden. We shall be having her jealous! (*Goes out by the piazza.*)

SCENE II. — MARTHA *alone, then* STAVELEY.

MARTHA (*sinks into a chair and remains for some moments plunged in thought*). I was not prepared for this! Life, you're hard. Six months ago I fancied it the last humiliation to become a paid servant,—for what am I more? But it's the greatest humiliation of all, I verily believe, simply to be a woman; that includes the others: to listen and believe and trust as a woman! Well, the world tells us that it's a great privilege to suffer as a woman. It's a pity I should n't at least enjoy that! (*Brushes away her tears; then suddenly rises.*) A voice on the piazza? Yes, it's Mr. Staveley. Nay, there are true men in the world, as well as false, and the woman *he* should address would not have to suffer for it.

STAVELEY (*comes in from the piazza with a travelling-bag, which he places on a chair*). Miss Noel! Your humble servant. You're not at home alone, I suppose.

MARTHA. They're all on the lawn and in the garden,—a party of them. You know it's Miss Thorne's birthday; they're having tea on the grass.

STAVELEY. Yes, I come with my birthday wishes,—such as they are! And why have you run away?

MARTHA. I'm not expected to have any wishes, Mr. Staveley.

STAVELEY. You're morbid; that's what's the matter with you. You're ex-

pected to know how you're valued. My aunt looks upon you as a—as a niece!

MARTHA. Not yet! But I'm a very silly girl! Your aunt's not there; she's been unable, as usual, to leave her room. I remain here to be within summons.

STAVELEY. When next she sends for you, pray ask her if she can receive me. There's no hurry. Who are they all, out there?

MARTHA. A dozen. Mrs. Seymour and her daughters, Mrs. Lewis, the two Miss Jessops and their brother, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Jones, half a dozen gentlemen.

STAVELEY. Including Mr. Pepperel.

MARTHA (*with a slight effort*). Mr. Pepperel has just come. Won't you join them?

STAVELEY. Not just yet. *Apropos* of Mr. Pepperel, I wish, Miss Noel, to ask you three questions. (*As MARTHA turns away, aside.*) Mr. Pepperel's name makes her blush; Mr. Pepperel's presence, if I'm not mistaken, has made her cry. Can this poor girl have been one of his victims? He was crossing the lawn there with the strut of the conquering hero! If she will, she can help me. (*Aloud, as MARTHA comes down again.*) I have a particular desire to learn the position of things between Mr. Pepperel and my cousin.

MARTHA. I can hardly tell you. Mr. Pepperel has just come.

STAVELEY. O, but you don't mean to say that you've not guessed! You've had half the evidence; what more does a woman need? Margaret has been here a week, I believe. Has she told you nothing? You and she are of course friends.

MARTHA. Miss Thorne is not communicative, and I'm not inquisitive. Mr. Pepperel's name has never been mentioned between us.

STAVELEY. Ah, there it is! She's in love. Is it an engagement?

MARTHA (*after a pause*). You've come to congratulate her?

STAVELEY. I've come to remonstrate with her—if you can believe it.

I disapprove of the match—I abominate Pepperel. It's a matter, Miss Noel, in which you can perhaps assist me; unless indeed, like most women, you're silly enough to believe in the fellow.

MARTHA. I thank you for the sex.

STAVELEY. The sex ought really to be obliged to me. But if I can save Margaret, the others may look out for themselves. I'm not a man who is fond of meddling in other people's business; but this time, I confess, I could n't sit still. Of course it will be a siege. She'll not drop him for my asking her. I fancy, Miss Noel, that you're an observer. You know this terrible Margaret of ours. She's pretty, she's clever, and, when she will, she's charming. She's not charming when she won't! She's positive, I can tell you! In plain English, she's obstinate. If I may allow myself the expression, she's hard! I say all this to you; of course I should never dare to say it to her.

MARTHA. I hope not, I'm sure.

STAVELEY. O, you should hear the sweet things she says to me! Well, this time I mean to brave them! I never carried my point yet, but I've never had one so well worth carrying. My courage has risen with the occasion. Friendship, as well as love, Miss Noel, can make a fool of a man. I've been, first and last, of a hundred minds about my cousin. Sometimes I've been sure for six weeks together that I don't care two straws for her,—that her smiles and her frowns are all the same to me! I've declared that she's cold, heartless, wilful beyond the limits of grace. Then for another six weeks it has seemed to me that her smile is the handsomest thing in the world, and that even her frown is very fine,—as frowns go! It's not that I've been in love with her. Worse than that,—the pains without the pleasures! I've undertaken to befriend her for charity; I've wanted to be her good genius. A wilful woman, sooner or later, is sure to need one. Margaret's too proud, poor girl; she'll make no sacrifice to the

unknown gods. If the gods will only not come knocking some fine day at her door, to demand arrears! I've always been absurdly considerate; I've never contradicted her; I've left her to the gods to deal with. She thinks, of course, I have n't the pluck to say boh! to a goose, and I'm in hopes she'll rather like me if I tell her to her face she's a fool. Unfortunately, to like that sort of thing demands a fund of sense! How has *he* done it, what has *he* told her, to bring her to this pass? Miss Noel, the gods *do* avenge themselves! They don't come nowadays in thunder and pestilence; they don't blast our crops nor slay our children; they quietly punish us through our own passions. Here's the proudest girl in the world infatuated with a man whose arm, if she really knew him, she would refuse to take for five minutes at a ball. (*Observing her.*) But you don't believe me, Miss Noel. How can I hope she will?

MARTHA. It's no affair of mine, save that I admire your zeal.

STAVELEY. O, that's what Mr. Wigmore, my cousin's lawyer, said to me this morning. He's an old friend of her father's, and since my uncle's death, ten years ago, he has been her guardian. I take the alarm, I rush to him and unfold the tale. "Margaret is about to bestow her hand upon Charles Pepperel, of whom you've heard, a man a woman can't marry,—a rank adventurer! I know him, he knows me! To the rescue!" For all answer, he takes out his watch. "At ten o'clock this morning pretty Margaret became her own mistress. Twenty-one years ago to an hour she entered upon her minority. At ten o'clock this morning she issued from it, and my term of office expired. It's now twenty minutes past. I have n't the least desire to overleap my authority. I've had ten years' bother; I've broken off three engagements already,—one before she was out of frocks; I've fought a dozen pitched battles. For heaven's sake, let me rest on my laurels. The gentleman may be no gentleman;

nothing is more likely. Let this go for his punishment!" That's all very well, but I'd rather not anticipate Providence. I walked about three hours and thought of it; I worked myself into a rage of benevolence. I packed my bag and jumped into the train, and here I am! Now tell me, Miss Noel, whether, after all, I'm simply a meddlesome fool.

MARTHA. Your intention is surely excellent. But when a woman is deceived — (*She pauses.*)

STAVELEY (*attentive*). No man can deceive her?

MARTHA (*abruptly*). Try, Mr. Staveley! I'll pray for you.

STAVELEY. I fancy you might help me better than by your prayers. You don't say much, but I imagine you're very wise.

MARTHA (*smiling*). May I never speak again!

(PEPPEREL has entered from the garden during the last words; he advances.)

PEPPEREL (*with gallantry*). O, I protest against that!

MARTHA (*starts and falters; then collects herself*). Excuse me; I'm called. (*Exit hastily.*)

SCENE III.—STAVELEY, PEPPEREL.

(*The two men exchange a fixed glance and stand for a moment uncertain.*)

PEPPEREL (*suddenly assumes an air of friendly recognition*). Mr. Staveley! For a moment I was at a loss to place you.

STAVELEY (*aside*). Good heavens! Before such impudence, where's my chance?

PEPPEREL. Just here I hardly expected to meet you! But when a man has, like you, the happy pretext of cousinship, where else should one look for him? (*Aside.*) Confound the cousinship! Still Margaret has always made light of it. As one of the "family," I must speak him fair.

STAVELEY. I had n't the least doubt as to who you were. My only doubt was as to whether I'd speak to you.

PEPPEREL (*smiling*). Admit, then, that I cut a troublesome knot! Miss Thorne just now begged me to outstay her little party; but she didn't mention you as one of the attractions.

STAVELEY. I've only just arrived.

PEPPEREL. I'm just arrived myself. We must have been fellow-travellers; unless indeed you took the train. I always take the boat. It's not so much longer; I've had time to go to the hotel and dress. And then there's nothing I like so much as a summer evening on the water.

STAVELEY. You have simpler tastes than when we last met!

PEPPEREL. O, that was in the — dark ages! We met in some queer places, eh? (*Aside.*) What the deuce is he coming to? I'll meet him half-way, but only half-way! (*Aloud.*) Of course you know this is Miss Thorne's birthday. I've taken the liberty of bringing her a little present. (*Tapping his waistcoat-pocket.*) A ring, with a really uncommon diamond! She has such things in plenty, of course, but I shall beg her to accept this as a token of an altogether peculiar sentiment. She promised to follow me in here and give me my opportunity. I wish all those good people were ten miles away!

STAVELEY. I should indeed fancy a dozen good people might make you very uncomfortable.

PEPPEREL. You seem inclined to try what *one* can do. (*After a pause.*) Evidently, you mean war.

STAVELEY. I mean victory. It will be war only if you choose to adhere to a hopeless cause.

PEPPEREL. My dear sir, you're unforgiving.

STAVELEY. It's not a matter of forgiveness. I can't forget! I might have forgiven you a dozen times any mere wrong of my own, and yet not be able to stand silent and see a woman whom I respect and esteem think of you as a man she can decently marry.

PEPPEREL. You mean, then, I take it, to oppose my marriage?

STAVELEY. I mean to do what I can.

PEPPEREL. I wonder whether you appreciate the difficulties of the undertaking.

STAVELEY. I've given them my best consideration. Have you anything to suggest?

PEPPEREL. Miss Thorne is a woman of a very high spirit.

STAVELEY. Imagine her sensations, then, on finding herself married to you!

PEPPEREL. For a man who does n't mean war, you hit hard.

STAVELEY. Give it up, and I'll never strike another blow.

PEPPEREL. You're very generous. After all, what do your blows amount to? You can prove nothing.

STAVELEY. It depends upon what you call proof.

PEPPEREL. You can't find chapter and verse, without a vast deal of trouble. Meanwhile, I shall gain time.

STAVELEY. I can tell a plain tale in ten minutes.

PEPPEREL. Your plain tale has a highly ornamental *dénouement*. The heroine's married! It's a fact! I doubt whether her husband would care to have her come into court. Without that, it's simply your word.

STAVELEY. I have ground to suppose that, with my cousin, my word carries some weight.

PEPPEREL. Why, then, it's just man to man!

STAVELEY. That sounds portentous. Still, I shall do my best. Here she comes. (MARGARET comes in from the piazza.)

SCENE IV. — *The Same*, MARGARET.

PEPPEREL (*meeting her*). I'm like Louis XIV., — I almost waited! But I've had good company.

MARGARET. Why, Robert, when did you get here? (*Giving him her hand*.)

STAVELEY. Half an hour ago. I have n't shown myself, because I've my toilet to make.

MARGARET. Go and attend to it, and come and make yourself agreeable.

PEPPEREL (*sotto voce to STAVELEY*). I think, on the whole, I'll defy you.

STAVELEY. Agreeable? O, I don't promise to be that. As to my dressing, — after all, need I? Your friends must be going.

MARGARET. Go and dress for me, then. Where's your gallantry?

STAVELEY. It's not in my coat, Margaret. I'll show you! (*Takes his bag and exit*.)

SCENE V. — PEPPEREL, MARGARET.

PEPPEREL. I came here, Miss Thorne, with a design for which my letter, three days since, must have prepared you. But even if my intention had been less definite, the five minutes' talk I have just had with your cousin would have given it instant shape.

MARGARET. Your letter was explicit, certainly. I did n't answer it because, after it, the least you could do was to come. And pray what has my cousin to do with the matter?

PEPPEREL. Margaret, I love you!

MARGARET (*after a silence*). I believe you're honest. And what is this about Mr. Staveley?

PEPPEREL. To-day, you once told me, is your birthday. I've not forgotten it. It falls in the nick of time. I have ventured to bring you a ring (*taking it from his waistcoat-pocket*) — such a ring as I've seen women wear of whom it was whispered that they were engaged. (*Takes her hand, which she slowly surrenders. He is about to pass the ring upon her finger, when she withdraws her hand, crosses her arms, and looks at him gravely.*)

MARGARET. Your ring is beautiful, but you must give me time.

PEPPEREL. I've given you three days.

MARGARET. I have your letter here in my pocket; I've been carrying it about with me. But the same words, spoken, sound new and strange.

PEPPEREL. I love you, — I love you, — I love you! Are you used to them now? But you're right to ponder the matter! There's the opinion of the world. Mr. Staveley, for one, altogether disapproves.

MARGARET. Mr. Staveley? What do you mean?

PEPPEREL. He has come down to forbid the banns.

MARGARET. Pray who has asked his opinion?

PEPPEREL. O, you'll not have to ask it to hear it. You're to hear it *gratis*. In three words, Margaret, he owes me a grudge, and he's determined to prevent my marriage. He considers, naturally, that there can be no harsher vengeance.

MARGARET. This is something new. From to-day I'm my own mistress; it shall not be for nothing. I owe it to you to assure you that my decision shall rest on grounds of my own, and not of my cousin's.

PEPPEREL (*aside*). Victory, victory! (*Aloud*) Do you mean to listen to him?

MARGARET. I take it you're not afraid to have me.

PEPPEREL. I'm not ashamed to say I'm afraid of losing you. He'll surprise you.

MARGARET. It's surprise enough to find him meddling in my affairs.

PEPPEREL. You know your cousin, Margaret. He's one of those men who go about measuring all mankind with the little inch measure of their own imaginations and multiplying their blunders by their prejudices. I've incurred his distinguished displeasure. It's an old story. He has raked up a heap of scandal, with which, apparently, he means to regale your maidenly ears. I frankly confess that I'm a man about whom stories can be told; and I have the fatuity to believe that you'll not care for me the less on that account. You don't suppose that you've taken me out of the nursery; and you'll not complain of having fixed the affections and renewed the youth of a man who had begun to fear that he had no heart and the world no charm. Concerning your cousin, to the best of my knowledge, History is absolutely silent! I doubt that any one will ever come and startle you with "revelations" about Mr. Staveley. It's no

revelation, of course, to hear that he's a narrow-minded, rancorous prig. However, there's no smoke without fire, and I've no doubt he has a dozen tales at his fingers' ends, proving, damningly, that I've been idle, reckless, extravagant, selfishly fond of pleasure. I can trust you to believe that they prove nothing worse. I know but one pleasure now, Margaret; and if to cling to that is selfish, I'm a monster of egotism! He has one little anecdote, I believe, which he considers his *cheval de bataille*. He threw out monstrous hints, but I can't imagine to what he alludes. I shall be curious to hear your report. I fancy it's the tragical history of a certain young person whom he had taken it into his head to consider a model of all the virtues. I proved, irrefutably, that the list was incomplete, and he has never forgiven me this impeachment of his taste.

MARGARET. You need n't mind details. (*After a silence.*) Do you know I'm inclined to thank Mr. Staveley? His interference has made us more intimate.

PEPPEREL. You can thank him outright! (*STAVELEY returns.*)

STAVELEY. Am I presentable? I put up my things in such a fever that I find I've forgotten half of them.

MARGARET. Mr. Pepperel, go and amuse those poor people on the lawn. I don't know what they think of their hostess. But when a girl has this sort of thing on her hands —

PEPPEREL. I'll represent you! (*Aside.*) I fancy I've fixed it, unless Martha speaks! But, Martha's an angel. (*Exit, by piazza.*)

SCENE VI. — MARGARET, STAVELEY.

MARGARET. For the pretty things you have to say to me, you can hardly be dressed enough. Mr. Pepperel tells me that you don't approve of our acquaintance.

STAVELEY. You must admit that, considering the deep and affectionate interest I have always taken in your affairs, you have never had reason to

complain of my zeal, and that I have managed to temper it with a great deal of deference.

MARGARET. You 've never had a decent pretext for interference. I know you've been itching to make one.

STAVELEY. I did n't come to blow my own trumpet. I came to beseech you not to throw yourself away. The man whom you have honored with your favor is signally unworthy of it.

MARGARET. There's a beginning!

STAVELEY. You'll excuse me if I lose no time. Those who know him best respect him least. He has neither heart nor conscience. His notions of what is honorable in conduct are absolutely grotesque. He's a cool impostor. I know what I say. I can't stand still and see you sacrifice yourself to a pitiful delusion. Pause and reflect; reconsider your impressions, and question your heart. I speak to you, Margaret, in the name of the tender good-will I have always borne you, in that of your young happiness and freedom, in that of the very pride and temper which make you resent my words.

MARGARET. In the name of my pride and my temper, then, I beg you to know that your words are an insufferable injury. Am I a flighty school-girl? I know him and I love him.

STAVELEY. You're not the first to love him. You'll not be the first to repent. He's incapable of really caring for a woman. He does n't love you, he loves your money.

MARGARET. My dear cousin, I'm vastly obliged to you. You've shaken me into position. *Do* I love him? I had been asking myself. You've made me say yes!

STAVELEY. You love your own will better; and my impression is that in this matter you're defending him far less than that.

MARGARET. Charming! While you're about it, put an end to us both.

STAVELEY. Are you actually engaged?

MARGARET. Considering the key in

which you've pitched the conversation, you'll not think me rude if I tell you it's none of your business.

STAVELEY. Give me a week, and I'll prove what I say. I'll put you into communication with persons who will satisfy you.

MARGARET. Meanwhile, I'll say to Mr. Pepperel: "*Apropos*, they tell me you're a monster of vice. I don't know what to say to it, but I think it's very possible. Invitations are out for an inquest; next Monday we shall hear witnesses. My cousin has kindly consented to conduct the proceedings. If you pass muster, I'll have you."

STAVELEY. And your lover, if he's an honest man, will fold his arms and smile serenely.

MARGARET. My lover, if he's the man I take him for, will calmly await the issue; and then, when you and your witnesses have made proper fools of yourselves and—heaven forgive me!—of me, he'll make me his bow: "I had looked for a wife, madam, and not for a judge in petticoats!"

STAVELEY. O, I've no doubt he'll treat you to a pretty piece of impudence!

MARGARET. Really, I'm glad to love a man who has enemies. It's a proof of a strong nature.

STAVELEY. If that's all you want, why don't you take your husband out of the Penitentiary?

MARGARET. Come, don't talk to me again about my temper. I'll go back to my guests; they're not amusing, but they're decently polite.

STAVELEY. You don't suppose I'm afraid to offend you. I came prepared for that. I'll not ask you to wait a week; give me an hour. I promise you in an hour to change your opinion.

MARGARET. Do you know you're amusing? I'm really tempted to consent. Of course, after this everything's at an end between us, and I want a good round pretext for despising you.

STAVELEY. Ah, my terrible cousin, that's if I don't succeed! But if I do—

MARGARET. I shall hate you. An hour, to a minute, mind! (*Exit, to the garden.*)

SCENE VII. — STAVELEY, *alone.*

STAVELEY. A pretty pair of alternatives! Well, madam, I don't think I shall love you, at this rate. The trouble of dealing with really superior scoundrels is, that they have a way of wrapping themselves in their dishonor with as many classic folds as a Roman in his virtue. She likes a man who has enemies! O romance, you're no better than an old-clothes man! If I could only make him out the coward he really is! show her the dingy dishabille of his iniquity! For that I must have facts and figures — and with only an hour to collect them. It would be awkward if I were to be wrong, after all, about this poor little Miss Noel. No, I always felt she had a little mystery of grief, and her tears just now, when Pepperel had left her, and her flight when he reappeared, fitted the key to the lock. Ten words from her, emphasized by that charming wise face and those sad gray eyes, ought to go far. The point is, to get a modest girl to speak such words. She'll not do it for revenge, but she may for charity. If she will, she's a trump! And to save me time, here she comes!

(*Enter MARTHA, from the house.*)

SCENE VIII. — STAVELEY, MARTHA.

MARTHA. I've seen your aunt. She'll receive you at seven.

STAVELEY. I wish she had called it eight. For the coming hour I have my hands full. Margaret has given me an hour to prove my case.

MARTHA. Poor Mr. Staveley! You see what it is to try and help people in spite of themselves.

STAVELEY. Do you think we ought to sarug our shoulders and let them pass?

MARTHA. Our own troubles make us sceptical. We say it's a weary world, at best, and a little more or a little less —

STAVELEY. O, this will never do! I want you to believe.

MARTHA. I confess, a very little happiness may restore our faith.

STAVELEY. Yours, Miss Noel, has been tried.

MARTHA. I never supposed I should tell you so.

STAVELEY. I don't ask you idly. The fact is relevant. You have suffered, I fancy, as Margaret may suffer, when, having believed her lover an honest man, she finds he's a knave.

MARTHA. How have you guessed all this?

STAVELEY. I've guessed, because I've observed you, if you'll excuse the liberty. And I've observed you, because I admire you.

MARTHA. At that, I must excuse it!

STAVELEY. If I have observed^d to good purpose, you and Charles Pepperel have not met to-day for the first time.

MARTHA. For the last.

STAVELEY (*aside*). How under heaven is a man to ask it? (*Aloud.*) You know him well.

MARTHA. I thought so till one hour ago. I find I've but half known him.

STAVELEY. Poor girl! He has added insult to injury.

MARTHA. He has done me good. Here I am talking to you of him as of a stranger.

STAVELEY. It's a good beginning. Speak of him to Margaret; tell *her* your story.

MARTHA. I would rather it should end with you, Mr. Staveley.

STAVELEY. Tell me all, then. (*As she remains silent, aside.*) There's a request!

MARTHA. We were engaged. My mother was dead; I was altogether alone; fair words had a double price. For three days, I believe, he was sincere; in three days I was convinced. I believed — my excuse is that I believed everything. I placed my slender patrimony in his hands, to reinvest to better advantage. We were to be married in a month. It was then, I

suppose, that he met Miss Thorne, — richer, prettier, more attractive than I, and apparently as credulous. Poor girl! But *she* has a cousin! From that moment till an hour ago I've not seen his face. O he bade me farewell — in a note of three lines, enclosing the titles of a scattered remnant of my property. As this was an insufficient support, I was obliged to earn my living. I found this situation as companion to your aunt, and I consider that I've been fortunate.

STAVELEY. Good heaven!

MARTHA. I don't complain, Mr. Staveley. I'm very happy.

STAVELEY. O, allow me to doubt it.

MARTHA. Your aunt's eccentric, but she's kind.

STAVELEY. My aunt's a fretful old shrew!

MARTHA (*smiling*). Of course it takes less to content me than it would you. I have no generous dreams of helping and enlightening my fellow-mortals.

STAVELEY (*looking at her a moment in silence*). Miss Noel, you think I'm a gross idiot!

MARTHA. I place my confessions at your service.

STAVELEY (*aside*). Ah, the brave girl! (*Aloud*). Have you still in your possession that note of three lines?

MARTHA. I've kept it. If you were a woman, you'd know why. I am waiting for a moment in my own room to burn it up.

STAVELEY. Keep it an hour longer. Give it to me. It's for that you've kept it.

MARTHA. Do you really think so?

STAVELEY (*after a pause*). Do you know, Miss Noel, this high and mighty cousin of mine ought to be desperately obliged to us?

MARTHA. She'll not forgive me, that I know.

STAVELEY. We shall be in the same box. I'll not waste my logic upon her. Pepperel will apprehend it better. *He* shall convince her! If I have ten minutes' talk with him, you'll not object to my mentioning your letter.

MARTHA. To what purpose?

STAVELEY. To bid him repent, by Jove! under pain of exposure. To bid him disgorge! You're too patient by half!

MARTHA. You're Miss Thorne's knight, not mine, Mr. Staveley. It is her interests that are in question. As I can easily keep them distinct from my own, I had better see Mr. Pepperel. Yes, in fact, it's better. An hour ago he asked me for an interview, which I then felt no inclination to grant. But, on reflection, I've changed my mind. I wish to be just. He spoke of our "account." I don't know what he means, but I fancy he has some proposal for the restoration of my property. I shall bid him keep it and give up Miss Thorne.

STAVELEY. Merciful powers! Is that your notion of justice? Let *me* deal with him.

MARTHA. Thank you; it's my own affair.

STAVELEY. I detest the idea of your meeting him again.

MARTHA. I'm very calm. And now while we're talking, your aunt is waiting for you.

STAVELEY (*slowly turning to go; at the door*). This is too much; I give up my cause!

MARTHA. Already! I've almost espoused it.

STAVELEY. I'm sick of it. Miss Margaret, I offer you my compliments. (*Exit*.)

MARTHA (*alone*). I offer you mine, Miss Thorne! (*Enter MARGARET from the garden*.)

SCENE IX. — MARTHA, MARGARET.

MARGARET. They've gone at last; but it's no thanks to you, Miss Noel.

MARTHA (*smiling*). Do you mean that, if I had been present, they would have gone earlier? I have to be within sound of your aunt's bell.

MARGARET. I wish, by the way, you'd bring in from the grass the shawls and cushions she lent us. It's not for my aunt, but for my aunt's

nephew, that you 've been lingering here, I believe. I hope you found him more civil than I. He treated me to half an hour's abuse of a friend so intimate that it amounted to telling me outright that I had low tastes.

MARTHA (*after a silence*). Are you engaged, Miss Thorne?

MARGARET. If you feel disposed to congratulate me, you need n't wait.

MARTHA. I can't in conscience congratulate you.

MARGARET. Really, this is the Palace of Truth! My cousin has n't wasted his time.

MARTHA. I know Mr. Pepperel, not by your cousin, but by himself. (*Aside*.) I could tell him, but I really can't tell her. (*Aloud*.) I once did Mr. Pepperel more than justice.

MARGARET. Ah, you are perhaps the young lady he told me of, in whom Mr. Staveley took such an interest and about whom he had his quarrel with Mr. Pepperel! *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*; do you know Latin? Tell me your story.

MARTHA. I know nothing of Mr. Staveley's quarrel, nor its cause. As for my story, your ear has evidently been gained in advance.

MARGARET. Well, whatever it may have been, you've got a respectable situation.

MARTHA (*aside*). O, you poor creature! (*Aloud*.) Excuse me; I think you'll be enlightened yet.

MARGARET. What on earth is going to happen? One would think that, between you, you'd been brewing a thunderbolt! For heaven's sake, let it come! Do you know my private, my very private, opinion? Jealousy! My cousin's in love with me; he wishes to marry me himself; of course, he detests poor Pepperel.

MARTHA. I wonder whether, after all, you're not to be congratulated. You'll not be unhappy; you evidently don't know true coin from false.

MARGARET. Jealousy, jealousy! You, on your side, are in love with Mr. Pepperel, and it will serve *your* turn, of course, to have me give him up. You'll

console him. After the kind things you've said of him, he'll vastly need it!

MARTHA. Yes, decidedly, I congratulate you! You have the happy gift of fitting facts to your fancies. Excuse me; I must fetch your aunt's shawls. (*Exit to the garden*.)

SCENE X. — MARGARET, *alone*.

MARGARET. Upon my word it's a conspiracy; I've got the clew! One would think I was a child of ten, to be frightened by long faces and big words. With all her demureness, that girl's an *intrigante*. I feel for all the world like the heroine of a novel, — a victim of the Inquisition! (*Enter STAVELEY*). Your machinery works to a charm! You ought to have been here just now, to hear little Miss Noel rattle off her lesson.

SCENE XI. — MARGARET, STAVELEY.

STAVELEY. Ah, she has told you —

MARGARET. She told me that Mr. Pepperel was the blackest of villains, — as plump as you'd say good morning. I confess that I want something more than the word of a spiteful little governess, bursting with jealousy!

STAVELEY. Margaret, you're cruel.

MARGARET. Very likely; I'm hard pushed. But if this is your great stroke, you've lost the game! Remember, your time is nearly gone! Twenty minutes hence, I'm at your service.

(*Exit*.)

SCENE XII. — STAVELEY, *alone*.

STAVELEY. She has spoken, then, poor girl — with small success. Martha jealous, Martha spiteful, — she the angel of forgiveness, the soul of generosity! Aunt Jane, at least, does her justice. I wonder what on earth Aunt Jane thinks of *my* talk. Three questions about herself, her aches and her pains and her pills, and twenty about Miss Noel! "She's a good girl, — a

good girl!" For Aunt Jane, that's great praise. I doubt whether she has ever said it of any other young woman of the present corrupt generation! Of Margaret and of Margaret's choice, she altogether disapproves. *Apropos* of which I began to tell her of my scheme for the enemy's confusion, when suddenly a certain gleam in those keen black eyes of hers—the frank stare of a wise old woman—seemed to say to me, "Robert Staveley, you're making a mess!" And truly, Robert Staveley, where's your delicacy? Is Miss Noel's trouble really fit for nothing but to paint a moral and adorn a tale, for Margaret's edification? Is it the part of perfect gallantry to send the poor girl groping back into her dark past for a bugaboo to frighten Margaret? O, Margaret's not afraid! Do I really care so very, very much for my gentle cousin, and so very, very little for Miss Noel, that I'm willing to fold my arms and let Miss Noel fight the battle of my transcendental philanthropy? Miss Noel would have me believe, perhaps, that she has a battle of her own to fight. Confound it, I'll fight Miss Noel's battles. Nay, she declines my services! Well, she sha'n't fight mine, at all events! And while I'm pottering here, where is she? Has she seen him? She's seeing him now, I suppose! They're talking it over. They're in the library there, with the door closed. He's pleading, flattering, swaggering; she's listening, blushing, remembering! Ten to one, he's insulting her! Worse than that, he's offering her twenty per cent on her stolen property! Damn her property! Let him keep it! Really, that's very well for me to say! One would think I was jealous. Upon my soul, I *am* jealous. This raking up of her past altogether offends me! Good heavens, where are they? *(As he turns hastily to go out MARTHA enters from the garden, carrying several shawls and a couple of cushions.)* Miss Noel, I was going in search of you. You're laden down like a pack-horse.

SCENE XII. — STAVELEY, MARTHA.

MARTHA. I've been in the garden picking up the relics of the feast. Here's one of them,—a dreadful claret stain on this silk cushion. Do you know what's good for claret stains?

STAVELEY. Turn that side against the wall. Have you seen him?

MARTHA. I've seen Miss Thorne.

STAVELEY. I know what that means. Accept my humble apologies for inducing you to expose yourself to such misinterpretation.

MARTHA. Miss Thorne is the offended one. There was a time when I would have given advice as cold a welcome.

STAVELEY. I wish you'd forget that time, Miss Noel!

MARTHA. You've done something, you know, to remind me of it.

STAVELEY. To my ineffable regret! Have you seen him?

MARTHA *(listening)*. I know his step. I hear it on the piazza.

STAVELEY. For heaven's sake, forget that! Do me a favor. Forego this interview.

MARTHA. I can't consent to your seeing him. I prefer to keep my grievance to myself.

STAVELEY. Keep it then and welcome. I only wish to forget it—to forget him!

MARTHA. You have forgotten apparently your pledge to your cousin.

STAVELEY. My cousin must shift for herself; I've need of my wits for my own cause. Let the gods interfere, Miss Noel; they have n't human hearts! And, after all, do you know I half pity Pepperel? *(PEPPEREL, coming in from the garden, has heard these last words.)*

SCENE XIV. — *The Same*, PEPPEREL.

PEPPEREL *(aside)*. He pities me, eh? Does that mean he has made out his case? I've my card to play too. If Martha speaks, I'll never believe in a woman again. *(Aloud.)* I'm sorry to interrupt a *tête-à-tête* so intimate!

But if Miss Noel will grant me the favor of ten minutes' conversation —

STAVELEY. Miss Noel is engaged.

MARTHA. Five minutes, I think, will be enough. I will join you in the library.

STAVELEY (*with vehemence*). Martha, I entreat you —

MARTHA (*looking at him for a moment*). I seem destined to-day to do as you choose.

PEPPEREL. Miss Noel will, as the advertisements say, hear of something to her advantage.

STAVELEY (*to MARTHA*). Let there be nothing more between you, for better or worse! He means to offer you your money. Decline it!

MARTHA. O philosopher!

PEPPEREL. To her immediate and substantial advantage.

STAVELEY. You've saved your conscience, sir. You're excused.

PEPPEREL. Madam, to you I speak.

MARTHA (*after a moment*). You're answered!

PEPPEREL (*stares from one to the other and then turns away with a shrug. Aside*). Excused, answered! There's a graceful unanimity! Really, I think I'm more frightened than hurt. Jupiter Tonans has forgotten his thunder to flirt with — with Hebe! If I were only an old pagan, I'd spend the money in vows! Truly, I *am* pagan enough for that! But what the deuce then does he pity me for? (*Aloud*). Your humble servant. (*Makes them a bow in silence, and turns toward the door, where he meets MARGARET, with whom he stands a moment in talk, watching MARTHA and STAVELEY.*)

STAVELEY. I answered for you, Martha, and you accepted my answer. It is my bold hope that you may allow me to answer for you forevermore.

MARTHA. All this is very strange. You came here for a disinterested purpose. . . . Forgive me. I can't accuse you of having remained for an altogether selfish one.

STAVELEY. You'll join *me* in the library!

MARTHA. You must not desert your cousin.

STAVELEY. I know my cousin better than I did an hour ago. I think I can leave her to consolidate her own prosperity. She'll get full weight, in one way or another. Poor Mr. Wigmore! (*MARGARET comes forward with PEPPEREL.*)

SCENE LAST. — *The Same, MARGARET.*

MARGARET. Cousin, I believe we have an appointment. (*Looking at her watch.*) You're overdue.

PEPPEREL. Mr. Staveley has been so busy.

MARGARET. In an hour, you know.

STAVELEY. Really, I'm afraid you must despise me!

MARGARET (*after a pause*). No, I feel good-natured. (*To PEPPEREL*). I give you notice, I'm not always so.

PEPPEREL. Let me take advantage of it to beg you once more to accept my ring.

STAVELEY (*to MARTHA, as she turns away*). Where are you going?

MARTHA. To the library!

H. James Jr.

MYTHS OF THE BARBARIC WORLD.

THE theory of mythology set forth in the four preceding papers, and illustrated by the examination of numerous myths relating to the lightning, the storm-wind, the clouds, and the sunlight, was originally framed with reference solely to the mythic and legendary lore of the Aryan world. The phonetic identity of the names of many Western gods and heroes with the names of those Vedic divinities which are obviously the personifications of natural phenomena, suggested the theory which philosophical considerations had already foreshadowed in the works of Hume and Comte, and which the exhaustive analysis of Greek, Hindu, Celtic, and Teutonic legends has amply confirmed. Let us now, before proceeding to the consideration of barbaric folk-lore, briefly recapitulate the results obtained by modern scholarship working strictly within the limits of the Aryan domain.

In the first place, it has been proved once for all that the languages spoken by the Hindus, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Slaves, and Teutons are all descended from a single ancestral language, the old Aryan, in the same sense that French, Italian, and Spanish are descended from the Latin. And from this undisputed fact it is an inevitable inference that these various races contain, along with other elements, a race-element in common, due to their Aryan pedigree. That the Indo-European races are wholly Aryan is very improbable, for in every case the countries overrun by them were occupied by inferior races, whose blood must have mingled in varying degrees with that of their conquerors; but that every Indo-European people is in great part descended from a common Aryan stock is not open to question.

In the second place, along with a common fund of moral and religious ideas and of legal and ceremonial

observances, we find these kindred peoples possessed of a common fund of myths, superstitions, proverbs, popular poetry, and household legends. The Hindu mother amuses her child with fairy-tales which often correspond, even in minor incidents, with stories in Scottish or Scandinavian nurseries; and she tells them in words which are phonetically akin to words in Swedish and Gaelic. No doubt many of these stories might have been devised in a dozen different places independently of each other; and no doubt many of them have been transmitted laterally from one people to another; but a careful examination shows that such cannot have been the case with the great majority of legends and beliefs. The agreement between two such stories, for instance, as those of Faithful John and Rama and Luxman is so close as to make it incredible that they should have been independently fabricated, while the points of difference are so important as to make it extremely improbable that the one was ever copied from the other. Besides which, the essential identity of such myths as those of Sigurd and Theseus, or of Helena and Saramâ, carries us back historically to a time when the scattered Indo-European tribes had not yet begun to hold commercial and intellectual intercourse with each other, and consequently could not have interchanged their epic materials or their household stories. We are therefore driven to the conclusion — which, startling as it may seem, is after all the most natural and plausible one that can be stated — that the Aryan nations, which have inherited from a common ancestral stock their languages and their customs, have inherited also from the same common original their fireside legends. They have preserved Cinderella and PUNCHKIN just as they have preserved the words for *father* and *mother*,

ten and *twenty*; and the former case, though more imposing to the imagination, is scientifically no less intelligible than the latter.

Thirdly, it has been shown that these venerable tales may be grouped in a few pretty well-defined classes; and that the archetypal myth of each class — the primitive story in conformity to which countless subsequent tales have been generated — was originally a mere description of physical phenomena, couched in the poetic diction of an age when everything was personified, because all natural phenomena were supposed to be due to the direct workings of a volition like that of which men were conscious within themselves. Thus we are led to the striking conclusion that mythology has had a common root, both with science and with religious philosophy. The myth of Indra conquering Vritra was one of the theorems of primitive Aryan science; it was a provisional explanation of the thunder-storm, satisfactory enough until extended observation and reflection supplied a better one. It also contained the germs of a theology; for the life-giving solar light furnished an important part of the primeval conception of deity. And finally, it became the fruitful parent of countless myths, whether embodied in the stately epics of Homer and the bards of the Nibelungenlied, or in the humbler legends of St. George and William Tell and the ubiquitous Boots.

Such is the theory which was suggested half a century ago by the researches of Jacob Grimm, and which, so far as concerns the mythology of the Aryan race, is now victorious along the whole line. It remains for us to test the universality of the general principles upon which it is founded, by a brief analysis of sundry legends and superstitions of the barbaric world. Since the fetichistic habit of explaining the outward phenomena of nature after the analogy of the inward phenomena of conscious intelligence is not a habit peculiar to our Aryan ancestors, but is, as psychology shows, the inevitable re-

sult of the conditions under which uncivilized thinking proceeds, we may expect to find the barbaric mind personifying the powers of nature and making myths about their operations the whole world over. And we need not be surprised if we find in the resulting mythologic structures a strong resemblance to the familiar creations of the Aryan intelligence. In point of fact, we shall often be called upon to note such resemblance; and it accordingly behooves us at the outset to inquire how far a similarity between mythical tales shall be taken as evidence of a common traditional origin, and how far it may be interpreted as due merely to the similar workings of the untrained intelligence in all ages and countries.

Analogies drawn from the comparison of languages will here be of service to us, if used discreetly; otherwise they are likely to bewilder far more than to enlighten us. A theorem which Max Müller has laid down for our guidance in this kind of investigation furnishes us with an excellent example of the tricks which a superficial analogy may play even with the trained scholar, when temporarily off his guard. Actuated by a praiseworthy desire to raise the study of myths to something like the high level of scientific accuracy already attained by the study of words, Max Müller endeavors to introduce one of the most useful canons of philology into a department of inquiry where its introduction could only work the most hopeless confusion. One of the earliest lessons to be learned by the scientific student of linguistics is the uselessness of comparing together directly the words contained in derivative languages. For example, you might set the English *twelve* side by side with the Latin *duodecim*, and then stare at the two words to all eternity without any hope of reaching any conclusion, good or bad, about either of them: least of all would you suspect that they are descended from the same radical. But if you take each word by itself and trace it back to its primitive shape, explaining every

change of every letter as you go, you will at last reach the old Aryan *dvadakan*, which is the parent of both these strangely metamorphosed words.* Nor will it do, on the other hand, to trust to verbal similarity without a historical inquiry into the origin of such similarity. Even in the same language two words of quite different origin may get their corners rubbed off till they look as like one another as two pebbles. The French words *souris*, a "mouse," and *souris*, a "smile," are spelled exactly alike; but the one comes from Latin *sorex* and the other from Latin *subridere*.

Now Max Müller tells us that this principle, which is indispensable in the study of words, is equally indispensable in the study of myths.† That is, you must not rashly pronounce the Norse story of the Heartless Giant, identical with the Hindu story of Punchkin, although the two correspond in every essential incident. In both legends a magician turns several members of the same family into stone; the youngest member of the family comes to the rescue, and on the way saves the lives of sundry grateful beasts; arrived at the magician's castle, he finds a captive princess ready to accept his love and to play the part of Delilah to the enchanter. In both stories the enchanter's life depends on the integrity of something which is elaborately hidden in a far-distant island, but which the fortunate youth, instructed by the artful princess and assisted by his menagerie of grateful beasts, succeeds in obtaining. In both stories the youth uses his advantage to free all his friends from their enchantment, and then proceeds to destroy the villain who wrought all this wickedness. Yet, in spite of this agreement, Max Müller, if I understand him aright, would not have us infer the identity of the two stories until we have taken each one separately and ascertained its primitive mythi-

cal significance. Otherwise, for aught we can tell, the resemblance may be purely accidental, like that of the French words for "mouse" and "smile."

A little reflection, however, will relieve us from this perplexity, and assure us that the alleged analogy between the comparison of words and the comparison of stories is utterly superficial. The transformations of words — which are often astounding enough — depend upon a few well-established physiological principles of utterance; and since philology has learned to rely upon these principles, it has become nearly as sure in its methods and results as one of the so-called "exact sciences." Folly enough is doubtless committed within its precincts by writers who venture there without the laborious preparation which this science, more than almost any other, demands. But the proceedings of the trained philologist are no more arbitrary than those of the trained astronomer. And though the former may seem to be straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel when he coolly tells you that *violin* and *fiddle* are the same word, while English *care* and Latin *cura* have nothing to do with each other, he is nevertheless no more indulging in guess-work than the astronomer who confesses his ignorance as to the habitability of Venus while asserting his knowledge of the existence of hydrogen in the atmosphere of Sirius. To cite one example out of a hundred, every philologist knows that *s* may become *r*, and that the broad *a*-sound may dwindle into the closer *o*-sound; but when you adduce some plausible etymology based on the assumption that *r* has changed into *s*, or *o* into *a*, apart from the demonstrable influence of some adjacent letter, the philologist will shake his head.

Now in the study of stories there are no such simple rules all cut and dried for us to go by. There is no uniform psychological principle which determines that the three-headed snake in one story shall become a three-headed man in the next. There is no

* For the analysis of *tauclov*, see my essay on "The Genesis of Language," North American Review, October 1869, p. 320.

† Chips from a German Workshop, Vol. II p. 246.

Grimm's Law in mythology which decides that a Hindu magician shall always correspond to a Norwegian Troll or a Celtic Druid. The laws of association of ideas are not so simple in application as the laws of utterance. In short, the study of myths, though it can be made sufficiently scientific in its methods and results, does not constitute a science by itself, like philology. It stands on a footing similar to that occupied by physical geography, or what the Germans call "earth-knowledge." No one denies that all the changes going on over the earth's surface conform to physical laws; but then no one pretends that there is any single proximate principle which governs all the phenomena of rain-fall, of soil-crumbling, of magnetic variation, and of the distribution of plants and animals. All these things are explained by principles obtained from the various sciences of physics, chemistry, geology, and physiology. And in just the same way the development and distribution of stories is explained by the help of divers resources contributed by philology, psychology, and history. There is therefore no real analogy between the cases cited by Max Müller. Two unrelated words may be ground into exactly the same shape, just as a pebble from the North Sea may be undistinguishable from another pebble on the beach of the Adriatic; but two stories like those of Punchkin and the Heartless Giant are no more likely to arise independently of each other than two coral reefs on opposite sides of the globe are likely to develop into exactly similar islands.

Shall we then say boldly, that close similarity between legends is proof of kinship, and go our way without further misgivings? Unfortunately we cannot dispose of the matter in quite so summary a fashion; for it remains to decide what kind and degree of similarity shall be considered satisfactory evidence of kinship. And it is just here that doctors may disagree. Here is the point at which our "science" betrays its weakness as com-

pared with the sister study of philology. Before we can decide with confidence in any case, a great mass of evidence must be brought into court. So long as we remained on Aryan ground, all went smoothly enough, because all the external evidence was in our favor. We knew at the outset, that the Aryans inherit a common language and a common civilization, and therefore we found no difficulty in accepting the conclusion that they have inherited, among other things, a common stock of legends. In the barbaric world it is quite otherwise. Philology does not pronounce in favor of a common origin for all barbaric culture, such as it is. The notion of a single primitive language, standing in the same relation to all existing dialects as the relation of old Aryan to Latin and English, or that of old Semitic to Hebrew and Arabic, was a notion suited only to the infancy of linguistic science. As the case now stands, it is certain that all the languages actually existing cannot be referred to a common ancestor, and it is altogether probable that there never was any such common ancestor. I am not now referring to the question of the unity of the human race. That question lies entirely outside the sphere of philology. The science of language has nothing to do with skulls or complexions, and no comparison of words can tell us whether the black men are brethren of the white men, or whether yellow and red men have a common pedigree: these questions belong to comparative physiology. But the science of language can and does tell us that a certain amount of civilization is requisite for the production of a language sufficiently durable and wide-spread to give birth to numerous mutually resembling offspring. Barbaric languages are neither wide-spread nor durable. Among savages each little group of families has its own dialect, and coins its own expressions at pleasure; and in the course of two or three generations a dialect gets so strangely altered as virtually to lose its identity. Even numerals and personal pronouns,

which the Aryan has preserved for fifty centuries, get lost every few years in Polynesia. Since the time of Captain Cook the Tahitian language has thrown away five out of its ten simple numerals, and replaced them by brand-new ones; and on the Amazon you may acquire a fluent command of some Indian dialect, and then, coming back after twenty years, find yourself worse off than Rip Van Winkle, and your learning all antiquated and useless. How absurd, therefore, to suppose that primeval savages originated a language which has held its own like the old Aryan, and become the prolific mother of the three or four thousand dialects now in existence! Before a durable language^d can arise, there must be an aggregation of numerous tribes into a people, so that there may be need of communication on a large scale, and so that tradition may be strengthened. Wherever mankind have associated in nations, permanent languages have arisen, and their derivative dialects bear the conspicuous marks of kinship; but where mankind have remained in their primitive savage isolation, their languages have remained sporadic and transitory, incapable of organic development, and showing no traces of a kinship which never existed.

The bearing of these considerations upon the origin and diffusion of barbaric myths is obvious. The development of a common stock of legends is, of course, impossible, save where there is a common language; and thus philology pronounces against the kinship of barbaric myths with each other and with similar myths of the Aryan and Semitic worlds. Similar stories told in Greece and Norway are likely to have a common pedigree, because the persons who have preserved them in recollection speak a common language and have inherited the same civilization. But similar stories told in Labrador and South Africa are not likely to be genealogically related, because it is altogether probable that the Esquimaux and the Zulu had acquired their present race characteristics be-

fore either of them possessed a language or a culture sufficient for the production of myths. According to the nature and extent of the similarity, it must be decided whether such stories have been carried about from one part of the world to another, or have been independently originated in many different places.

Here the methods of philology suggest a rule which will often be found useful. In comparing the vocabularies of different languages, those words which directly imitate natural sounds — such as *whiz*, *crash*, *crackle* — are not admitted as evidence of kinship between the languages in which they occur. Resemblances between such words are obviously no proof of a common ancestry; and they are often met with in languages which have demonstrably had no connection with each other. So in mythology, where we find two stories of which the primitive character is perfectly transparent, we need have no difficulty in supposing them to have originated independently. The myth of Jack and his Beanstalk is found all over the world; but the idea of a country above the sky, to which persons might gain access by climbing, is one which could hardly fail to occur to every barbarian. Among the American tribes, as well as among the Aryans, the rainbow and the Milky-Way have contributed the idea of a Bridge of the Dead, over which souls must pass on the way to the other world. In South Africa, as well as in Germany, the habits of the fox and of his brother the jackal have given rise to fables in which brute force is overcome by cunning. In many parts of the world we find curiously similar stories devised to account for the stumpy tails of the bear and hyena, the hairless tail of the rat, and the blindness of the mole. And in all countries may be found the beliefs that men may be changed into beasts, or plants, or stones; that the sun is in some way tethered or constrained to follow a certain course; that the storm-cloud is a ravenous dragon; and that

there are talismans which will reveal hidden treasures. All these conceptions are so obvious to the uncivilized intelligence, that stories founded upon them need not be supposed to have a common origin, unless there turns out to be a striking similarity among their minor details. On the other hand, the numerous myths of an all-destroying deluge have doubtless arisen partly from reminiscences of actually occurring local inundations, and partly from the fact that the Scriptural account of a deluge has been carried all over the world by Catholic and Protestant missionaries.

By way of illustrating these principles, let us now cite a few of the American myths so carefully collected by Dr. Brinton in his admirable treatise. We shall not find in the mythology of the New World the wealth of wit and imagination which has so long delighted us in the stories of Herakles, Perseus, Hermes, Sigurd, and Indra. The mythic lore of the American Indians is comparatively scanty and prosaic, as befits the product of a lower grade of culture and a more meagre intellect. Not only are the personages less characteristically portrayed, but there is a continual tendency to extravagance, the sure index of an inferior imagination. Nevertheless, after making due allowances for differences in the artistic method of treatment, there is between the mythologies of the Old and the New Worlds a fundamental resemblance. We come upon solar myths and myths of the storm curiously blended with culture-myths, as in the cases of Hermes, Prometheus, and Kadmos. The American parallels to these are to be found in the stories of Michabo, Viracocha, Ioskeha, and Quetzalcoatl. "As elsewhere the world over, so in America, many tribes had to tell of . . . an august character, who taught them what they knew, — the tillage of the soil, the properties of plants, the art of picture-writing, the secrets of magic; who founded their institutions and established their religions; who governed

them long with glory abroad and peace at home; and finally did not die, but, like Frederic Barbarossa, Charlemagne, King Arthur, and all great heroes, vanished mysteriously, and still lives somewhere, ready at the right moment to return to his beloved people and lead them to victory and happiness." * Every one is familiar with the numerous legends of white-skinned, full-bearded heroes, like the mild Quetzalcoatl, who in times long previous to Columbus came from the far East to impart the rudiments of civilization and religion to the red men. By those who first heard these stories they were supposed, with naïve Euhemerism, to refer to pre-Columbian visits of Europeans to this continent, like that of the Northmen in the tenth century. But a scientific study of the subject has dissipated such notions. These legends are far too numerous, they are too similar to each other, they are too manifestly symbolical, to admit of any such interpretation. By comparing them carefully with each other, and with correlative myths of the Old World, their true character soon becomes apparent.

One of the most widely famous of these culture-heroes was Manabozho or Michabo, the Great Hare. With entire unanimity, says Dr. Brinton, the various branches of the Algonquin race, "the Powhatans of Virginia, the Lenni Lenape of the Delaware, the warlike hordes of New England, the Ottawas of the far North, and the Western tribes, perhaps without exception, spoke of 'this chimerical beast,' as one of the old missionaries calls it, as their common ancestor. The *totem*, or clan, which bore his name was looked up to with peculiar respect." Not only was Michabo the ruler and guardjan of these numerous tribes, — he was the founder of their religious rites, the inventor of picture-writing, the ruler of the weather, the creator and preserver of earth and heaven. "From a grain of sand brought from the bottom of the primeval ocean he fashioned the habitable

* Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, p. 160.

land, and set it floating on the waters till it grew to such a size that a strong young wolf, running constantly, died of old age ere he reached its limits." He was also, like Nimrod, a mighty hunter. "One of his footsteps measured eight leagues, the Great Lakes were the beaver-dams he built, and when the cataracts impeded his progress he tore them away with his hands." "Sometimes he was said to dwell in the skies with his brother, the Snow, or, like many great spirits, to have built his wigwam in the far North on some floe of ice in the Arctic Ocean. . . . But in the oldest accounts of the missionaries he was alleged to reside toward the East; and in the holy formulæ of the *meda* craft, when the winds are invoked to the medicine lodge, the East is summoned in his name, the door opens in that direction, and there, at the edge of the earth where the sun rises, on the shore of the infinite ocean that surrounds the land, he has his house, and sends the luminaries forth on their daily journeys."* From such accounts as this we see that Michabo was no more a wise instructor and legislator than Minos or Kadmos. Like these heroes, he is a personification of the solar life-giving power, which daily comes forth from its home in the east, making the earth to rejoice. The etymology of his name confirms the otherwise clear indications of the legend itself. It is compounded of *michi*, "great," and *wabos*, which means alike "hare" and "white." "Dialectic forms in Algonquin for white are *wabi*, *wape*, *wampi*, etc.; for morning, *wapan*, *wapanch*, *opah*; for east, *wapa*, *wanbun*, etc.; for day, *wompan*, *oppan*; for light, *oppung*." So that Michabo is the Great White One, the God of the Dawn and the East. And the etymological confusion, by virtue of which he acquired his sobriquet of the Great Hare, affords a curious parallel to what has often happened in Aryan and Semitic mythology, as we saw when discussing the subject of werewolves.

* Brinton, op. cit. p. 163.

Keeping in mind this solar character of Michabo, let us note how full of meaning are the myths concerning him. In the first cycle of these legends, "he is grandson of the Moon, his father is the West Wind, and his mother, a maiden, dies in giving him birth at the moment of conception. For the Moon is the goddess of night; the Dawn is her daughter, who brings forth the Morning, and perishes herself in the act; and the West, the spirit of darkness, as the East is of light, precedes, and as it were begets the latter, as the evening does the morning. Straightway, however, continues the legend, the son sought the unnatural father to revenge the death of his mother, and then commenced a long and desperate struggle. It began on the mountains. The West was forced to give ground. Manabozho drove him across rivers and over mountains and lakes, and at last he came to the brink of this world. 'Hold,' cried he, 'my son, you know my power, and that it is impossible to kill me.' What is this but the diurnal combat of light and darkness, carried on from what time 'the jocund morn stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops,' across the wide world to the sunset, the struggle that knows no end, for both the opponents are immortal?"*

Even the Veda nowhere affords a more transparent narrative than this. The Iroquois tradition is very similar. In it appear twin brothers,† born of a virgin mother, daughter of the Moon, who died in giving them life. Their names, Ioskeha and Tawiskara, signify in the Oneida dialect the White One and the Dark One. Under the influence of Christian ideas the contest between the brothers has been made to assume a moral character, like the strife between Ormuzd and Ahriman. But no such intention appears in the original myth, and Dr. Brinton has shown that none of the American tribes had

* Brinton, op. cit. p. 167.

† Corresponding, in various degrees, to the Asvins, the Dioskouroi, and the brothers True and Untrue of Norse mythology.

any conception of a Devil. When the quarrel came to blows, the dark brother was signally discomfited; and the victorious Ioskeha, returning to his grandmother, "established his lodge in the far East, on the borders of the Great Ocean, whence the sun comes. In time he became the father of mankind, and special guardian of the Iroquois." He caused the earth to bring forth, he stocked the woods with game, and taught his children the use of fire. "He it was who watched and watered their crops; 'and, indeed, without his aid,' says the old missionary, quite out of patience with their puerilities, 'they think they could not boil a pot.'" There was more in it than poor Brébeuf thought, as we are forcibly reminded by recent discoveries in physical science. Even civilized men would find it difficult to boil a pot without the aid of solar energy. Call him what we will, — Ioskeha, Michabo, or Phoibos, — the beneficent Sun is the master and sustainer of us all; and if we were to relapse into heathenism, like Erckmann-Chatrian's innkeeper, we could not do better than to select him as our chief object of worship.

The same principles by which these simple cases are explained furnish also the key to the more complicated mythology of Mexico and Peru. Like the deities just discussed, Viracocha, the supreme god of the Quichuas, rises from the bosom of Lake Titicaca and journeys westward, slaying with his lightnings the creatures who oppose him, until he finally disappears in the Western Ocean. Like Aphrodite, he bears in his name the evidence of his origin, *Viracocha* signifying "foam of the sea"; and hence the "White One" (*l'aube*), the god of light rising white on the horizon, like the foam on the surface of the waves. The Aymaras spoke of their original ancestors as white; and to this day, as Dr. Brinton informs us, the Peruvians call a white man *Viracocha*. The myth of Quetzalcoatl is of precisely the same character. All these solar heroes present in most of their qualities and achievements a strik-

ing likeness to those of the Old World. They combine the attributes of Apollo, Herakles, and Hermes. Like Herakles, they journey from east to west, smiting the powers of darkness, storm, and winter with the thunderbolts of Zeus or the unerring arrows of Phoibos, and sinking in a blaze of glory on the western verge of the world, where the waves meet the firmament. Or like Hermes, in a second cycle of legends, they rise with the soft breezes of a summer morning, driving before them the bright celestial cattle whose udders are heavy with refreshing rain, fanning the flames which devour the forests, blustering at the doors of wigwams, and escaping with weird laughter through vents and crevices. The white skins and flowing beards of these American heroes may be aptly compared to the fair faces and long golden locks of their Hellenic compeers. Yellow hair was in all probability as rare in Greece as a full beard in Peru or Mexico; but in each case the description suits the solar character of the hero. One important class of incidents, however, is apparently quite absent from the American legends. We frequently see the Dawn described as a virgin mother who dies in giving birth to the Day; but nowhere do we remember seeing her pictured as a lovely or valiant or crafty maiden, ardently wooed, but speedily forsaken by her solar lover. Perhaps in no respect is the superior richness and beauty of the Aryan myths more manifest than in this. Brynhild, Urvasi, Medeia, Ariadne, Oinone, and countless other kindred heroines, with their brilliant legends, could not be spared from the mythology of our ancestors without leaving it meagre indeed. These were the materials which Kalidasa, the Attic dramatists, and the bards of the Nibelungen found ready, awaiting their artistic treatment. But the mythology of the New World, with all its pretty and agreeable *naïveté*, affords hardly enough, either of variety in situation or of complexity in motive, for a grand epic or a genuine tragedy.

But little reflection is needed to assure us that the imagination of the barbarian, who either carries away his wife by brute force or buys her from her relatives as he would buy a cow, could never have originated legends in which maidens are lovingly solicited, or in which their favor is won by the performance of deeds of valor. These stories owe their existence to the romantic turn of mind which has always characterized the Aryan, whose civilization, even in the times before the dispersion of his race, was sufficiently advanced to allow of his entertaining such comparatively exalted conceptions of the relations between men and women. The absence of these myths from barbaric folk-lore is, therefore, just what might be expected; but it is a fact which militates against any possible hypothesis of the common origin of Aryan and barbaric mythology. If there were any genetic relationship between Sigurd and Ioskeha, between Herakles and Michabo, it would be hard to tell why Brynhild and Iole should have disappeared entirely from one whole group of legends, while retained, in some form or other, throughout the whole of the other group. On the other hand, the resemblances above noticed between Aryan and American mythology fall very far short of the resemblances between the stories told in different parts of the Aryan domain. No barbaric legend, of genuine barbaric growth, has yet been cited which resembles any Aryan legend as the story of Punchkin resembles the story of the Heartless Giant. The myths of Michabo and Viracocha are direct copies, so to speak, of natural phenomena, just as imitative words are direct copies of natural sounds. Neither the Redskin nor the Indo-European had any choice as to the main features of the career of his solar divinity. He must be born of the Night, — or of the Dawn, — must travel westward, must slay harassing demons. Eliminating these points of likeness, the resemblance between the Aryan and barbaric legends is at once at an end. Such an

identity in point of details as that between the wooden horse which enters Ilion, and the horse which bears Sigurd into the place where Brynhild is imprisoned, and the Druidic steed which leaps with Sculloge over the walls of Fiach's enchanted castle, is nowhere to be found after we leave Indo-European territory.

Our conclusion, therefore, must be, that while the legends of the Aryan and the non-Aryan worlds contain common mythical elements, the legends themselves are not of common origin. The fact that certain mythical ideas are possessed alike by different races, shows that in each case a similar human intelligence has been at work explaining similar phenomena; but in order to prove a family relationship between the culture of these different races, we need something more than this. We need to prove not only a community of mythical ideas, but also a community between the stories based upon these ideas. We must show not only that Michabo is like Herakles in those striking features which the contemplation of solar phenomena would necessarily suggest to the imagination of the primitive myth-maker, but also that the two characters are similarly conceived, and that the two careers agree in seemingly arbitrary points of detail, as is the case in the stories of Punchkin and the Heartless Giant. The mere fact that solar heroes, all over the world, travel in a certain path and slay imps of darkness is of great value as throwing light upon primeval habits of thought, but it is of no value as evidence for or against an alleged community of civilization between different races. The same is true of the sacredness universally attached to certain numbers. Dr. Brinton's opinion that the sanctity of the number *four* in nearly all systems of mythology is due to a primitive worship of the cardinal points, becomes very probable when we recollect that the similar pre-eminence of *seven* is almost demonstrably connected with the adoration of the sun, moon, and five visible planets,

which has left its record in the structure and nomenclature of the Aryan and Semitic week.*

In view of these considerations, the comparison of barbaric myths with each other and with the legends of the Aryan world becomes doubly interesting, as illustrating the similarity in the workings of the untrained intelligence the world over. In our first paper we saw how the moon-spots have been variously explained by Indo-Europeans, as a man with a thorn-bush or as two children bearing a bucket of water on a pole. In Ceylon it is said that as Sakyamuni was one day wandering half starved in the forest, a pious hare met him, and offered itself to him to be slain and cooked for dinner; whereupon the holy Buddha set it on high in the moon, that future generations of men might see it and marvel at its piety. In the Samoan Islands these dark patches are supposed to be portions of a woman's figure. A certain woman was once hammering something with a mallet, when the moon arose, looking so much like a bread-fruit that the woman asked it to come down and let her child eat off a piece of it; but the moon, enraged at the insult, gobbled up woman, mallet, and child, and there, in the moon's belly, you may still behold them. According to the Hottentots, the Moon once sent the Hare to inform men that as she died away and rose again, so should men die and again come to life. But the stupid Hare forgot the purport of the message, and, coming down to the earth, proclaimed it far and wide that though the Moon was invariably resuscitated whenever she died, mankind, on the other hand, should die and go to the Devil. When the silly brute returned to the lunar country and told what he had done, the Moon was so

angry that she took up an axe and aimed a blow at his head to split it. But the axe missed and only cut his lip open; and that was the origin of the "hare-lip." Maddened by the pain and the insult, the Hare flew at the Moon and almost scratched her eyes out; and to this day she bears on her face the marks of the Hare's claws.*

Again, every reader of the classics knows how Selene cast Endymion into a profound slumber because he refused her love, and how at sundown she used to come and stand above him on the Latmian hill, and watch him as he lay asleep on the marble steps of a temple half hidden among drooping elm-trees, over which clambered vines heavy with dark blue grapes. This represents the rising moon looking down on the setting sun; in Labrador a similar phenomenon has suggested a somewhat different story. Among the Esquimaux the Sun is a maiden and the Moon is her brother, who is overcome by a wicked passion for her. Once, as this girl was at a dancing-party in a friend's hut, some one came up and took hold of her by the shoulders and shook her, which is (according to the legend) the Esquimaux manner of declaring one's love. She could not tell who it was in the dark, and so she dipped her hand in some soot and smeared one of his cheeks with it. When a light was struck in the hut, she saw, to her dismay, that it was her brother, and, without waiting to learn any more, she took to her heels. He started in hot pursuit, and so they ran till they got to the end of the world, — the jumping-off place, — when they both jumped into the sky. There the Moon still chases his sister, the Sun; and every now and then he turns his sooty cheek toward the earth, when he becomes so dark that you cannot see him.†

Another story, which I cite from Mr. Tylor, shows that Malays, as well as Indo-Europeans, have conceived of the clouds as swan-maidens. In the island of Celebes it is said that "seven heav-

* See Humboldt's *Kosmos*, Tom. III. pp. 469-476. A fetichistic regard for the cardinal points has not always been absent from the minds of persons instructed in a higher theology; as witness a well-known passage in Irenæus, and the theories of Bancroft and Whitgift, in accordance with which English churches were at one time built in a line east and west.

* Bleek, *Hottentot Fables and Tales*, p. 72.

† Tylor, *Early History of Mankind*, p. 327.

enly nymphs came down from the sky to bathe, and they were seen by Kasimbaha, who thought first that they were white doves, but in the bath he saw that they were women. Then he stole one of the thin robes that gave the nymphs their power of flying, and so he caught Utahagi, the one whose robe he had stolen, and took her for his wife, and she bore him a son. Now she was called Utahagi from a single white hair she had, which was endowed with magic power, and this hair her husband pulled out. As soon as he had done it, there arose a great storm, and Utahagi wept up to heaven. The child cried for its mother, and Kasimbaha was in great grief, and cast about how he should follow Utahagi up into the sky." Here we pass to the myth of Jack and the Beanstalk. "A rat gnawed the thorns off the rattans, and Kasimbaha clambered up by them with his son upon his back, till he came to heaven. There a little bird showed him the house of Utahagi, and after various adventures he took up his abode among the gods."*

In Siberia we find a legend of swan-maidens, which also reminds us of the story of the Heartless Giant. A certain Samojed once went out to catch foxes, and found seven maidens swimming in a lake surrounded by gloomy pine-trees, while their feather dresses lay on the shore. He crept up and stole one of these dresses, and by and by the swan-maiden came to him shivering with cold and promising to become his wife if he would only give her back her garment of feathers. The ungallant fellow, however, did not care for a wife, but a little revenge was not unsuited to his way of thinking. There were seven robbers who used to prowl about the neighborhood, and who, when they got home, finding their hearts in the way, used to hang them up on some pegs in the tent. One of these robbers had killed the Samojed's mother; and so he promised to return the swan-maiden's dress after she should have procured for him these seven hearts.

* Tylor, *op. cit.* p. 346.

So she stole the hearts, and the Samojed smashed six of them, and then woke up the seventh robber, and told him to restore his mother to life, on pain of instant death. Then the robber produced a purse containing the old woman's soul, and going to the graveyard shook it over her bones, and she revived at once. Then the Samojed smashed the seventh heart, and the robber died; and so the swan-maiden got back her plumage and flew away rejoicing.*

Swan-maidens are also, according to Mr. Baring-Gould, found among the Minussinian Tartars. But there they appear as foul demons, like the Greek Harpies, who delight in drinking the blood of men slain in battle. There are forty of them, who darken the whole firmament in their flight; but sometimes they all coalesce into one great black storm-fiend, who rages for blood, like a werewolf.

In South Africa we find the werewolf himself. A certain Hottentot was once travelling with a Bushwoman and her child, when they perceived at a distance a troop of wild horses. The man, being hungry, asked the woman to turn herself into a lioness and catch one of these horses, that they might eat of it; whereupon the woman set down her child, and taking off a sort of petticoat made of human skin became instantly transformed into a lioness, which rushed across the plain, struck down a wild horse and lapped its blood. The man climbed a tree in terror, and conjured his companion to resume her natural shape. Then the lioness came back, and putting on the skirt made of human skin reappeared as a woman, and took up her child, and the two friends resumed their journey after making a meal of the horse's flesh.†

The werewolf also appears in North America, duly furnished with his wolf-skin sack; but neither in America nor in Africa is he the genuine European werewolf, inspired by a diabolic frenzy, and ravening for human flesh. The

* Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, II. 299-302.

† Bleek, *Hottentot Fables and Tales*, p. 53.

barbaric myths testify to the belief that men can be changed into beasts or have in some cases descended from beast ancestors, but the application of this belief to the explanation of abnormal cannibal cravings seems to have been confined to Europe. The werewolf of the Middle Ages was not merely a transformed man, — he was an insane cannibal, whose monstrous appetite, due to the machinations of the Devil, showed its power over his physical organism by changing the shape of it. The barbaric werewolf is the product of a lower and simpler kind of thinking. There is no diabolism about him, for barbaric races, while believing in the existence of hurtful and malicious fiends, have not a sufficiently vivid sense of moral abnormality to form the conception of diabolism. And the cannibal craving, which to the mediæval European was a phenomenon so strange as to demand a mythological explanation, would not impress the barbarian as either very exceptional or very blameworthy.

In the folk-lore of the Zulus, one of the most quick-witted and intelligent of African races, the cannibal possesses many features in common with the Scandinavian Troll, who also has a liking for human flesh. As we saw in the preceding paper, the Troll has very likely derived some of his characteristics from reminiscences of the barbarous races who preceded the Aryans in Central and Northern Europe. In like manner the long-haired cannibal of Zulu nursery literature, who is always represented as belonging to a distinct race, has been supposed to be explained by the existence of inferior races conquered and displaced by the Zulus. Nevertheless, as Dr. Callaway observes, neither the long-haired mountain cannibals of Western Africa, nor the Fuhahs, nor the tribes of Eghedal described by Barth, "can be considered as answering to the description of long-haired as given in the Zulu legends of cannibals; neither could they possibly have formed their historical basis. . . . It is perfectly clear that the cannibals of

the Zulu legends are not common men; they are magnified into giants and magicians; they are remarkably swift and enduring; fierce and terrible warriors." Very probably they may have a mythical origin in modes of thought akin to those which begot the Panis of the Veda and the Northern Trolls. The parallelism is perhaps the most remarkable one which can be found in comparing barbaric with Aryan folk-lore. Like the Panis and Trolls, the cannibals are represented as the foes of the solar hero Uthlakanyana, who is almost as great a traveller as Odysseus, and whose presence of mind amid trying circumstances is not to be surpassed by that of the incomparable Boots. Uthlakanyana is as precocious as Herakles or Hermes. He speaks before he is born, and no sooner has he entered the world than he begins to outwit other people and get possession of their property. He works bitter ruin for the cannibals, who, with all their strength and fleetness, are no better endowed with quick wit than the Trolls, whom Boots invariably victimizes. On one of his journeys, Uthlakanyana fell in with a cannibal. Their greetings were cordial enough, and they ate a bit of leopard together, and began to build a house, and killed a couple of cows, but the cannibal's cow was lean, while Uthlakanyana's was fat. Then the crafty traveller, fearing that his companion might insist upon having the fat cow, turned and said, "'Let the house be thatched now; then we can eat our meat. You see the sky, that we shall get wet.' The cannibal said, 'You are right, child of my sister; you are a man indeed in saying, let us thatch the house, for we shall get wet.' Uthlakanyana said, 'Do you do it then; I will go inside, and push the thatching-needle for you, in the house.' The cannibal went up. His hair was very, very long. Uthlakanyana went inside and pushed the needle for him. He thatched in the hair of the cannibal, tying it very tightly; he knotted it into the thatch constantly, taking it by separate locks and fastening it firmly, that

it might be tightly fastened to the house." Then the rogue went outside and began to eat of the cow which was roasted. "The cannibal said, 'What are you about, child of my sister? Let us just finish the house; afterwards we can do that; we will do it together.' Uthlakanyana replied, 'Come down then. I cannot go into the house any more. The thatching is finished.' The cannibal assented. When he thought he was going to quit the house, he was unable to quit it. He cried out saying, 'Child of my sister, how have you managed your thatching?' Uthlakanyana said, 'See to it yourself. I have thatched well, for I shall not have any dispute. Now I am about to eat in peace; I no longer dispute with anybody, for I am now alone with my cow.' " So the cannibal cried and raved and appealed in vain to Uthlakanyana's sense of justice, until by and by "the sky came with hailstones and lightning. Uthlakanyana took all the meat into the house; he stayed in the house and lit a fire. It hailed and rained. The cannibal cried on the top of the house; he was struck with the hailstones, and died there on the house. It cleared. Uthlakanyana went out and said, 'Uncle, just come down, and come to me. It has become clear. It no longer rains, and there is no more hail, neither is there any more lightning. Why are you silent?' So Uthlakanyana ate his cow alone, until he had finished it. He then went on his way." *

In another Zulu legend, a girl is stolen by cannibals, and shut up in the rock *Itshe-likantunjambili*, which, like the rock of the Forty Thieves, opens and shuts at the command of those who understand its secret. She gets possession of the secret and escapes, and when the monsters pursue her she throws on the ground a calabash full of sesame, which they stop to eat. At last, getting tired of running, she climbs a tree, and there she finds her brother, who, warned by a dream, has come out to look for her. They ascend the tree together until they come to a beautiful

country well stocked with fat oxen. They kill an ox, and while its flesh is roasting they amuse themselves by making a stout thong of its hide. By and by one of the cannibals, smelling the cooking meat, comes to the foot of the tree, and looking up discovers the boy and girl in the sky-country! They invite him up there to share in their feast, and throw him an end of the thong by which to climb up. When the cannibal is dangling midway between earth and heaven, they let go the rope, and down he falls with a terrible crash.*

In this story the enchanted rock opened by a talismanic formula brings us again into contact with Indo-European folk-lore. And that the conception has in both cases been suggested by the same natural phenomenon is rendered probable by another Zulu tale, in which the cannibal's cave is opened by a swallow which flies in the air. Here we have the elements of a genuine lightning-myth. We see that among these African barbarians, as well as among our own forefathers, the clouds have been conceived as birds carrying the lightning which can cleave the rocks. In America we find the same notion prevalent. The Dakotahs explain the thunder as "the sound of the cloud-bird flapping his wings," and the Caribs describe the lightning as a poisoned dart which the bird blows through a hollow reed, after the Carib style of shooting.† On the other hand, the Kamtschatkans know nothing of a cloud-bird, but explain the lightning as something analogous to the flames of a volcano. The Kamtschatkans say that when the mountain goblins have got their stoves well heated up, they throw overboard, with true barbaric shiftlessness, all the brands not needed for immediate use, which makes a volcanic eruption. So when it is summer on earth, it is winter in heaven; and the gods, after heating up their stoves,

* Callaway, *op. cit.* pp. 142-152; cf. a similar story in which the lion is fooled by the jackal. Black, *op. cit.* p. 7. I omit the sequel of the tale.

† Brinton, *op. cit.* p. 104.

* Callaway, *Zulu Nursery Tales*, pp. 27-30.

throw away their spare kindling-wood, which makes the lightning.*

When treating of Indo-European solar myths, we saw the unvarying, un-resting course of the sun variously explained as due to the subjection of Herakles to Eurystheus, to the anger of Poseidon at Odysseus, or to the curse laid upon the Wandering Jew. The barbaric mind has worked at the same problem ; but the explanations which it has given are more childlike and more grotesque. A Polynesian myth tells how the Sun used to race through the sky so fast that men could not get enough daylight to hunt game for their subsistence. By and by an inventive genius, named Maui, conceived the idea of catching the Sun in a noose and making him go more deliberately. He plaited ropes and made a strong net, and, arming himself with the jawbone of his ancestress, Muri-ranga-whenna, called together all his brethren, and they journeyed to the place where the Sun rises, and there spread the net. When the Sun came up, he stuck his head and fore-paws into the net, and while the brothers tightened the ropes so that they cut him and made him scream for mercy, Maui beat him with the jawbone until he became so weak that ever since he has only been able to crawl through the sky. According to another Polynesian myth, there was once a grumbling Radical, who never could be satisfied with the way in which things are managed on this earth. This bold Radical set out to build a stone house which should last forever ; but the days were so short and the stones so heavy that he despaired of ever accomplishing his project. One night, as he lay awake thinking the matter over, it occurred to him that if he could catch the Sun in a net, he could have as much daylight as was needful in order to finish his house. So he borrowed a noose from the god *Itu*, and, it being autumn, when the Sun gets sleepy and stupid, he easily caught the luminary. The Sun cried till his tears made a great freshet

which nearly drowned the island ; but it was of no use ; there he is tethered to this day.

Similar stories are met with in North America. A Dog-Rib Indian once chased a squirrel up a tree until he reached the sky. There he set a snare for the squirrel and climbed down again. Next day the Sun was caught in the snare, and night came on at once. That is to say, the sun was eclipsed. "Something wrong up there," thought the Indian, "I must have caught the Sun" ; and so he sent up ever so many animals to release the captive. They were all burned to ashes, but at last the mole, going up and burrowing out through the ground of the sky, (!) succeeded in gnawing asunder the cords of the snare. Just as it thrust its head out through the opening made in the sky-ground, it received a flash of light which put its eyes out, and that is why the mole is blind. The Sun got away, but has ever since travelled more deliberately.*

These sun-myths, many more of which are to be found collected in Mr. Tylor's excellent treatise on "The Early History of Mankind," well illustrate both the similarity and the diversity of the results obtained by the primitive mind, in different times and countries, when engaged upon similar problems. No one would think of referring these stories to a common traditional origin with the myths of Herakles and Odysseus ; yet both classes of tales were devised to explain the same phenomenon. Both to the Aryan and to the Polynesian the steadfast but deliberate journey of the sun through the firmament was a strange circumstance which called for explanation ; but while the meagre intelligence of the barbarian could only attain to the quaint conception of a man throwing a noose over the sun's head, the rich imagination of the Indo-European created the noble picture of Herakles doomed to serve the son of Sthenelos, in accordance with the resistless decree of fate.

* Tylor, op. cit. p. 320.

* Tylor, op. cit. pp. 338-343.

Another world-wide myth, which shows how similar are the mental habits of uncivilized men, is the myth of the tortoise. The Hindu notion of a great tortoise that lies beneath the earth and keeps it from falling is familiar to every reader. According to one account, this tortoise, swimming in the primeval ocean, bears the earth on his back; but by and by, when the gods get ready to destroy mankind, the tortoise will grow weary and sink under his load, and then the earth will be overwhelmed by a deluge. Another legend tells us that when the gods and demons took Mount Mandara for a churning-stick and churned the ocean to make ambrosia, the god Vishnu took on the form of a tortoise and lay at the bottom of the sea, as a pivot for the whirling mountain to rest upon. But these versions of the myth are not primitive. In the original conception the world is itself a gigantic tortoise swimming in a boundless ocean; the flat surface of the earth is the lower plate which covers the reptile's belly; the rounded shell which covers his back is the sky; and the human race lives and moves and has its being inside of the tortoise. Now, as Mr. Tylor has pointed out, many tribes of Redskins hold substantially the same theory of the universe. They regard the tortoise as the symbol of the world, and address it as the mother of mankind. Once, before the earth was made, the king of heaven quarrelled with his wife, and gave her such a terrible kick that she fell down into the sea. Fortunately a tortoise received her on his back, and proceeded to raise up the earth, upon which the heavenly woman became the mother of mankind. These first men had white faces, and they used to dig in the ground to catch badgers. One day a zealous burrower thrust his knife too far and stabbed the tortoise, which immediately sank into the sea and drowned all the human race save one man.* In Finnish mythology the world is not a tortoise, but it is an egg, of which the white

part is the ocean, the yolk is the earth, and the arched shell is the sky. In India this is the mundane egg of Brahma; and it reappears among the Yorubas as a pair of calabashes put together like oyster-shells, one making a dome over the other. In Zulu-land the earth is a huge beast called Usilosimapundu, whose face is a rock, and whose mouth is very large and broad and red: "in some countries which were on his body it was winter, and in others it was early harvest." Many broad rivers flow over his back, and he is covered with forests and hills, as is indicated in his name, which means "the rugose or knotty-backed beast."* In this group of conceptions may be seen the origin of Sindbad's great fish, which lay still so long that sand and clay gradually accumulated upon its back, and at last it became covered with trees. And lastly, passing from barbaric folk-lore and from the Arabian Nights to the highest level of Indo-European intelligence, do we not find both Plato and Kepler amusing themselves with speculations in which the earth figures as a stupendous animal?

In concluding this somewhat rambling and unsystematic series of dissertations, in which I have endeavored to touch briefly upon a great many of the most important points in mythology, I think it right to observe that, in order to avoid confusing the general reader with intricate discussions, I have sometimes expressed myself with definite dogmatism where a sceptical attitude of mind would perhaps have been more becoming. In treating of popular legends and superstitions, the paths of inquiry are circuitous enough, and seldom can we reach a satisfactory conclusion until we have travelled all the way around Robin Hood's barn and back again. I am sure that the reader would not have thanked me for obstructing these tortuous avenues with the thorns and brambles of philological discussion, to such an extent as perhaps to make him despair of ever reach-

* Tylor, *op. cit.* p. 336.

* Callaway, *op. cit.* p. 184.

ing the high road. I have not been attempting to review, otherwise than incidentally, the works of Müller, Kuhn, and Bréal; but rather to present the results at which these scholars have arrived, in such a way as to awaken general interest in them. And accordingly, in dealing with a subject which depends upon philology almost as much as astronomy depends upon mathematics, I have omitted philological considerations wherever it has been possible to do so. Nevertheless, I believe that nothing has been advanced as established which is not generally admitted by scholars and that nothing has been advanced as

probable for which due evidence cannot be produced. Yet among many points which are proved, and many others which are probable, there must always remain many other facts of which we cannot feel sure that our own explanation is the true one; and the student who endeavors to fathom the primitive thoughts of mankind, as embodied in mythology, will do well to bear in mind the modest words of Jacob Grimm, — himself the greatest scholar and thinker who has ever dealt with this class of subjects, — “I shall indeed interpret all that I can, but I cannot interpret all that I should like.”

John Fiske.

DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

IF it were not that the public cherishes rather singular and fluctuating notions with regard to the private and familiar intercourse of authors, the reports which follow would need no prologue. But between the two classes of readers, one of which innocently supposes T. Percy Jones to be the strange and terrible being whom they find represented in his “Firmilian,” while the other, having discovered, by a few startling disillusionings, that the race of authors is Janus-faced, is sure that T. Percy Jones is the exact opposite of his poetical self, there has arisen a confusion which it may be well to correct.

The authors themselves, I am aware, are chiefly responsible for these opposite impressions. When Joaquin Miller at Niagara, standing on the brink of the American precipice, kisses his hands grandly to Canada, exclaiming “England, I thank you!” or when Martin Farquhar Tupper, in a speech at New York, cries out with noble magnanimity, “America, be not afraid, I will protect you!” the public might

reasonably expect to find all poets visibly trailing their mantles in our streets. But when an eager listener, stealing behind Irving and Halleck at an evening party, found them talking of—shoe-leather! and a breathless devotee of Thackeray, sitting opposite to him at the dinner-table, saw those Delphian lips unclothe only to utter the words, “Another potato, if you please!”—they had revelations which might cast a dreadful suspicion over the nature of the whole tribe of authors.

I would not have the reader imagine that the members of the Echo Club are represented by either of these extremes. They are authors, of different ages and very unequal places in public estimation. It would never occur to them to seat themselves on self-constructed pyramids, and speak as if The Ages were listening; yet, like their brethren of all lands and all times, the staple of their talk is literature. What Englishmen call “the shop,” is an inevitable feature of their conversation. They can never come together without discussing the literary news of the day,

the qualities of prominent authors, living or dead, and sometimes their own. However the enlightened listener might smile at the positiveness of their opinions, and the contradictions into which they are sometimes led in the lawless play and keen clash of the lighter intellect, he could not fail to recognize the sovereign importance they attach to their art. Without lifting from their intercourse that last veil of mystery, behind which only equals are permitted to pass, I may safely try to report the mixture of sport and earnest, of satire and enthusiasm, of irreverent audacity and pure aspiration, which met and mingled at their meetings. If the reader cannot immediately separate these elements, it is no fault of mine. He is most desirous, I know, to be present at the private diversions of a small society of authors, and to hear them talk as they are wont to talk when the wise heads of the world are out of ear-shot.

The character which the society assumed for a short time was entirely accidental. As one of the Chorus, I was present at the first meeting, and of course I never failed afterwards. The four authors who furnished our entertainment were not aware that I had written down, from memory, the substance of the conversations, until our evenings came to an end, and I have had some difficulty in obtaining their permission to publish my reports. The Ancient and Galahad feared that certain poets whom they delight to honor might be annoyed, not so much at the sportive imitation of their manner, as at the possible misconception of its purpose by the public. But Zoilus and the Gannet agreed with me, that where no harm is meant none can be inflicted; that the literature of our day is in a sad state of bewilderment and confusion, and that a few effervescing powders would perhaps soothe the public stomach which has been overdosed with startling effects.

At last the Ancient said: "So be it, then! Take the poems, but don't bring your manuscript to us for cor-

rection! I am quite sure you have often reported us falsely, and if your masks of names are pulled off, we will have that defence."

I have only to add that the three or four gentlemen comprising the Chorus are not authors by profession. The Ancient is in the habit of dividing the race of artists into active and passive,—the latter possessing the artistic temperament, the tastes, the delights, the instincts of the race,—everything, except that creative gadfly which stings to expression. In every quality except production they are the equals of the producers, he says; and they are quite as necessary to the world as the active artists, since they are the first to recognize the good points of the latter, to strengthen them with warm, intelligent sympathy, and to commend them to the slower perceptions and more uncertain tastes of the mass of readers. I am certain, at least, that our presence and participation in the amusements was a gentle stimulus to the principal actors. We were their enthusiastic audience, and kept them fresh and warm to their work. I do not record our share in the conversation, for there is sufficient diversity of opinion without it; and I made no notes of it at the time.—THE NAMELESS REPORTER.

In the rear of Karl Schäfer's lager-beer cellar and restaurant—which every one knows is but a block from the central part of Broadway—there is a small room, with a vaulted ceiling, which Karl calls his *Löwengrube*, or Lions' Den. Here, in their Bohemian days, Zoilus and the Gannet had been accustomed to meet, discuss literary projects, and read fragments of manuscript to each other. The Chorus, the Ancient and young Galahad gradually fell into the same habit, and thus a little circle of six, seven, or eight members came to be formed. The room could comfortably contain no more: it was quiet, with a dim, smoky, confidential atmosphere, and suggested Auerbach's Cellar to the Ancient, who had been in Leipzig.

Here, authors, books, magazines, and newspapers were talked about; sometimes a manuscript poem was read by its writer; while mild potatoes of beer and the dreamy breath of cigars delayed the nervous, fidgety, clattering-footed American Hours. One night they chanced upon a discussion of Morris's "Earthly Paradise," which Galahad rapturously admired, while the Ancient continued to draw him out, at first by guarded praise, then by critical objections to the passages which Galahad quoted. The conversation finally took this turn:—

GALAHAD. Indeed, you are not just! Tell me, have you read the whole work?

THE ANCIENT. Yes: I had it with me on my last trip to Havana, and read all three volumes under the most favorable auspices,—lying on deck in the shadow of a sail, with the palms and mangroves of the Bahamas floating past, in the distance. Just so I floated through the narrative poems, one after the other, admiring the story-teller's art, heartily enjoying many passages, accepting even the unnecessary quaintness of the speech, and at first disposed to say, "Here is a genuine poet!" But I was conscious of a lack of something, which, in my lazy mood, I did not attempt to analyze. When the lines and scenes and characters began to fade in my mind (which they did almost immediately), I found that the final impression which the work left behind was very much like the Hades of the Greeks,—a gray, misty, cheerless land, full of wandering shadows,—a place where there is no sun, no clear, conscious, joyous life, where even fortunate love is sad, where hope is unknown to the heart, and there is nothing in the distance but death, and nothing after it. There had been a languid and rather agreeable sense of enjoyment; but it was followed by a chill.

GALAHAD. Oh!

THE GANNET. How often have I told you, Galahad, that you're too easily taken off your feet! He's very

clever, I admit; but there's a deal of trick in it, for all that. His revival of obsolete words, his imitation of Chaucer—

GALAHAD (*impatiently*). Imitation!

THE GANNET. Well,—only half, and half similarity of talent. But no writer can naturally assume a manner of speech which has long fallen into disuse, even in literature: so far as he does so, he is artificial. And this artifice Morris carries into his pictures of sentiment and passion. You cease to feel with and for his characters, long before he has done with them.

GALAHAD. As human beings, perhaps; but as conceptions of beauty, they have another existence.

THE GANNET. When I want a Greek frieze, let me have it in marble! Yes, he's a skilful workman, and a successful one, as his popularity proves. And he's lucky in producing his canned fruit after Swinburne's curry and pepper-sauce: but it is *canned*. I don't say I could equal him in his own line, for that requires natural inclination as well as knack, yet I think I could give you something exactly in his style, in ten minutes.

THE ANCIENT. Challenge him, Galahad!

THE GANNET. Get me paper and pencil! I will at least try. Now, Galahad, put up your watch; I only stipulate that you don't time me too exactly. Stay!—take another sheet and try the same thing yourself.

(They write; meanwhile the others talk.)

THE GANNET (*after twenty minutes*). I have failed in time, because I began wrong. I tried to write a serious passage in Morris's manner, and my own habit of expression immediately came in as a disturbing influence. Then I gave up the plan of producing something really earnest and coherent,—that is, I kept in mind the manner, alone, and let the matter come of itself. Very little effort was required, I found: the lines arranged themselves easily enough. Now, lend me your ears: it is a passage from "The Taming of

Themistocles," in the ninth volume of the "Earthly Paradise": (*Reads*)

"He must be helpen; yet how help shall I,
Steeped to the lips in ancient misery,
And by the newer grief appalled?
If that I throw these ashes on mine head,
Do this thing for thee, — while about my way
A shadow gathers, and the piteous day,
So wan and bleak for very loneliness,
Turneth from sight of such untruthfulness?"
Therewith he caught an arrow from the sheaf,
And brake the shaft in witlessness of grief;
But Chiton's vest, such dismal fear she had,
Shook from the heart that sorely was a-drad,
And she began, withouten any pause,
To say: "Why break the old Æolian laws,
Send this man forth, that never harm hath done,
Between the risen and the setten sun?"

And next, they wandered to a steepy hill,
Whence all the land was lying gray and still,
And not a living creature there might be,
From the cold mountains to the salt, cold sea;
Only, within a little cove, one sail
Shook, as it whimpered at the cruel gale,
And the mast moaned from chafing of the rope;
So all was pain: they saw not any hope.

ZÖILUS. But that is no imitation! You have copied a passage out of — out of — pshaw! I know the poem, and I remember the lines.

THE GANNET (*indignantly*). Out of Milton, why not say? — Where you'll be just as likely to find them. Now, let me hear yours, Galahad; you were writing.

GALAHAD (*crushing the paper in his hand*). Mine is neither one thing nor the other, — not the author's poetic dialect throughout, nor hinting of his choice of subjects. I began something, which was really my own, and then gradually ran into an echo. I think *you* have hit upon the true method; and we must try again, since we know it.

THE GANNET. Why not try others, — a dozen of them? By Jove, I should like some mere gymnastics, after the heavy prose I've been writing! And you, too, Galahad, and the Ancient (if his ponderous dignity does n't prevent it); and here's Zöilus, the very fellow for such a diversion! We can come together, here, and be a private, secret club of Parodists, — of Echoes, — of Iconoclasts, — of —

THE ANCIENT. Of irreverent satirists, I fear. That would be a new kind of a *Hainbund*, indeed; but, after all,

it need not be ill-natured. At least, to insure yourselves against relapsing into mere burlesque and incidental depreciation, — which is a tempting, but nearly always a fatal course, for young writers, — I must be present. My indifference, as you call it, which sometimes provokes you when I cannot share all your raptures, may do good service in keeping you from rushing into the opposite extreme. As for taking part in the work, I won't promise to do much. You know I am a man of uncertain impulses, and can get nothing out of myself by force of resolution.

OMNES. O, you must take part! It will be capital sport.

THE ANCIENT (*deliberately, between the whiffs of his cigar*). First of all, let us clearly understand what is to be done. To undertake *parodies*, as the word is generally comprehended, — that is, to make a close imitation of some particular poem, though it should be characteristic of the author, — would be rather a flat business. Even the Brothers Smith and Bon Gaultier, admirable as they are, stuck too closely to selected models; and Phebe Cary, who has written the best American parodies, did the same thing. I think the Gannet has discovered something altogether more original and satisfactory, — a simple echo of the author's tone and manner. The choice of a subject gives another chance of fun.

(*He takes up the GANNET's imitation and looks over it.*)

Here the dialect and movement and atmosphere are suggested; the exaggeration is neither coarse nor extreme, and the comical effect seems to lie mainly in the circumstance that it *is* a wilful imitation. If we were to find the passage in one of Morris's poems, we might think it carelessly written, somewhat obscure, but still in the same key with what precedes and follows it. Possibly, nay, almost certainly, it would not amuse us at all; but just now I noticed that even Galahad could not help laughing. A diver-

sion of this sort is less a labor and more a higher and finer recreation of the mind, than the mechanical setting of some given poem, line by line, to a ludicrous subject, like those endless and generally stupid parodies of Longfellow's "Excelsior" and Emerson's "Brahma." For heaven's — no, Homer's — sake, let us not fall into that vein!

THE GANNET. Thou speakest well.

GALAHAD. But how shall we select the authors? And shall I be required to make my own demigods ridiculous?

ZÖILUS. Let me prove to you, by one of your own demigods, that nothing can be either sublime or ridiculous. Poetry is the Brahma of literature, — above all, pervading all, self-existent, though so few find her (and men of business reckon ill who leave her out), and therefore quite unmoved by anything we may do. Don't you remember the lines: —

"Far or forgot to me is near,
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame."

THE ANCIENT. You are right, Zöilus, in spite of your sarcasm. Besides, it is an evidence of a poet's distinct individuality, when he can be amusingly imitated. We can only make those the objects of our fun whose manner or dialect stamps itself so deeply into our minds that a new cast can be taken. We are sporting around great, and sometimes little names, like birds or cats or lizards around the feet, and over the shoulders, and on the heads of statues. Now, there's an idea for a poem, Galahad. But, seriously, how would you imitate Pollok's "Course of Time," or Young's "Night Thoughts," or Blair's "Grave," or any other of those masses of words, which are too ponderous for poetry and too respectable for absurdity! Either extreme will do for us, excellence or imbecility; but it must have a distinct, pronounced character.

THE GANNET. Come, now! I'm eager for another trial.

THE ANCIENT. Let us each write

the names of three or four poets on separate slips of paper, and throw them into my hat; then let each draw out one slip as his model for to-night. Thus there will be no clashing of tastes or inclinations, and our powers of imitation will be more fairly tested.

(They write three names apiece, the CHORUS taking part. Then all are thrown into THE ANCIENT'S hat and shaken up together.)

GALAHAD *(drawing)*. Robert Browning.

THE GANNET. So is mine.

ZÖILUS. Edgar A. Poe.

THE ANCIENT. Some of us have written the same names. Well, let it be so to-night. If we find the experiment diverting, we can easily avoid any such repetition next time. Moreover, Browning alone will challenge echoes from all of us; and I am curious to see whether the several imitations will reflect the same characteristics of his style. It will, at least, show whether his stamp upon each mind has any common likeness to the original.

THE GANNET. A good idea! But Zöilus is already possessed by the spirit of Poe; not, I hope in the manner of Dr. Garth Wilkinson of London, whose volume of poems dictated by the spirits of dead authors is the most astonishing collection I ever saw. He makes Poe's "wet locks" rhyme to his "fetlocks"! It is even worse than Harris's "Epic of the Starry Heavens," dictated to him in forty-eight hours by Dante. By the by, we have a good chance to test this matter of possession; the suggestion nimbly and sweetly recommends itself to my fancy. But since I was your pioneer to-night, I'll even rest until Zöilus has finished; then, let us all start fairly.

ZÖILUS *(a few minutes later)*. If this is at all good, it is not because of labor. I had an easier task than the Gannet. *(Reads.)*

THE PROMISSORY NOTE.

In the lonesome latter years,
(Fatal years!)

To the dropping of my tears
Danced the mad and mystic spheres
In a rounded, reeling rune,
 'Neath the moon,

To the dripping and the dropping of my tears.

Ah, my soul is swathed in gloom,
 (Ululume !)

In a dim Titanic tomb,
For my gaunt and gloomy soul
Ponders o'er the penal scroll,
O'er the parchment (not a rhyme),
Out of place, — out of time, —
I am shredded, shorn, unshifty,
 (O, the fifty !)

And the days have passed, the three,
 Over me !

And the debit and the credit are as one to him and me !

'T was the random runes I wrote
At the bottom of the note
 (Wrote, and freely
 Gave to Greeley),

In the middle of the night,
In the mellow, moonless night,
When the stars were out of sight,
When my pulses, like a knell,
 (Israfel !)

Danced with dim and dying fays
O'er the ruins of my days,
O'er the dimeless, timeless days,
When the fifty, drawn at thirty,
Seeming thrifty, yet the dirty

Lucre of the market, was the most that I could raise !

Fiends controlled it,
 (Let him hold it !)

Devils held for me the inkstand and the pen ;
Now the days of grace are o'er,
 (Ah, Lenore !)

I am but as other men :
What is time, time, time,
To my rare and runic rhyme,
To my random, reeling rhyme,
By the sands along the shore,

Where the tempest whispers, " Pay him ! " and I
 answer, " Nevermore ! "

GALAHAD. What do you mean by
the reference to Greeley ?

ZÖILUS. I thought everybody had
heard that Greeley's only autograph of
Poe was a signature to a promissory
note for fifty dollars. He offers to sell
it for half the money. Now, I don't
mean to be wicked, and to do nothing
with the dead except bone 'em, but
when such a cue pops into one's mind,
what is one to do ?

THE ANCIENT. O, I think you're
still within decent limits ! There was
a congenital twist about poor Poe.
We can't entirely condone his faults,
yet we stretch our charity so as to
cover as much as possible. His po-
etry has a hectic flush, a strange, fas-
cinating, narcotic quality, which be-

longs to him alone. Baudelaire and
Swinburne after him have been trying
to surpass him by increasing the dose ;
but his Muse is the natural Pythia, in-
heriting her convulsions, while they
eat all sorts of insane roots to produce
theirs.

GALAHAD (*eagerly*). Did you ever
know him ?

THE ANCIENT. I met him two or
three times, heard him lecture once
(his enunciation was exquisite), and
saw him now and then in Broadway, —
enough to satisfy me that there were
two men in him : one, a refined gentle-
man, an aspiring soul, an artist among
those who had little sense of literary
art ; the other —

ZÖILUS. Go on !

THE ANCIENT. " Built his nest with
the birds of Night." No more of that !
Now let us all invoke the demigod,
Browning.

GALAHAD. It will be a task.

ZÖILUS. I don't think so ; it's even
simpler than what we've done. Why,
Browning's manner is as distinctly his
own as Carlyle's, and sometimes as
wilfully artificial. In fact, he is so
peculiarly himself that no younger poet
has dared to imitate his fashion of
speech, although many a one tries to
follow him in the choice and treatment
of subjects. Browning is the most
dramatic of poets since Shakespeare ;
don't you think so, Ancient ?

THE ANCIENT. In everything but
language, perhaps. I should prefer to
call him a psychologist. His subtle
studies of all varieties of character are
wonderful, if you look at the substance
only ; but every one of them, from first
to last, speaks with the voice of Brown-
ing. Take " The Ring and the Book,"
for instance, — and I consider it one of
the most original and excellent poems
in the English language, — and in each
of the twelve divisions you will find
exactly the same interruptions, paren-
theses, ellipses, the same coinage of
illustration and play of recondite hints
under what is expressed. I should
guess that he writes very rapidly, and
concerns himself little with any objec-

tive theories of art. You ought to copy his manner easily enough.

ZOÏLUS. I can. I have caught the idea already. (*He takes a pencil and writes rapidly. GALAHAD and the GANNET also begin to write, but slowly.*)

THE CHORUS (*to the ANCIENT*). Why don't you begin?

THE ANCIENT. I was deliberating; what a range of forms there is! He is as inexhaustible as Raphael, and he always expresses the same sense of satisfaction in his work. Well, anything will do for a subject. (*Writes.*)

ZOÏLUS (*after a few minutes*). Hark-en! I must read at once, or I shall go on writing forever; it bewilders me. (*Reads.*)

Who *wills*, may hear Sordello's story told
By Robert Browning: warm? (you ask) or cold?
But just so much as seemeth to enhance—
The start being granted, onward goes the dance
To its own music—the poem's inward sense;
So, by its verity . . . nay, no pretence
Avails your self-created bards, and thus
By just the chance of half a hair to us,
If understood . . . but what the odds to you,
Who, with no obligations to pursue
Scant tracks of thought, if such, indeed, there be
In this one poem,—stay, my friend, and see
Whether you note that creamy tint of flesh,
Softer than bivalve pink, impearled and fresh,
Just where the small o' the back goes curving down
To orbic muscles . . . ha! that sidelong frown
Pursing the eye, and folded, deeply cleft
I' the nostril's edge, as though contempt were left
Just o'er the line that bounds indifference. . . .
But here 's the test of any closer sense
(You follow me?) such as I started with;
And there be minds that seek the very pith,
Crowd close, bore deep, push far, and reach the light
Through league-long tunnels—

GALAHAD (*interrupting*). But that is Sordello you're reading!

ZOÏLUS. Yes, mine. I am one of the few who have bored their way through that amazing work. Browning's "Sordello" (if you ever read it, you will remember) begins with something about "Pentapolin o' the Naked Arm." It is not any particular passage, but the manner of the whole poem which I've tried to reproduce; a little exaggerated, to be sure, but not much. Now, I call this perplexity, not profundity. Wasn't it the Swedish poet, Tegner, who said, "The obscurely uttered is the obscurely thought"?

THE ANCIENT. Yes; and it is true

in regard to poetry, however the case may be with metaphysics. But we have a right to be vexed with Browning, when, in the dedicatory letter to the new edition of "Sordello," he says that he had taken pains to make the work something "which the many *might*, instead of what the few *must*, like," but, after all, did not choose to publish the revised copy. There is a touch of arrogance in this expression which I should rather not have encountered. The "*must*" which he flings at the few is far more offensive than utter indifference to all readers would have been; and not even those few can make us accept "Sordello." However, *multum creavit* is as good a plea as *multum dilexit*. Browning has a royal brain, and we owe him too much to bear malice against him. Only, we must not encourage our masters in absolute rule, or they will become tyrants.

ZOÏLUS. I don't acknowledge any masters!

THE ANCIENT. We all know that. Now, Galahad, what have you done?

GALAHAD (*reads*):—

BY THE SEA.

(*Mutatis mutandis.*)

I.

Is it life or is it death?
A whiff of the cool salt scum,
As the whole sea puffed its breath
Against you,—blind and dumb,
This way it answereth.

II.

Nearer the sands it shows
Spotted and leprous tints;
But stay! yon fisher knows
Rock-tokens, which evince
How high the tide arose.

III.

How high? In you and me
'T was falling then, I think;
Open your heart's eyes, see
From just so slight a chink
The chasm that now must be.

IV.

You sighed and shivered then,
Blue ecstasies of June
Around you, shouts of fishermen,
Sharp wings of sea-gulls, soon
To dip—the clock struck ten!

V.

Was it the cup too full,
To carry it you grew

Too nervous, the wine's hue too dull,
(Dulness, misjudged, untrue !)
Love's flower unfit to cull?

VI.

You should have held me fast
One moment, stopped my pace,
Crushed down the feeble, vast
Suggestions of embrace,
And so be crowned at last.

VII.

But now ! . . . Bare-legged and brown
Bait-diggers delve the sand,
Tramp i' the sunshine down
Burnt-ochre vested land,
And yonder stares the town.

VIII.

A heron screams ! I shut
This book of scurf and scum,
Its final page uncut ;
The sea-beast, blind and dumb,
Done with his bellowing ? All but !

THE GANNET. It seems we have all hit upon the obvious characteristics, especially those which are most confusing. There is something very like that in the "*Dramatis Personæ*," or there seems to be. Now, I wonder how my attempt will strike you ? (*Reads.*)

ANGELO ORDERS HIS DINNER.

I, Angelo, obese, black-garmented,
Respectable, much in demand, well fed
With mine own larder's dainties, — where, indeed,
Such cakes of myrrh or fine alyssum seed,
Thin as a mallow-leaf, embrowned o' the top,
Which, cracking, lets the ropy, trickling drop
Of sweetness touch your tongue, or potted nests
Which my recondite recipe invests
With cold conglomerate tidbits — ah, the bill !
(You say,) but given it were mine to fill
My chests, the case so put were yours, we'll say,
(This counter, here, your post, as mine to-day,)
And you've an eye to luxuries, what harm
In smoothing down your palate with the charm
Yourself concocted ? There we issue take ;
And see ! as thus across the rim I break
This puffy paunch of glazed embroidered cake,
So breaks, through use, the lust of watering chaps
And craveth plainness : do I so ? Perhaps ;
But that's my secret. Find me such a man
As Lippo yonder, built upon the plan
Of heavy storage, double-navelled, fat
From his own giblets' oils, an Ararat
Uplift o'er water, sucking rosy draughts
From Noah's vineyard, — . . . crisp, enticing wafts
Von kitchen now emits, which to your sense
Somewhat abate the fear of old events,
Qualms to the stomach, — I, you see, am slow
Unnecessary duties to forego, —
You understand ? A venison haunch, *haut gout*,
Ducks that in Cimbrian olives mildly stew,
And sprigs of anise, might one's teeth provoke
To taste, and so we wear the complex yoke
Just as it suits, — my liking, I confess,
More to receive, and to partake no less,

Still more obese, while through thick adipose
Sensation shoots, from testing tongue to toes
Far off, dim-conscious, at the body's verge,
Where the froth-whispers of its waves emerge
On the untasting sand. Stay, now ! a seat
Is bare : I, Angelo, will sit and eat.

THE CHORUS. There's no mistaking any of them !

THE ANCIENT. And yet what a wealth of forms and moods there is left ! You have only touched the poet on two or three of his thousand sides. Whoever should hear these imitations first, and then take up the original works, would recognize certain fashions here and there, but he would be wholly unprepared for the special best qualities of Browning.

THE CHORUS. How, then, have *you* fared ?

THE ANCIENT. I'm afraid I've violated the very law I laid down at the beginning. But I took the first notion that came into my head, and I could not possibly make it either all imitation or all burlesque. However, hear, and then punish me as you like ! (*Reads.*)

ON THE TRACK.

Where the crags are close, and the railway-curve
Begins to swerve
From its straight-shot course i' the level plain
To the hills again,
At the end of the twilight, when you mark
The denser dark

Blown by the wind from the heights, that make
A cold, coiled snake
Round the shuddering world, as a Midgards-orm-
like, sinuous form, —
With scant-cut hosen, jacket in hands,
The small boy stands.

Clipt by the iron ways, shiny and straight,
You see him wait,
'Twixt the coming thunder and the rock,
To fend the shock,
As a mite should stay, with its wriggling force,
A planet's course.

Even as he dances, leaps, and stoops,
The black train swoops
Up from the level : wave jacket, cry !
Must all then die ?
Sweating, the small boy smiles again ;
He has stopped the train !

GALAHAD. Well, that somehow suggests to me two poems : his "Love among the Ruins," and the "Incident of the French Camp," yet it is not an imitation of either. I should only apply to it the same criticism as to my

own, — that it gives no hint of Browning's subtle and ingenious way of dealing with the simplest subjects. He seems always to seek some other than the ordinary and natural point of view. I believe he could change "Mother Hubbard" and "Kits, cats, sacks, and wives" into profound psychological poems.

THE ANCIENT. Now, why did n't you say that before we began? I might have made, at least, a more grotesque failure. But, O Gambrinus! our glasses have been empty this hour. Ring for the waiter, Galahad; let us refresh our wearied virtue, and depart!

OMNES (*touching glasses*). To be continued! [Exeunt.]

SOME ARCADIAN SHEPHERDS.

ONE day, near the close of the seventeenth century, a number of ladies and gentlemen — mostly poets and poetesses according to their thinking — were assembled on a pleasant hill in the neighborhood of Rome. As they lounged upon the grass, in attitudes as graceful and picturesque as they could contrive, and listened to a sonnet or an ode with the sweet patience of their race, — for they were all Italians, — it occurred to the most conscious man among them, that here was something uncommonly like the Golden Age, unless that epoch had been flattered. There had been reading and praising of odes and sonnets the whole blessed afternoon, and now he cried out to the complaisant, canorous company, "Behold Arcadia revived in us!"

This struck everybody at once by its truth. It struck, most of all, a certain Giovan Maria Crescimbeni, honored in his day and despised in ours as a poet and critic. He was of a cold, dull temperament; "a mind half lead, half wood," as one Italian writer calls him; but he was an inveterate maker of verses, and he was wise in his own generation. He straightway proposed to tuneful *abbés*, *cavalieri serventi*, and *précieuses*, who went singing and love-making up and down Italy in those times, the foundation of a new academy, to be called the Academy of the Arcadians.

Literary academies were then the fashion in Italy, and every part of the peninsula abounded in them. They bore names fanciful or grotesque, such as The Ardent, The Illuminated, The Unconquered, The Intrepid, or The Dissonant, The Sterile, The Insipid, The Obtuse, The Lost, The Stunned, and they were all established for one purpose, namely, the production and the perpetuation of twaddle. It is prodigious to think of the incessant wash of slip-slop which they poured out in verse; of the grave disputations they held upon the most trivial questions; of the insane formalities of their sessions. At the meetings of a famous academy in Milan, they placed in the chair a child just able to talk; a question was proposed, and the answer of the child, whatever it was, was held by one side to solve the problem, and the debates, *pro* and *con*, followed upon this point. Other academies in other cities had other follies; but whatever the absurdity, it was encouraged alike by Church and State, and honored by all the great world. The governments of Italy in that day, whether lay or clerical, liked nothing so well as to have the intellectual life of the nation squandered in the trivialities of the academies, — in their debates about nothing, their odes and madrigals and masks and sonnets; and the greatest politeness you could show a stranger was to invite him to a sitting of your

academy; while to be furnished with a letter to the academy in the next city, was the highest favor you could ask for yourself.

In literature, the wholesome Bernesque school had passed; Tasso had long been dead; and the Neapolitan Marini, called the Corrupter of Italian poetry, ruled from his grave the taste of the time. This taste was so bad as to require a very desperate remedy, and it was professedly to counteract it that the Academy of the Arcadians had arisen.

The epoch was favorable, and, as Emiliani-Giudici (whom we shall follow for the present) teaches, in his History of Italian Literature, the idea of Crescimbeni spread electrically throughout Italy. The gayest of the finest ladies and gentlemen the world ever saw, the *illustrissimi* of that polite age, united with monks, priests, cardinals, and scientific thinkers in establishing the Arcadia; and even popes and kings were proud to enlist in the crusade for the true poetic faith. In all the chief cities Arcadian colonies were formed, "dependent upon the Roman Arcadia, as upon the supreme Arch-Flock," and in three years the Academy numbered thirteen hundred members, every one of whom had first been obliged to give proof that he was a good poet. They prettily called themselves by the names of shepherds and shepherdesses, out of Theocritus, and, being a republic, they refused to own any earthly prince or ruler, but declared the Baby Jesus to be the Protector of Arcadia. Their code of laws was written in elegant Latin by a grave and learned man, and inscribed upon tablets of marble.

According to one of the articles, the Academicians must study to reproduce the customs of the ancient Arcadians and the character of their poetry; and straightway, says Emiliani-Giudici, "Italy was filled on every hand with Thyrses, Menalches, and Mëlibœuses, who made their harmonious songs resound the names of their Chlorises, their Phillises, their Niceas; and there was poured out a deluge of pastoral

compositions," some of them by "earnest thinkers and philosophical writers, who were not ashamed to assist in sustaining that miserable literary vanity which, in the history of human thought, will remain a lamentable witness to the moral depression of the Italian nation."

As a pattern of perfect poetizing, these artless nymphs and swains chose Constanzo, a very fair poet of the sixteenth century. They collected his verse, and printed it at the expense of the Academy; and it was established without dissent that each Arcadian in turn, at the hut of some conspicuous Shepherd, in the presence of the Keeper (such was the jargon of those most amusing unrealities), should deliver a commentary upon some sonnet of Constanzo. As for Crescimbeni, who declared that Arcadia was instituted "strictly for the purpose of exterminating bad taste, and of guarding against its revival, pursuing it continually, wherever it should pause or lurk, even to the most remote and unconsidered villages and hamlets," — Crescimbeni could not do less than write four dialogues, as he did, in which he evolved from four of Constanzo's sonnets all that was necessary for Tuscan lyric poetry.

"Thus," says Emiliani-Giudici, referring to the crusading intent of Crescimbeni, "the Arcadians were a sect of poetical Sanfedists, who, taking for example the zeal and performance of San Domingo de Guzman, proposed to renew in literature the scenes of the Holy Office among the Albigenses; happily, the fire of Arcadian verse did not really burn! The institution was at first derided, then it triumphed and prevailed in such fame and greatness that, shining forth like a new sun, it consumed the splendor of the lesser lights of heaven, eclipsing the glitter of all those academies — the Thunderstruck, the Extravagant, the Humid, the Topsy, the Imbeciles, and the like — which had hitherto formed the glory of the Peninsula."

Giuseppe Torelli, a charming modern Italian writer, whose essays have

lately been printed at Florence, in a volume called *Paessaggi e Profili* (Landscapes and Profiles), makes a study of Carlo Innocenzo Frugoni, a very famous Arcadian shepherd, and from this we may learn something of the age and society in which such a folly could not only be possible, but illustrious. The patriotic Italian critics and historians are apt to give at least a full share of blame to foreign rulers for the corruption of their nation, and Signor Torelli finds the Spanish domination over a vast part of Italy responsible for the degradation of Italian mind and manners in the seventeenth century. Nor is it hard to believe that the Spaniards' idleness, ostentation, bigotry, and barbarism of tastes and customs might very well have infected the unlucky people subject to them. At any rate, Torelli declares that because of the Spaniards, the Italian theatre was then silent, "or filled with the noise of insipid allegories"; there was little or no education among the common people; the slender literature that survived existed solely for the amusement and distinction of the great; the army and the Church were the only avenues of escape from obscurity and poverty; all classes were sunk in indolence.

The social customs were mostly copied from France, except that purely Italian invention, the *cavaliere servente*, who was in great vogue. But there were everywhere in the cities coteries of fine ladies, called *preziose*, who were formed upon the French *précieuses* ridiculed by Molière, and were, I suppose, something like what is called in Boston demi-semi-literary ladies, — ladies who cultivated alike the muses and the modes. The *preziose* held weekly receptions at their houses, and assembled poets and cavaliers from all quarters, who entertained the ladies with their lampoons and gallantries, their madrigals and gossip, their sonnets and their repartees. "Little by little the poets had the better of the cavaliers: a felicitous rhyme was valued more than an elaborately constructed compliment." And this easy form of lit-

erature became the highest fashion. People hastened to call themselves by the sentimental pastoral names of the Arcadians, and almost forgot their love-intrigues, so much were they absorbed in the production and applause of "toasts, epitaphs for dogs, verses on wagers, epigrams on fruits, on Echo, on the Marchesa's canaries, on the Saints. These were read here and repeated there, declaimed in the public resorts and on the promenades," and gravely studied and commented on. A strange and surprising jargon arose, the utterance of the feeblest and emptiest affectation. "In those days eyes were not eyes, but pupils; not pupils, but orbs; not orbs, but the Devil knows what," says Signor Torelli, losing patience. It was the golden age of pretty words; and as to the sense of a composition, good society troubled itself very little about that. Good society expressed itself in a sort of poetical gibberish, "and whoever had said, for example, Muses instead of Castalian Divinities, would have passed for a low-bred person dropped from some mountain village. Men of fine mind, rich gentlemen of leisure, brilliant and accomplished ladies, had resolved that the time was come to lose their wits academically."

In such a world Arcadia flourished; into such a world that illustrious Shepherd, Carlo Innocenzo Frugoni, was born. He was the younger son of a noble family of Genoa, and in youth was sent into a cloister as a genteel means of existence, rather than from regard to his own wishes or fitness. He was, in fact, of a very gay and mundane temper, and escaped from his monastery as soon as ever he could, and spent his long life thereafter at the comfortable court of Parma, where he sang with great constancy the fortunes of varying dynasties, and celebrated in his verse all the polite events of society. Of course, even a life so pleasant as this had its little pains and mortifications; and it is history that when, in 1731, the last duke of the Farnese family died, leaving a widow, "Frugoni

predicted and maintained in twenty-five sonnets that she would yet give an heir to the duke ; but in spite of the twenty-five sonnets, the affair turned out otherwise, and the extinction of the house of Farnese was written."

Frugoni, however, was taken into favor by the Spanish Bourbon who succeeded, and after he had got himself unfrocked with infinite difficulty (and only upon the intercession of divers princes and prelates,) he was as happy as any man of real talent could be, who devoted his gifts to the merest intellectual trifling. Not long before his death he was addressed by one that wished to write his life. He made answer that he had been a versifier and nothing more, epigrammatically recounted the chief facts of his career, and ended by saying, "of what I have written it is not worth while to speak"; and posterity has agreed with him, though, of course, no edition of the Italian classics would be perfect without him. We know this from the classics of our own tongue, which abound in marvels of insipidity and emptiness.

But all this does not make him less interesting as a figure in that amusing literarified society, and we may be glad to see him in Parma with Signor Torelli's eyes, as he "issues smug, ornate, with his well-fitting, polished shoe, his handsome leg in its neat stocking, his whole immaculate person, and his demure visage, and gently sauntering from Casa Caprara, takes his way towards Casa Landi."

I do not know Casa Landi; I have never seen it; and yet I think I can tell you of it: a gloomy-fronted pile of Romanesque architecture, the lower story remarkable for its weather-stained, vermiculated stone, and the ornamental iron gratings at the windows. The *porte-cochère* stands wide open, and shows the leaf and blossom of a lovely garden inside, with a tinkling fountain in the midst. The marble nymphs and naiads inhabiting the shrubbery and the water are already somewhat time-worn, and have here and

there a touch of envious mildew; but as yet their noses are unbroken, and they have all the legs and arms that the sculptor designed them with; and the fountain, which after disasters must choke, plays prettily enough over their nude loveliness; for it is now the first half of the eighteenth century, and Casa Landi is the uninvaded sanctuary of *Illustrissimi* and *Illustrissime*. The resplendent porter who admits our melodious Abbate Carlo, and the gay lackey who runs before his smiling face to open the door of the *sala* where the company is assembled, may have had nothing to speak of for breakfast, but they are full of zeal for the grandeur they serve, and would not know what the rights of man were if you told them. They too have their idleness and their intrigues and their life of pleasure; but, poor souls, they fade pitifully in the magnificence of that noble assembly in the *sala*. What coats of silk and waistcoats of satin, what trig rapiers and flowing wigs and laces and ruffles; and, ah me! what hoops and brocades, what paint and patches! Behind the chair of every lady stands her cavaliere servente, or bows before her with a cup of chocolate, or, sweet abasement! stoops to adjust the footstool better to her satin shoe. There is a buzz of satirical expectation, no doubt, till the abbate arrives, "and then, after the first compliments and obeisances," says Signor Torelli, "he throws his hat upon the great arm-chair, recounts the chronicle of the gay world," and prepares for the special entertainment of the occasion.

"What is there new on Parnassus?" he is probably asked.

"Nothing," he replies, 'save the bleating of a lambkin lost upon the lonely heights of the sacred hill.'

"I'll wager," cries one of the ladies, 'that the shepherd who has lost this lambkin is our Abbate Carlo!'

"And what can escape the penetrating eye of Aglauro Cidonia?" retorts Frugoni, softly, with a modest air.

"Let us hear its bleating!" cries the lady of the house.

"Let us hear it!" echo her husband and her cavaliere servente.

"Let us hear it!" cry one, two, three, a half-dozen, visitors.

"Frugoni reads his new production; ten exclamations receive the first strophe; the second awakens twenty *evvivas*; and when the reading is ended the noise of the plaudits is so great that they cannot be counted. His new production has cost Frugoni half an hour's work; it is possibly the answer to some Macænas who has invited him to his country-seat, or the funeral eulogy of some well-known cat. Is fame bought at so cheap a rate? He is a fool who would buy it dearer; and with this reasoning, which certainly is not without foundation, Frugoni remained Frugoni when he might have been something very much better. . . .

"If a bird sang, or a cat sneezed, or a dinner was given, or the talk turned upon anything no matter how remote from poetry, it was still for Frugoni an invitation to some impromptu effusion. If he pricked his finger in mending a pen, he called from on high the god of Lemnos and all the iron-workers of Olympus, not excepting Mars, whom it was not reasonable to disturb for so little, and launched innumerable reproaches at them, since without their invention of arms a penknife would never have been made. If the heavens cleared up after a long rain, all the signs of the zodiac were laid under contribution, and charged to give an account of their performance. If somebody died, he instantly poured forth rivers of tears in company with the nymphs of Eridanus and Heliades; he upbraided Phæthon, Themis, the Shades of Erebus, and the Parcæ. . . . The Amarylises, the Dryads, the Fauns, the woolly lambs, the shepherds, the groves, the demigods, the Castalian Virgins, the loose-haired nymphs, the leafy boughs, the goat-footed gods, the Graces, the pastoral pipes, and all the other sylvan rubbish were the prime materials of every poetic composition."

Signor Torelli is less severe than

Emiliani-Giudici upon the founders of the Arcadia, and thinks they may have had intentions quite different from the academical follies that resulted; while Leigh Hunt, who has some account of the Arcadia in his charming essay on the Sonnet,* feels none of the national shame of the Italian critics, and is able to write of it with perfect gayety. He finds a reason for its amazing success in the childlike traits of Italian character; and, reminding his readers that the Arcadia was established in 1690, declares that what the Englishmen of William and Mary's reign would have received with shouts of laughter, and the French under Louis XIV. would have corrupted and made perilous to decency, "was so mixed up with better things in these imaginative, and, strange as it may seem, most unaffected people, the Italians, — for such they are, — that, far from disgusting a nation accustomed to romantic impulses and to the singing of poetry in their streets and gondolas, their gravest and most distinguished men, and, in many instances, women too, ran childlike into the delusion. The best of their poets," the sweet-tongued Filicaja among others, "accepted farms in Arcadia forthwith; . . . and so little transitory did the fashion turn out to be, that not only was Crescimbeni its active officer for eight-and-thirty years, but the society, to whatever state of insignificance it may have been reduced, exists at the present moment."

Leigh Hunt names among Englishmen who were made Shepherds of Arcadia, Malthias, author of the "Pursuits of Literature," and Joseph Cowper, "who wrote the Memoirs of Iasconi and an historical memoir of Italian tragedy," Haly, and Mrs. Thrall, as well as those poor Della Cruscan whom bloody-minded Gifford champed between his tusked jaws in the now forgotten "Baviad."

Pope Pius VII. gave the Arcadians a suite of apartments in the Vatican;

* The Book of the Sonnet. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

but I dare say the wicked tyranny now existing at Rome has deprived the harmless swains of this shelter, if indeed they had not been turned out before Victor Emanuel came. There is no reason to suppose, however, that the Academy does not still continue to reward ascertained merit by grants of pasturage out of the Republic's inexhaustible domain. Indeed, it is but a few years since one of our own great poets, on a visit to Rome, was waited upon by the secretary of the Arch-Flock, and presented, after due ceremonies, and the reading of a floral and herbaceous sonnet, with a parchment bestowing upon him some very magnificent possessions in that extraordinary dreamland.

We may laugh at the Arcadia, if we will, and say it belonged to a prepos-

terously trivial and unreal age, and sprang from the indolence and vanity of an effeminate people; but there must have been a vast deal of comfort in it, after all. I am thinking what a very complete Arcadia could be equipped in our own country, for example, and what a satisfaction it would be to large numbers of literary people who are now neglected, but who in such a society could be appreciated by statute, and could claim a republican equality with the best. At this moment I have a writer in mind who could be our Crescimbeni, with the modern improvements; and my heart glows when I reflect what a pleasure and privilege Arcadia would be to Mrs. X. and Mr. Y. and Miss Z.! I myself—But this is egotism.

W. D. Howells.

IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

I WATCHED the swans in that proud park,
Which England's Queen looks out upon;
I sat there till the dewy dark,
And every other soul was gone;
And sitting silent, all alone,
I seemed to hear a spirit say,
Be calm; the night is: never moan
For friendships that have passed away.

The swans that vanished from thy sight
Will come to-morrow, at their hour;
But when thy joys have taken flight,
To bring them back no prayer hath power.
'Tis the world's law; and why deplore
A doom that from thy birth was fate?
True, 'tis a bitter word, "No more!"
But look beyond this mortal state.

Believ'st thou in eternal things?
Thou knowest, in thy inmost heart,
Thou art not clay; thy soul hath wings,
And what thou seest is but part.
Make this thy med'cine for the smart
Of every day's distress: Be dumb,
In each new loss thou truly art
Tasting the power of things to come.

T. W. Parsons.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

THE idea of a man's "interviewing" himself *is* rather odd, to be sure. But then that is what we are all of us doing every day. I talk half the time to find out my own thoughts, as a school-boy turns his pockets inside out to see what is in them. He brings to light all sorts of personal property he had forgotten in his inventory.

—You don't know what your thoughts are going to be beforehand? said the "Member of the Haouse," as he calls himself.

—Why, of course I don't. Bless your honest legislative soul, I suppose I have as many bound volumes of notions of one kind and another in my head as you have in your Representatives' library up there at the State House. I have to tumble them over and over and open them in a hundred places, and sometimes cut the leaves here and there, to find what I think about this and that. And a good many people who flatter themselves they are talking wisdom to me, are only helping me to get at the shelf and the book and the page where I shall find my own opinion about the matter in question.

—The Member's eyes began to look heavy.

—It's a very queer place, that receptacle a man fetches his talk out of. The library comparison does n't exactly hit it. You stow away some idea and don't want it, say for ten years. When it turns up at last it has got so jammed and crushed out of shape by the other ideas packed with it, that it is no more like what it was than a raisin is like a grape on the vine, or a fig from a drum like one hanging on the tree. Then, again, some kinds of thoughts breed in the dark of one's mind like the blind fishes in the Mammoth Cave. We can't see them and they can't see us; but sooner or later the daylight gets in and we find that some cold, fishy little negative has been spawning all

over our beliefs, and the brood of blind questions it has given birth to are burrowing round and under and butting their blunt noses against the pillars of faith we thought the whole world might lean on. And then, again, some of our old beliefs are dying out every year, and others feed on them and grow fat, or get poisoned, as the case may be. And so, you see, you can't tell what the thoughts are that you have got salted down, as one may say, till you run a streak of talk through them, as the market people run a butter-scoop through a firkin.

Don't talk, thinking you are going to find out your neighbor, for you won't do it, but talk to find out yourself. There is more of you—and less of you, in spots, very likely—than you know.

—The Member gave a slight but unequivocal start just here. It does seem as if perpetual somnolence was the price of listening to other people's wisdom. This was one of those transient nightmares that one may have in a doze of twenty seconds. He thought a certain imaginary Committee of Safety of a certain imaginary Legislature was proceeding to burn down his haystack, in accordance with an Act, entitled an Act to make the Poor Richer by making the Rich Poorer. And the chairman of the committee was instituting a forcible exchange of hats with him, to his manifest disadvantage, for he had just bought him a new beaver. He told this dream afterwards to one of the boarders.

There was nothing very surprising, therefore, in his asking a question not very closely related to what had gone before.

—Do you think they mean business?

—I beg your pardon, but it would be of material assistance to me in answering your question if I knew who "they" might happen to be.

— Why, those chaps that are setting folks on to burn us all up in our beds. Political firebugs we call 'em up our way. Want to substitoot the match-box for the ballot-box. Scare all our old women half to death.

— O — ah — yes — to be sure. I don't believe they say what the papers put in their mouths any more than that a friend of mine wrote the letter about Worcester's and Webster's Dictionaries, that he had to disown the other day. These newspaper fellows are half asleep when they make up their reports at two or three o'clock in the morning, and fill out the speeches to suit themselves. I do remember some things that sounded pretty bad, — about as bad as nitro-glycerine, for that matter. But I don't believe they ever said 'em, when they spoke their pieces, or if they said 'em I know they did n't mean 'em. Something like this, was n't it? If the majority did n't do something the minority wanted 'em to, then the people were to burn up our cities, and knock us down and jump on our stomachs. That was about the kind of talk, as the papers had it; I don't wonder it scared the old women.

— The Member was wide awake by this time.

— I don't seem to remember of them partickler phrases, he said.

— Dear me, no; only levelling everything smack, and trampling us under foot, as the reporters made it out. That means FIRE, I take it, and knocking you down and stamping on you, whichever side of your person happens to be uppermost. Sounded like a threat; meant, of course, for a warning. But I don't believe it was in the piece as they spoke it, — could n't have been. Then, again, Paris was n't to blame, — as much as to say — so the old women thought — that New York or Boston would n't be to blame if it did the same thing. I've heard of political gatherings where they barbecued an ox, but I can't think there's a party in this country that wants to barbecue a city. But it is n't quite fair to frighten the old women. I don't doubt there

are a great many people wiser than I am that would n't be hurt by a hint I am going to give them. It's no matter what you say when you talk to yourself, but when you talk to other people, your business is to use words with reference to the way in which these other people are like to understand them. These pretended inflammatory speeches, so reported as to seem full of combustibles, even if they were as threatening as they have been represented, would do no harm if read or declaimed in a man's study to his books, or by the sea-shore to the waves. But they are not so wholesome moral entertainment for the dangerous classes. Boys must not touch off their squibs and crackers too near the powder-magazine. This kind of speech does n't help on the millennium much.

— It ain't jest the thing to grease your ex with ile o' vitrul, said the Member.

— No, the wheel of progress will soon stick fast if you do. You can't keep a dead level long, if you burn everything down flat to make it. Why, bless your soul, if all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes, you'd have a new set of millionnaires in a couple of years or so, out of the trade in potash. In the mean time, what is the use of setting the man with the silver watch against the man with the gold watch, and the man without any watch against them both?

— You can't go agin human natur', said the Member.

— You speak truly. Here we are travelling through the desert together like the children of Israel. Some pick up more manna and catch more quails than others, and ought to help their hungry neighbors more than they do; that will always be so until we come back to primitive Christianity, the road to which does not seem to be *via* Paris, just now; but we don't want the incendiary's pillar of a cloud by day and pillar of fire by night to lead us in the march to civilization, and we don't want a Moses who will smite the rock,

not to bring out water for our thirst, but petroleum to burn us all up with.

— It is n't quite fair to run an opposition to the other funny speaker, Rev. Petroleum V. What's-his-name, — spoke up an anonymous boarder.

— You may have been thinking, perhaps, that it was I, — I, the Poet, who was the chief talker in the one-sided dialogue to which you have been listening. If so, you were mistaken. It was the old man in the spectacles with large round glasses and the iron-gray hair. He does a good deal of the talking at our table, and, to tell the truth, I rather like to hear him. He stirs me up, and finds me occupation in various ways, and especially, because he has good solid prejudices, that one can rub against, and so get up and let off a superficial intellectual irritation, just as the cattle rub their backs against a rail (you remember Sydney Smith's contrivance in his pasture) or their sides against an apple-tree (I don't know why they take to these so particularly, but you will often find the trunk of an apple-tree as brown and smooth as an old saddle at the height of a cow's ribs). I think they begin rubbing in cold blood, and then, you know, *l'appetit vient en mangeant*, the more they rub the more they want to. That is the way to use your friend's prejudices. This is a sturdy-looking personage of a good deal more than middle age, his face marked with strong manly furrows, records of hard thinking and square stand-up fights with life and all its devils. There is a slight touch of satire in his discourse now and then, and an odd way of answering one that makes it hard to guess how much more or less he means than he seems to say. But he is honest, and always has a twinkle in his eye to put you on your guard when he does not mean to be taken quite literally. I think old Ben Franklin had just that look. I know his great-grandson (*in pace!*) had it, and I don't doubt he took it in the straight line of descent, as he did his grand intellect.

The Member of the Haouse evidently comes from one of the lesser inland centres of civilization, where the flora is rich in checkerberries and similar bounties of nature, and the fauna lively with squirrels, woodchucks, and the like; where the leading sportsmen snare partridges, as they are called, and "hunt" foxes with guns; where rabbits are entrapped in "figgery fours," and trout captured with the unpretentious earth-worm, instead of the gorgeous fly; where they get prizes for butter and cheese, and rag-carpets executed by ladies more than seventy years of age; where they wear dress-coats before dinner, and cock their hats on one side when they feel conspicuous and distinguished; where they say Sir to you in their common talk, and have other Arcadian and bucolic ways which are highly unobjectionable, but are not so much admired in cities, where the people are said to be not half so virtuous.

There is with us a boy of modest dimensions, not otherwise especially entitled to the epithet, who ought to be six or seven years old, to judge by the gap left by his front milk teeth, these having resigned in favor of their successors, who have not yet presented their credentials. He is rather old for an *enfant terrible*, and quite too young to have grown into the bashfulness of adolescence; but he has some of the qualities of both these engaging periods of development. The Member of the Haouse calls him "Bub," invariably, which term I take to be an abbreviation of "Beelzebub," as "bus" is the short form of "omnibus." Many eminently genteel persons, whose manners make them at home anywhere, being evidently unaware of the true derivation of this word, are in the habit of addressing all unknown children by one of the two terms, "bub" and "sis," which they consider endears them greatly to the young people, and recommends them to the acquaintance of their honored parents, if these happen to accompany them. The other boarders commonly call our diminutive boarder That Boy. He is a sort of expelive at the

table, serving to stop gaps, taking the same place a *washer* does that makes a loose-screw fit, and contriving to get driven in like a wedge between any two chairs where there is a crevice. I shall not call that boy by the monosyllable referred to, because, though he has many impish traits at present, he may become civilized and humanized by being in good company. Besides, it is a term which I understand is considered vulgar by the nobility and gentry of the Mother Country, and it is not to be found in Mr. Worcester's Dictionary, on which, as is well known, the literary men of this metropolis are by special statute allowed to be sworn in place of the Bible. I know one, certainly, who never takes his oath on any other dictionary, any advertising fiction to the contrary, notwithstanding.

I wanted to write out my account of some of the other boarders, but a domestic occurrence — a somewhat prolonged visit from the landlady, who is rather too anxious that I should be comfortable — broke in upon the continuity of my thoughts, and occasioned — in short, I gave up writing for that day.

— I wonder if anything like this ever happened.

Author writing, —

"To be, or not to be: that is the question:—

Whether 't is nobl —"

— "William, shall we have pudding to-day, or flapjacks?"

— "Flapjacks, an' it please thee, Anne, or a pudding, for that matter; or what thou wilt, good woman, so thou come not betwixt me and my thought."

— Exit Mistress Anne, with strongly accented closing of the door and murmurs to the effect: "Ay, marry, 'tis well for thee to talk as if thou hadst no stomach to fill. We poor wives must swink for our masters, while they sit in their arm-chairs growing as great in the girth through laziness as that ill-mannered old fat man William hath writ of in his books of players' stuff. One had as well meddle

with a porkpen, which hath thorns all over him, as try to deal with William when his eyes be rolling in that mad way."

William — writing once more — after an exclamation in strong English of the older pattern, —

"Whether 't is nobler — nobler — nobler —

To do what? O these women! these women! to have puddings or flapjacks! Oh! —

'Whether 't is nobler — in the mind — to suffer

The slings — and arrows — of —

Oh! Oh! these women! I will e'en step over to the parson's and have a cup of sack with his reverence, for methinks Master Hamlet hath forgot that which was just now on his lips to speak."

So I shall have to put off making my friends acquainted with the other boarders, some of whom seem to me worth studying and describing. I have something else of a graver character for my readers. I am talking, you know, as a poet; I do not say I deserve the name, but I have taken it, and if you consider me at all it must be in that aspect. You will, therefore, perhaps, be willing to run your eyes over a few pages which I read, of course by request, to a select party of the boarders.

THE GAMBREL-ROOFED HOUSE AND ITS OUTLOOK.

A PANORAMA, WITH SIDE-SHOWS.

My birthplace, the home of my childhood and earlier and later boyhood, has within a few months passed out of the ownership of my family into the hands of that venerable Alma Mater who seems to have renewed her youth, and has certainly repainted her dormitories. In truth, when I last revisited that familiar scene and looked upon the *flamantia mœnia* of the old halls, "Massachusetts" with the dummy clock-dial, "Harvard" with the garrulous belfry, little "Holden" with the sculptured unpunishable cherubs over its portal, and the rest of my early brick-

and-mortar acquaintances, I could not help saying to myself that I had lived to see the peaceable establishment of the Red Republic of Letters.

Many of the things I shall put down I have no doubt told before in a fragmentary way, how many I cannot be quite sure, as I do not very often read my own prose works. But when a man dies a great deal is said of him which has often been said in other forms, and now this dear old house is dead to me in one sense, and I want to gather up my recollections and wind a string of narrative round them, tying them up like a nosegay for the last tribute: the same blossoms in it I have often laid on its threshold while it was still living for me.

We Americans are all cuckoos, — we make our homes in the nests of other birds. I have read somewhere that the lineal descendants of the man who carted off the body of William Rufus, with Walter Tyrrel's arrow sticking in it, have driven a cart (not absolutely the same one, I suppose) in the New Forest, from that day to this. I don't quite understand Mr. Ruskin's saying (if he said it) that he could n't get along in a country where there were no castles, but I do think we lose a great deal in living where there are so few permanent homes. You will see how much I parted with which was not reckoned in the price paid for the old homestead.

I shall say many things which an uncharitable reader might find fault with as personal. I should not dare to call myself a poet if I did not; for if there is anything that gives one a title to that name, it is that his inner nature is naked and is not ashamed. But there are many such things I shall put in words, not because they are personal, but because they are human, and are born of just such experiences as those who hear or read what I say are like to have had in greater or less measure. I find myself so much like other people that I often wonder at the coincidence. It was only the other day that I sent out a copy of verses about my great-

grandmother's picture, and I was surprised to find how many other people had portraits of their great-grandmothers or other progenitors, about which they felt as I did about mine, and for whom I had spoken, thinking I was speaking for myself only. And so I am not afraid to talk very freely with you, my precious reader or listener. You too, Beloved, were born somewhere and remember your birthplace, or your early home; for you some house is haunted by recollections; to some roof you have bid farewell. Your hand is upon mine, then, as I guide my pen. Your heart frames the responses to the litany of my remembrance. For myself it is a tribute of affection I am rendering, and I should put it on record for my own satisfaction, were there none to read or to listen.

I hope you will not say that I have built a pillared portico of introduction to a humble structure of narrative. For when you look at the old gambrel-roofed house, you will see an unpretending mansion, such as very possibly you were born in yourself, or at any rate such a place of residence as your minister or some of your well-to-do country cousins find good enough, but not at all too grand for them. We have stately old Colonial palaces in our ancient village, now a city, and a thriving one, — square-fronted edifices that stand back from the vulgar highway, with folded arms, as it were; social fortresses of the time when the twilight lustre of the throne reached as far as our half-cleared settlement, with a glacié before them in the shape of a long broad gravel-walk, so that in King George's time they looked as formidably to any but the silk-stockng gentry as Gibraltar or Ehrenbreitstein to a visitor without the password. We forget all this in the kindly welcome they give us to-day; for some of them are still standing and doubly famous, as we all know. But the gambrel-roofed house, though stately enough for college dignitaries and scholarly clergymen, was not one of those old Tory, Episcopal-church-goer's strongholds.

One of its doors opens directly upon the green, always called the Common; the other, facing the south, a few steps from it, over a paved foot-walk, on the other side of which is the miniature front yard, bordered with lilacs and syringas. The honest mansion makes no pretensions. Accessible, companionable, holding its hand out to all, comfortable, respectable, and even in its way dignified, but not imposing, not a house for his Majesty's Counsellor, or the Right Reverend successor of Him who had not where to lay his head, for something like a hundred and fifty years it has stood in its lot, and seen the generations of men come and go like the leaves of the forest. I passed some pleasant hours, a few years since, in the Registry of Deeds and the Town Records, looking up the history of the old house. How those dear friends of mine, the antiquarians, for whose grave councils I compose my features on the too rare Thursdays when I am at liberty to meet them, in whose human herbarium the leaves and blossoms of past generations are so carefully spread out and pressed and laid away, would listen to an expansion of the following brief details into an Historical Memoir!

The estate was the third lot of the eighth "Squadron" (whatever that might be), and in the year 1707 was allotted in the distribution of undivided lands to "Mr. ffox," the Reverend Jabez Fox, of Woburn, it may be supposed, as it passed from his heirs to the first Jonathan Hastings; from him to his son, the long-remembered College Steward; from him in the year 1792 to the Reverend Eliphalet Pearson, Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental languages in Harvard College, whose large personality swam into my ken when I was looking forward to my teens; from him to the progenitors of my unborn self.

I wonder if there are any such beings nowadays as the great Eliphalet, with his large features and conversational *basso profundo*, seemed to me. His very name had something elephantine

about it, and it seemed to me that the house shook from cellar to garret at his footfall. Some have pretended that he had Olympian aspirations, and wanted to sit in the seat of Jove and bear the academic thunderbolt and the ægis inscribed *Christo et Ecclesie*. It is a common weakness enough to wish to find one's self in an empty saddle; Cotton Mather was miserable all his days, I am afraid, after that entry in his Diary: "This Day Dr. Sewall was chosen President, *for his Piety*."

There is no doubt that the men of the older generation look bigger and more formidable to the boys whose eyes are turned up at their venerable countenances than the race which succeeds them, to the same boys grown older. Everything is twice as large, measured on a three-year-old's three-foot scale as on a thirty-year-old's six-foot scale; but age magnifies and aggravates persons out of due proportion. Old people are a kind of monsters to little folks; mild manifestations of the terrible, it may be, but still, with their white locks and ridged and grooved features, which those horrid little eyes exhaust of their details, like so many microscopes, not exactly what human beings ought to be. The middle-aged and young men have left comparatively faint impressions in my memory, but how grandly the procession of the old clergymen who filled our pulpit from time to time, and passed the day under our roof, marches before my closed eyes! At their head the most venerable David Osgood, the majestic minister of Medford, with massive front and shaggy overshadowing eyebrows; following in the train, mild-eyed John Foster of Brighton, with the lambent aurora of a smile about his pleasant mouth, which not even the "Sabbath" could subdue to the true Levitical aspect; and bulky Charles Stearns of Lincoln, author of "The Ladies' Philosophy of Love. A Poem. 1797." (how I stared at him! he was the first living person ever pointed out to me as a poet); and Thaddeus Mason Harris of Dorchester (the same who, a poor youth, trudging along, staff

in hand, being then in a stress of sore need, found all at once that somewhat was adhering to the end of his stick, which somewhat proved to be a gold ring of price, bearing the words, "God speed thee, Friend!"), already in decadence as I remember him, with head slanting forward and downward as if looking for a place to rest in after his learned labors; and that other Thaddeus, the old man of West Cambridge, who outwatched the rest so long after they had gone to sleep in their own churchyards, that it almost seemed as if he meant to sit up until the morning of the resurrection; and bringing up the rear, attenuated but vivacious little Jonathan Homer of Newton, who was, to look upon, a kind of expurgated-Bowdler's family Shakespeare-reduced copy of Voltaire, but very unlike him in wickedness or wit. The good-humored junior member of our family always loved to make him happy by setting him chirruping about Miles Coverdale's Version, and the Bishop's Bible, and how he wrote to his friend Sir Isaac (Coffin) about something or other, and how Sir Isaac wrote back that he was very much pleased with the contents of his letter, and so on about Sir Isaac, *ad libitum*, — for the admiral was his old friend, and he was proud of him. The kindly little old gentleman was a collector of Bibles, and made himself believe he thought he should publish a learned Commentary some day or other; but his friends looked for it only in the Greek Calends, — say on the 31st of April, when that should come round, if you would modernize the phrase. I recall also one or two exceptional and infrequent visitors with perfect distinctness: cheerful Elijah Kelfogg, a lively missionary from the region of the Quoddy Indians, with much hopeful talk about Sock Bason and his tribe; also poor old Poorhouse-Parson Isaac Smith, his head going like a China mandarin, as he discussed the possibilities of the escape of that distinguished captive whom he spoke of under the name, if I can reproduce phonetically its vibrating

nasalities, of "General Mmbongaparty," — a name suggestive to my young imagination of a dangerous, loose-jointed skeleton, threatening us all like the armed figure of Death in my little New England Primer.

I have mentioned only the names of those whose images come up pleasantly before me, and I do not mean to say anything which any descendant might not read smilingly. But there were some of the black-coated gentry whose aspect was not so agreeable to me. It is very curious to me to look back on my early likes and dislikes, and see how as a child I was attracted or repelled by such and such ministers, a good deal, as I found out long afterwards, according to their theological beliefs. On the whole, I think the old-fashioned New England divine softening down into Arminianism was about as agreeable as any of them. And here I may remark, that a mellowing rigorist is always a much pleasanter object to contemplate than a tightening liberal, as a cold day warming up to 32° Fahrenheit is much more agreeable than a warm one chilling down to the same temperature. The least pleasing change is that kind of mental hemiplegia which now and then attacks the rational side of a man at about the same period of life when one side of the body is liable to be palsied, and in fact is, very probably, the same thing as palsy, in another form. The worst of it is that the subjects of it never seem to suspect that they are intellectual invalids, stammerers and cripples at best, but are all the time hitting out at their old friends with the well arm, and calling them hard names out of their twisted mouths.

It was a real delight to have one of those good, hearty, happy, benignant old clergymen pass the Sunday with us, and I can remember some whose advent made the day feel almost like "Thanksgiving." But now and then would come along a clerical visitor with a sad face and a wailing voice, which sounded exactly as if somebody must be lying dead up stairs, who took

no interest in us children, except a painful one, as being in a bad way with our cheery looks, and did more to unchristianize us with his weebegone ways than all his sermons were like to accomplish in the other direction. I remember one in particular, who twitted me so with my blessings as a Christian child, and whined so to me about the naked black children who, like the "Little Vulgar Boy," "had n't got no supper and had n't got no ma," and had n't got no Catechism, (how I wished for the moment I was a little black boy!) that he did more in that one day to make me a heathen than he had ever done in a month to make a Christian out of an infant Hottentot. What a debt we owe to our friends of the left centre, the Brooklyn and the Park Street and the Summer Street ministers; good wholesome, sound-bodied, sane-minded, cheerful-spirited men, who have taken the place of those wailing *poitrinaires* with the bandanna handkerchiefs round their meagre throats and a funeral service in their forlorn physiognomies! I might have been a minister myself, for aught I know, if this clergyman had not looked and talked so like an undertaker.

All this belongs to one of the side-shows, to which I promised those who would take tickets to the main exhibition should have entrance *gratis*. If I were writing a poem you would expect, as a matter of course, that there would be a digression now and then.

To come back to the old house and its former tenant, the Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental languages. Fifteen years he lived with his family under its roof. I never found the slightest trace of him until a few years ago, when I cleaned and brightened with pious hands the brass lock of "the study," which had for many years been covered with a thick coat of paint. On that I found scratched, as with a nail or fork, the following inscription:—

E P E

Only that and nothing more, but the story told itself. Master Edward Pear-

VOL. XXIX. — NO. 171.

7

son, then about as high as the lock, was disposed to immortalize himself in monumental brass, and had got so far towards it, when a sudden interruption, probably a smart box on the ear, cheated him of his fame, except so far as this poor record may rescue it. Dead long ago. I remember him well, a grown man, as a visitor at a later period; and, for some reason, I recall him in the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes, standing full before a generous wood-fire, not facing it, but quite the contrary, a perfect picture of the content afforded by a blazing hearth contemplated from that point of view, and, as the heat stole through his person and kindled his emphatic features, seeming to me a pattern of manly beauty. What a statue gallery of posturing friends we all have in our memory! The old Professor himself sometimes visited the house after it had changed hands. Of course, my recollections are not to be wholly trusted, but I always think I see his likeness in a profile face to be found among the illustrations of Rees's Cyclopædia. (See Plates, Vol. IV., Plate 2, Painting, Diversities of the Human Face, Fig. 4.)

And now let us return to our chief picture. In the days of my earliest remembrance, a row of tall Lombardy poplars mounted guard on the western side of the old mansion. Whether, like the cypress, these trees suggest the idea of the funeral torch or the monumental spire, whether their tremulous leaves make us afraid by sympathy with their nervous thrills, whether the faint balsamic smell of their leaves and their closely swathed limbs have in them vague hints of dead Pharaohs stiffened in their cerements, I will not guess; but they always seemed to me to give an air of sepulchral sadness to the house before which they stood sentries. Not so with the row of elms which you may see leading up towards the western entrance. I think the patriarch of them all went over in the great gale of 1815; I know I used to shake the youngest of them with my hands, stout as it is now, with a trunk

that would defy the bully of Crotona, or the strong man whose *liaison* with the Lady Delilah proved so disastrous.

The College plain would be nothing without its elms. As the long hair of a woman is a glory to her, so are these green tresses that bank themselves against the sky in thick clustered masses the ornament and the pride of the classic green. You know the "Washington elm," or if you do not, you had better rekindle your patriotism by reading the inscription, which tells you that under its shadow the great leader first drew his sword at the head of an American army. In a line with that you may see two others: the *coral fan*, as I always called it from its resemblance in form to that beautiful marine growth, and a third a little farther along. I have heard it said that all three were planted at the same time, and that the difference of their growth is due to the slope of the ground,—the Washington elm being lower than either of the others. There is a row of elms just in front of the old house on the south. When I was a child the one at the southwest corner was struck by lightning, and one of its limbs and a long ribbon of bark torn away. The tree never fully recovered its symmetry and vigor, and forty years and more afterwards a second thunderbolt crashed upon it and set its heart on fire, like those of the lost souls in the Hall of Eblis. Heaven had twice blasted it, and the axe finished what the lightning had begun.

The soil of the University town is divided into patches of sandy and of clayey ground. The Common and the College green, near which the old house stands, are on one of the sandy patches. Four curses are the local inheritance: droughts, dust, mud, and canker-worms. I cannot but think that all the characters of a region help to modify the children born in it. I am fond of making apologies for human nature, and I think I could find an excuse for myself if I, too, were dry and barren and muddly-witted and "can-

tankerous,"—disposed to get my back up, like those other natives of the soil.

I know this, that the way Mother Earth treats a boy shapes out a kind of natural theology for him. I fell into Manichean ways of thinking from the teaching of my garden experiences. Like other boys in the country, I had my patch of ground, to which, in the spring-time, I intrusted the seeds furnished me, with a confident trust in their resurrection and glorification in the better world of summer. But I soon found that my lines had fallen in a place where a vegetable growth had to run the gauntlet of as many foes and trials as a Christian pilgrim. Flowers would not blow; daffodils perished like criminals in their condemned caps, without their petals ever seeing daylight; roses were disfigured with monstrous protrusions through their very centres,—something that looked like a second bud pushing through the middle of the corolla; lettuces and cabbages would not head; radishes knotted themselves until they looked like centenarians' fingers; and on every stem, on every leaf, and both sides of it, and at the root of everything that grew, was a professional specialist in the shape of grub, caterpillar, aphid, or other expert, whose business it was to devour that particular part, and help murder the whole attempt at vegetation. Such experiences must influence a child born to them. A sandy soil, where nothing flourishes but weeds and evil beasts of small dimensions, must breed different qualities in its human offspring from one of those fat and fertile spots which the wit whom I have once before quoted described so happily that, if I quoted the passage, its brilliancy would spoil one of my pages, as a diamond breastpin sometimes kills the social effect of the wearer, who might have passed for a gentleman without it. Your arid patch of earth should seem to be the natural birthplace of the leaner virtues and the feebler vices,—of temperance and the domestic proprieties on the one hand, with a tendency to light

weights in groceries and provisions, and to clandestine abstraction from the person on the other, as opposed to the free hospitality, the broadly planned burglaries, and the largely conceived homicides of our rich Western alluvial regions. Yet Nature is never wholly unkind. Economical as she was in my unparadised Eden, hard as it was to make some of my floral houris unveil, still the damask roses sweetened the June breezes, the bladed and plumed flower-de-luces unfolded their close-wrapped cones, and larkspurs and lupins, lady's delights, — plebeian manifestations of the pansy, — self-sowing marigolds, hollyhocks, the forest flowers of two seasons, and the perennial lilacs and syringas, — all whispered to the winds blowing over them that some caressing presence was around me.

Beyond the garden was "the field," a vast domain of four acres or thereabout, by the measurement of after years, bordered to the north by a fathomless chasm, — the ditch the baseball players of the present era jump over; on the east by unexplored territory; on the south by a barren enclosure, where the red sorrel proclaimed liberty and equality under its *drapeau rouge*, and succeeded in establishing a vegetable commune where all were alike, poor, mean, sour, and uninteresting; and on the west by the Common, not then disgraced by jealous enclosures, which make it look like a cattle-market. Beyond, as I looked round, were the Colleges, the meeting-house, the little square market-house, long vanished; the burial-ground where the dead Presidents stretched their weary bones under epitaphs stretched out at as full length as their subjects; the pretty church where the gouty Tories used to kneel on their hassocks; the district school-house, and hard by it Ma'am Hancock's cottage, never so called in those days, but rather "ten-footer"; then houses scattered near and far, open spaces, the shadowy elms, round hilltops in the distance, and over all the great bowl of the sky. Mind you, this was the WORLD, as I

first knew it; *terra veteribus cognita*, as Mr. Arrowsmith would have called it, if he had mapped the universe of my infancy.

But I am forgetting the old house again in the landscape. The worst of a modern stylish mansion is, that it has no place for ghosts. I watched one building not long since. It had no proper garret, to begin with, only a sealed interval between the roof and attics, where a spirit could not be accommodated, unless it were flattened out like Ravel, Brother, after the millstone had fallen on him. There was not a nook or a corner in the whole house fit to lodge any respectable ghost, for every part was as open to observation as a literary man's character and condition, his figure and estate, his coat and his countenance, are to his (or her) Bohemian Majesty on a tour of inspection through his (or her) subjects' keyholes.

Now the old house had wainscots, behind which the mice were always scampering and squeaking and rattling down the plaster, and enacting family scenes and parlor theatricals. It had a cellar where the cold slug clung to the walls, and the misanthropic spider withdrew from the garish day; where the green mould loved to grow, and the long white potato-shoots went feeling along the floor, if haply they might find the daylight; it had great brick pillars, always in a cold sweat with holding up the burden they had been aching under day and night for a century and more; it had sepulchral arches closed by rough doors that hung on hinges rotten with rust, behind which doors, if there was not a heap of bones connected with a mysterious disappearance of long ago, there well might have been, for it was just the place to look for them. It had a garret, very nearly such a one as it seems to me one of us has described in one of his books; but let us look at this one as I can reproduce it from memory. It has a flooring of laths with ridges of mortar squeezed up between them, which if you tread on you will go to — the

Lord have mercy on you! where *will* you go to? the same being crossed by narrow bridges of boards, on which you may put your feet, but with fear and trembling. Above you and around you are beams and joists, on some of which you may see, when the light is let in, the marks of the conchoidal clippings of the broadaxe, showing the rude way in which the timber was shaped as it came, full of sap, from the neighboring forest. It is a realm of darkness and thick dust, and shroud-like cobwebs and dead things they wrap in their gray folds. For a garret is like a sea-shore, where wrecks are thrown up and slowly go to pieces. There is the cradle which the old man you just remember was rocked in; there is the ruin of the bedstead he died on; that ugly slanting contrivance used to be put under his pillow in the days when his breath came hard; there is his old chair with both arms gone, symbol of the desolate time when he had nothing earthly left to lean on; there is the large wooden reel which the bleary-eyed old deacon sent the minister's lady, who thanked him graciously, and twirled it smilingly, and in fitting season bowed it out decently to the limbo of troublesome conveniences. And there are old leather portmanteaus, like stranded porpoises, their mouths gaping in gaunt hunger for the food with which they used to be gorged to bulging repletion; and old brass andirons, waiting until time shall revenge them on their paltry substitutes, and they shall have their own again, and bring with them the fore-stick and the back-log of ancient days; and the empty churn, with its idle dasher, which the Nancys and Phœbes, who have left their comfortable places to the Bridgets and Norahs, used to handle to good purpose; and the brown, shaky old spinning-wheel, which was running, it may be, in the days when they were hanging the Salem witches.

Under the dark and haunted garret were attic chambers which themselves had histories. On a pane in the north-eastern chamber may be read these

names: "John Tracy," "Robert Roberts," "Thomas Prince"; "*Stultus*," another hand had added. When I found these names a few years ago (wrong side up, for the window had been reversed), I looked at once in the Triennial to find them, for the epithet showed that they were probably students. I found them all under the years 1771 and 1773. Does it please their thin ghosts thus to be dragged to the light of day? Has "*Stultus*" forgiven the indignity of being thus characterized?

The southeast chamber was the Library Hospital. Every scholar should have a book infirmary attached to his library. There should find a peaceable refuge the many books, invalids from their birth, which are sent "with the best regards of the Author"; the respected, but unrepresentable cripples which have lost a cover; the odd volumes of honored sets which go mourning all their days for their lost brother; the school-books which have been so often the subjects of assault and battery, that they look as if the police court must know them by heart; these and still more the pictured story-books, beginning with Mother Goose (which a dear old friend of mine has just been amusing his philosophic leisure with turning most ingeniously and happily into the tongues of Virgil and Homer), will be precious mementos by and by, when children and grandchildren come along. What would I not give for that dear little paper-bound quarto, in large and most legible type, on certain pages of which the tender hand that was the shield of my infancy had crossed out with deep black marks something awful, probably about BEARS, such as once tare two-and-forty of us little folks for making faces, and the very name of which made us hide our heads under the bedclothes.

I made strange acquaintances in that book infirmary up in the southwest attic. The "Negro Plot" at New York helped to implant a feeling in me which it took Mr. Garrison a good many years to root out. "Thinks I to

myself," an old novel, which has been attributed to a famous statesman, introduced me to a world of fiction which was not represented on the shelves of the library proper, unless perhaps by *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*, or allegories of the bitter tonic class, as the young doctor that sits on the other side of the table would probably call them. I always, from an early age, had a keen eye for a story with a moral sticking out of it, and gave it a wide berth, though in my later years I have myself written a couple of "medicated novels," as one of my dearest and pleasantest old friends wickedly called them, when somebody asked her if she had read the last of my printed performances. I forgave the satire for the charming *esprit* of the epithet. Besides the works I have mentioned, there was an old, old Latin alchemy book, with the manuscript annotations of some ancient Rosicrucian, in the pages of which I had a vague notion that I might find the mighty secret of the *Lapis Philosophorum*, otherwise called Chaos, the Dragon, the Green Lion, the *Quinta Essentia*, the Soap of Sages, the Vinegar of Philosophers, the Dew of Heavenly Grace, the Egg, the Old Man, the Sun, the Moon, and by all manner of odd aliases, as I am assured by the plethoric little book before me in parchment covers browned like a meerschaum with the smoke of furnaces and the thumbing of dead gold-seekers, and the fingering of bony-handed book-misers, and the long intervals of dusty slumber on the shelves of the *bouquiniste*; for next year it will be three centuries old, and it had already seen nine generations of men when I caught its eye (*Alchemia Doctrina*) and recognized it at pistol-shot distance as a prize, among the breviaries and *Heures* and trumpery volumes of the old open-air dealer who exposed his treasures under the shadow of St. Sulpice. I have never lost my taste for alchemy since I first got hold of the *Palladium Spagyricum* of Peter John Faber, and sought — in vain, it is true — through its pages for a clear, in-

telligible, and practical statement of how I could turn my lead sinkers and the weights of the tall kitchen clock into good yellow gold, specific gravity 19.2, and exchangeable for whatever I then wanted, and for many more things than I was then aware of. One of the greatest pleasures of childhood is found in the mysteries which it hides from the scepticism of the elders, and works up into small mythologies of its own. I have seen all this played over again in adult life, — the same delightful bewilderment of semi-emotional belief in listening to the gaseous promises of this or that fantastic system, that I found in the pleasing mirages conjured up for me by the ragged old volume I used to pore over in the southeast attic-chamber.

The rooms of the second story, the chambers of birth and death, are sacred to silent memories.

Let us go down to the ground floor. I should have begun with this, but that the historical reminiscences of the old house have been recently told in a most interesting memoir by a distinguished student of our local history. I retain my doubts about those "dents" on the floor of the right-hand room, "the study" of successive occupants, said to have been made by the butts of the Continental militia's firelocks, but this was the cause the story told me in childhood laid them to. That military consultations were held in that room when the house was General Ward's headquarters, that the Provincial generals and colonels and other men of war there planned the movement which ended in the fortifying of Bunker's Hill, that Warren slept in the house the night before the battle, that President Langdon went forth from the western door and prayed for God's blessing on the men just setting forth on their bloody expedition, — all these things have been told, and perhaps none of them need be doubted.

But now for fifty years and more that room has been a meeting-ground for the platoons and companies which range themselves at the scholar's word

of command. Pleasant it is to think that the retreating host of books is to give place to a still larger army of volumes, which have seen service under the eye of a great commander. For here the noble collection of him so freshly remembered as our silver-tongued orator, our erudite scholar, our honored College President, our accomplished statesman, our courtly ambassador, are to be reverently gathered by the heir of his name, himself not unworthy to be surrounded by that august assembly of the wise of all ages and of various lands and languages.

Could such a many-chambered edifice have stood a century and a half and not have had its passages of romance to bequeath their lingering legends to the after-time? There are other names on some of the small window-panes, which must have had young flesh-and-blood owners, and there is one of early date which elderly persons have whispered was borne by a fair woman, whose graces made the house beautiful in the eyes of the youth of that time. One especially—you will find the name of Fortescue Vernon, of the class of 1780, in the Triennial Catalogue—was a favored visitor to the old mansion; but he went over seas, I think they told me, and died still young, and the name of the maiden which is scratched on the window-pane was never changed. I am telling the story honestly, as I remember it, but I may have colored it unconsciously, and the legendary pane may be broken before this for aught I know. At least, I have named no names except the beautiful one of the supposed hero of the romantic story.

It was a great happiness to have been born in an old house haunted by such recollections, with harmless ghosts walking its corridors, with fields of waving grass and trees and singing birds, and that vast territory of four or five acres around it to give a child the sense that he was born to a noble principality. It has been a great pleasure to retain a certain hold upon it for so many years; and since in the natural course of

things it must at length pass into other hands, it is a gratification to see the old place making itself tidy for a new tenant, like some venerable dame who is getting ready to entertain a neighbor of condition. Not long since a new cap of shingles adorned this ancient mother among the village—now city—mansions. She has dressed herself in brighter colors than she has hitherto worn, so they tell me, within the last few days. She has modernized her aspects in several ways; she has rubbed bright the glasses through which she looks at the Common and the Colleges; and as the sunsets shine upon her through the flickering leaves or the wiry spray of the elms I remember from my childhood, they will glorify her into the aspect she wore when President Holyoke, father of our long since dead centenarian, looked upon her in her youthful comeliness.

The quiet corner formed by this and the neighboring residences has changed less than any place I can remember. Our kindly, polite, shrewd, and humorous old neighbor, who in former days has served the town as constable and auctioneer, and who bids fair to become the oldest inhabitant of the city, was there when I was born, and is living there to-day. By and by the stony foot of the great University will plant itself on this whole territory, and the private recollections which clung so tenaciously and fondly to the place and its habitations will have died with those who cherished them.

Shall they ever live again in the memory of those who loved them here below? What is this life without the poor accidents which made it our own, and by which we identify ourselves? Ah me! I might like to be a winged chorister, but still it seems to me I should hardly be quite happy if I could not recall at will the Old House with the Long Entry, and the White Chamber (where I wrote the first verses that made me known, with a pencil, *stans pede in uno*, pretty nearly), and the Little Parlor, and the Study, and the old books in uniforms as varied as those

of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company used to be, if my memory serves me right, and the front yard with the stars of Bethlehem growing, flowerless, among the grass, and the dear faces to be seen no more there or anywhere on this earthly place of farewells.

I have told my story. I do not know what special gifts have been granted or denied me; but this I know, that I am like so many others of my fellow-creatures, that when I smile, I feel as if they must; when I cry, I think their eyes fill; and it always seems to me that when I am most truly myself I come nearest to them and am surest of being listened to by the brothers and sisters of the larger family into which I was born so long ago. I have often feared they might be tired of me and what I tell them. But then, perhaps, would come a letter from some quiet body in some out-of-the-way place, which showed me that I had said something which another had often felt but never said, or told the secret of another's heart in unburdening my own. Such evidences that one is in the highway of human experience and feeling lighten the footsteps wonderfully. So it is that one is encouraged to go on writing as long as the world has anything that interests him, for he never knows how many of his fellow-beings he may please or profit, and in how many places his name will be spoken as that of a friend.

In the mood suggested by my story I have ventured on the poem that follows. Most people love this world more than they are willing to confess, and it is hard to conceive ourselves weaned from it so as to feel no emotion at the thought of its most sacred recollections—even after a sojourn of years, as we should count the lapse of earthly time—in the realm where, sooner or later, all tears shall be wiped away. I hope, therefore, the title of my lines will not frighten those who are little accustomed to think of men and women as human beings in any state but the present.

HOMESICK IN HEAVEN.

Go seek thine earth-born sisters, — thus the
Voice

That all obey, — the sad and silent three;
These only, while the hosts of Heaven rejoice,

Smile never: ask them what their sorrows be:

And when the secret of their griefs they tell,
Look on them with thy mild, half-human eyes;

Say what thou wast on earth; thou knowest well;

So shall they cease from unavailing sighs.

— Why thus, apart, — the swift-winged herald spake, —

Sit ye with silent lips and unstrung lyres
While the trisagion's blending chorals wake
In shouts of joy from all the heavenly choirs?

— Hide not thy sisters, — thus the answer came; —

Children of earth, our half-weaned nature clings

To earth's fond memories, and her whispered name

Untunes our quivering lips, our saddened strings;

For there we loved, and where we love is home,

Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts,

Though o'er us shine the jasper-lighted dome: —

The chain may lengthen, but it never parts!

Sometimes a sunlit sphere comes rolling by,

And then we softly whisper, — *can it be?*
And leaning toward the silvery orb, we try

To hear the music of its murmuring sea;

To catch, perchance, some flashing glimpse of green,

Or breathe some wild-wood fragrance, wafted through

The opening gates of pearl, that fold between

The blinding splendors and the changeless blue.

— Nay, sister, nay! a single healing leaf
Plucked from the bough of yon twelve-fruited tree,

Would soothe such anguish, — deeper stab-
bing grief

Has pierced thy throbbing heart —

— Ah, woe is me !

I from my clinging babe was rudely torn ;
His tender lips a loveless bosom pressed ;
Can I forget him in my life new born ?

O that my darling lay upon my breast !

— And thou ? —

I was a fair and youthful bride,
The kiss of love still burns upon my cheek,
He whom I worshipped, ever at my side.

Him through the spirit realm in vain I
seek.

Sweet faces turn their beaming eyes on
mine ;

Ah ! not in these the wished-for look I
read ;

Still for that one dear human smile I pine ;
Thou and none other ! — is the lover's
creed.

— And whence *thy* sadness in a world of
bliss

Where never parting comes, nor mourn-
er's tear ?

Art thou, too, dreaming of a mortal's kiss
Amid the seraphs of the heavenly sphere ?

— Nay, tax not me with passion's wasting
fire ;

When the swift message set my spirit free,
Blind, helpless, lone I left my gray-haired
sire ;

My friends were many, he had none save
me.

I left him, orphaned, in the starless night ;
Alas, for him no cheerful morning's dawn !

I wear the ransomed spirit's robe of white,
Yet still I hear him moaning, *She is
gone !*

— Ye know me not, sweet sisters ? — All in
vain

Ye seek your lost ones in the shapes they
wore ;

The flower once opened may not bud again,
The fruit once fallen finds the stem no
more.

Child, lover, sire, — yea, all things loved
below, —

Fair pictures damasked on a vapor's
fold —

Fade like the roseate flush, the golden
glow,

When the bright curtain of the day is
rolled.

I was the babe that slumbered on *thy* breast.

— And, sister, mine the lips that called
thee bride.

— Mine were the silvered locks *thy* hand
caressed,

That faithful hand, my faltering footsteps
guide !

Each changing form, frail vesture of decay,
The soul unclad forgets it once bath worn,

Stained with the travel of the weary day,
And shamed with rents from every way-
side thorn.

To lie, an infant, in *thy* fond embrace, —

To come with love's warm kisses back to
thee, —

To shew *thine* eyes thy gray-haired father's
face,

Not Heaven itself could grant ; this may
not be !

Then spread your folded wings, and leave
to earth

The dust once breathing ye have mourned
so long,

Till Love, new risen, owns his heavenly
birth,

And sorrow's discords sweeten into song !
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

GRANDMOTHER TENTERDEN.

(MASSACHUSETTS SHORE, 1800.)

I MIND it was but yesterday, —
The sun was dim, the air was chill;
Below the town, below the hill,
The sails of my son's ship did fill, —
My Jacob, who was cast away.

He said, "God keep you, mother dear,"
But did not turn to kiss his wife;
They had some foolish, idle strife;
Her tongue was like a two-edged knife,
And he was proud as any peer.

Howbeit that night I took no note
Of sea nor sky, for all was drear;
I marked not that the hills looked near,
Nor that the moon, though curved and clear,
Through curd-like scud did drive and float.

For with my darling went the joy
Of autumn woods and meadows brown;
I came to hate the little town;
It seemed as if the sun went down
With him, my only darling boy.

It was the middle of the night,
The wind it shifted west-by-south;
It piled high up the harbor mouth;
The marshes, black with summer drouth,
Were all abroad with sea-foam white.

It was the middle of the night, —
The sea upon the garden leapt,
And my son's wife in quiet slept,
And I, his mother, waked and wept,
When lo! there came a sudden light.

And there he stood! his seaman's dress
All wet and dripping seemed to be;
The pale blue fires of the sea
Dripped from his garments constantly, —
I could not speak through cowardness.

"I come through night and storm," he said;
"Through storm and night and death," said he,
"To kiss my wife, if it so be
That strife still holds 'twixt her and me,
For all beyond is Peace," he said.

"The sea is His, and he who sent
The wind and wave can soothe their strife;
And brief and foolish is our life."
He stooped and kissed his sleeping wife,
Then sighed, and, like a dream, he went.

Now, when my darling kissed not me,
But her — his wife — who did not wake,
My heart within me seemed to break;
I swore a vow! nor thenceforth spake
Of what my clearer eyes did see.

And when the slow weeks brought him not,
Somehow we spake of aught beside;
For she, — her hope upheld her pride;
And I, — in me all hope had died,
And my son passed as if forgot.

It was about the next spring-tide,
She pined and faded where she stood;
Yet spake no word of ill or good;
She had the hard, cold Edwards' blood
In all her veins, — and so she died.

One time I thought, before she passed,
To give her peace, but ere I spake
Methought, "*He* will be first to break
The news in Heaven," and for his sake
I held mine back until the last.

And here I sit, nor care to roam;
I only wait to hear his call;
I doubt not that this day, next fall,
Shall see me safe in port; where all
And every ship at last comes home.

And you have sailed the Spanish main,
And knew my Jacob? . . . Eh! Mercy!
Ah God of wisdom! hath the sea
Yielded its dead to humble me!
My boy! . . . my Jacob . . . Turn again!

Bret Harte.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

MOST notable among the pleasures which we offer our readers for this new year is certainly the wonderful story of "Septimius Felton," by Hawthorne. If the author were yet alive and gave us such a romance from the abundance of his powers and possibilities it would be a thing to value above the gift of any other maker of romances; but it enriches us out of his very loss; out of his eternal absence and silence comes this wise, sad, beautiful story, a souvenir inestimably precious. Every subtle thought of life and death in it is full of poignant association; and it is a caprice of destiny which Hawthorne himself might have imagined, and would have loved to heighten with the half-humorous light of his pensive fancy, that this gift from the romancer's grave is a dream of earthly immortality! A posthumous work by Hawthorne must come before the world just as he left it; and the sympathetic reader will not enjoy this the less because of slight defects which the last touches of that exquisite hand would have repaired. Nor do we think he will be wholly discontented when he comes (as it is right to warn him he presently will come) to the change of plot which places some of the subordinate persons in new relations to each other, but does not disturb the unity of the prime idea or the evolution of the hero's character.

He will regard it rather as another and the rarest of those opportunities to behold the processes of a creative mind which Hawthorne's posthumous writings have afforded; and will feel the potent advantage which the author gains for the effectiveness of the closing scenes.

Mr. Bret Harte in his last book of verse collects a number of humorous pieces, some of which seem to us on a second or third reading as good as anything he has written in the same vein, excepting always the "Plain Language from Truthful James." Amongst these is a "California Madrigal on the Approach of Spring," and "A White-Pine Ballad" about the ruin, through woman's wiles, of "Milton Perkins, late an owner in White Pine." The demure drollery which smiles behind the truculent unconsciousness of "Truthful James," and here utters the exquisitely Californian moral,—

"You shall see that wealth and women are deceitful
just the same,
And the tear of sensibility has salted many a
claim,"

is felt in some other pieces, which have not the best reason for being. We mean those in which Mr. Harte has used his sense of cockney character and parlance to produce grotesque local figures of apparently no

* *East and West Poems.* By BRET HARTE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

Time and Eternity. A Poem by GEORGE MAC-HENRY. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1871.

The Angel in the Cloud. By EDWIN W. FULLER. New York: E. J. Hale and Son. 1871.

After All, Not to Create only. Recited by WALT WHITMAN on Invitation of Managers American Institute, on opening their Fortieth Annual Exhibition, Noon, September 7, 1871. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

The Wanderer. A Colloquial Poem. By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

Child-Life: A Collection of Poems. Edited by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

William Henry and his Friends. By MRS. A. M. DIAZ, Author of "The William Henry Letters." With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Real Folks. By MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY. Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," etc. With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Stories from Old English Poetry. By ABBY

SAGE RICHARDSON. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1871.

My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's History. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1871.

Overland. A Novel. By J. W. DE FOREST. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1871.

Pictures of Travel. "In Sweden," "Among the Hartz Mountains," and "In Switzerland," with a "Visit at Charles Dickens's House." By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1871.

A Russian Journey. By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

A Journey round my Room. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE. Translated from the French, with a Notice of the Author's Life. By H. A. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1871.

The Church Idea. An Essay toward Unity. By WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1871.

The Debatable Land between this World and the Next. With illustrative Narrations. By ROBERT DALE OWEN. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1872.

native land or clime. You laugh, and reproach yourself for laughing; it seems such an unjustifiable enjoyment, and the means which move you so unnecessary to an artist who, at his best, is one of the greatest. But the good and the bad of his California verse are no longer novel; it is to the two or three "East" poems which Mr. Harte has written, that curiosity will first tempt the reader. He will find in them, we think, assurance of all that he had a right to expect of the poet. "A Greypoint Legend" was needlessly weighted by an explicit moral; but it was, otherwise, better than any other "earnest" poem that Mr. Harte had written. For "A Newport Romance" we have only praise: it is a pretty story rehearsed with faultless grace, and then meditated with a waywardness of thought as natural as it is ethereal, and leading from mood to mood with delicate and winning art. "The Old Major Explains" merits all the favor it won, as a piece of characterization; and among the "West" poems, to which, we must revert again, we think "In the Mission Garden" as good character and even finer handling. The old monk blinding the traveller with his story, in which, false as it is, he expresses his true regret, and the brisk little Paquita's flash of light at the end is admirably successful work. In "The Lost Galleon" and "The Wonderful Spring of San Joaquin" there is a very pleasant sense of the poetic and humorous capabilities of the old Spanish times in California, with which we believe Mr. Harte could deal as excellently as with contemporary phases. "The Lost Galleon" is a trifle expanded, but the other poem is entirely good.

We hint some new effort on the part of Mr. Harte, because we feel that, as the easy critics who do so much to form the popular mind have been saying, he must look to his laurels. At those enviable bays Mr. Miller had already whirled a lariat, which is now sweeping the horizon of English speech before lessening its rings to the fatal close (it is impossible not to write finely on this subject), and now comes Mr. George Mac-Henry, in the very best typographical panoply—and we own it is very handsome—that San Francisco can afford, and disputes his renown, with an epic in twelve cantos and some millions of lines, very justly called "Time and Eternity." We recall nothing in Mr. Harte's poetry like this description of the treatment of the vanquished after the Battle of Armageddon:—

"The rest to cannons' mouths were lashed and blown
To scraps and atoms, till the fields were black
With spattered flesh, brains, bowels, and shattered
bone—
The Hindoo's grave! Along the sulphurous rack
Of minute guns the screaming vultures track
The smell of booty, *snatching in their chase*
At flying collops; nor fat offal lack
The glutton boars that down from Carmel race,
To strip with flaying tusk in shreds the human
face."

With a critic's civil distrust of his reader, we have italicized the more wondrous phrases; but in the lines describing a flight of bad angels through space, at the Destruction of the Earth we feel that italics are not necessary:—

"Then their closed phalanx in a wedge they keep
To pierce the comets thickening in the sky,
And archipelagos of nebulae on high,

"And nucleated orbicles on wings
Of fire molecular. They scud away
Where dawn empiric chiaro oscuro flings
Through hissing darkness as the ghost of day,
Shedding a faint phantasmagorical ray;
Where waves of chaos dashed to foam appear
Luminous, and float as wisps of Milky Way,
The portico of light, and in the drear
Avernian gulf are hurled, discomfited with fear."

It appears to us that Mr. Mac-Henry has been equipped by nature for a great poet; and that his sphere is London, where they know a great poet when they see him. While in this generous mood, we will counsel Mr. Edwin W. Fuller also, who has written "The Angel in the Cloud," to try London, though we warn him that his failure to appear directly from the Pacific slope will be against him, and that he ought at least to take with him a *serape* and a green snake and a brace of singing cockatoos. He is a religious poet, and these things will affect the cockney imagination as the proper accessories of an American prophet. We are sorry that we cannot comply with the earnest request he makes of readers in his Preface to read his whole poem if they commence it. We cannot, because life is short—and sweet; but we will quote from his work, in atonement, a very elegant passage:—

"The tropics seem a Hell, . . .
Where from the green-robed mountain's volcan top
A fire-fountain spouts its blazing jet
Far up against the starry dome of Heaven,
Returning in its vast umbrella-shape,
Leaps in red cataract adown the slope,
Shaves clean the mountain of its emerald hair,
And leaves it bald with ashes on its head."

The poetry of the last month or two is, such as it is, very abundant, and Mr.

Walt Whitman adds to the *embarras de richesses* one of his curious catalogues of the American emotions, inventions, and geographical subdivisions, which was recited at the opening of the American Institute in New York. The managers call it a "magnificent original poem," and their note of thanks and other testimonies to its extraordinary merit are printed with it; which does not seem desirable in the case of any poem, in spite of what Mr. Emerson has permitted himself to do for Mr. Channing's "Wanderer." It must at least alarm the reader when a work is thus offered, and he is told beforehand that if he is the right kind of a reader he will appreciate it. We believe that we have liked what is clear and true in the "Wanderer," and we were very glad of the following lines when we came to them:—

"I hurry forward where the leafless trees
Are wrapped in silence, as the red cold light
Of January's sunset touches each
As with a fire of icicles, — how calm !
Oh ! transient gleams yon hurrying noisy train,
Its yellow carriages rumbling with might
Of volleyed thunder on the iron rail
Pieced by the humble toil of Erin's hand,
Wood and lake the whistle shrill awakening.
Transient, — contrast with the unthinking cold,
The ruddy glare of sunset in the west,
And the first flicker of the icy stars,
While the pale freezing moon calmly assists
To point their rays more sharp, — transient and
stern !"

But for all our pleasure in such delicacy and reality (we must except "the humble toil of Erin's hand,") as we feel here, we could not find anything but a poor sort of literary conventionality and turgidity in any lines like these:—

"The hind comes
Home to the evening meal, his children round,
And the coarse village cur, dozing all day,
Essays to hoarsely wheeze largest response
To his adhesive neighbors."

We cannot perceive depth or novelty in the poet's broodings upon the Indian, War, Slavery, Opulence, and so forth, and we think his desert is chiefly in the fresh glimpses of nature which his verse affords, and now and then the painting of a human character and figure. Here is one of these, perhaps too faint in color and vague of outline:—

"Even like the sea himself, torn down the past,
That wrecker shows, Antonio, an old man,
Patched and repainted like his time-worn craft,
An odd tarpaulin o'er his wild gray locks,
And ever in his hand his wrecking-hook.
Cold as the strand whereon he walks he seems;
His eyes put out with gazing on the deep,

Together with the wear of seventy years,
And scanty food, chill breezes, and the spray
Running their courses in his life. Nor less
The ocean is his friend; that mystery
Still stranger as he studies it the more.
With tempests often striking o'er his path
Linked to the wrecker's eyes with the far heaven,
Upon whose omens patiently he pores,
And dreams of crashing decks or corpses pale
Washing alone Time's melancholy shore:
Thus are they filled with wisdom who compute
The sea as their companion. Books to them
Are the faint dreams of students, save that one, —
The battered Almanac, — split to the core,
Fly-blown, and tattered, that above the fire
Devoted smokes, and furnishes the fates,
And perigees and apogees of moons."

It does not seem just to leave Mr. Channing's poem without speaking of the very unpleasant halting of many lines in it, through "that needless and even wilful neglect of rhythm" which looks so much like affectation.

Mr. Whittier owns in the Preface to the charming collection of poetry which he calls "Child-Life" that "in more than one instance he has deferred to the instinctive and natural criticisms of childhood," but he might have been reasonably suspected of testing all his selections in that way, so simply pleasing are they all. It is not a book whose character you can very well explain without reprinting its index; and the best we can say of it is that the finest taste in poetry for children and the largest sympathy with children's minds have united to gather into it, not all the verses that children like, but none that they dislike, or cannot feel and understand. It is a singularly happy piece of work, — the happiest of its kind that we know; the children who were once young will hardly miss from it any of their favorites, while the children who are still young are likely to make all the pieces in it their favorites. The selections are from the freshest sources as well as those known before, from Marian Douglas and Björnson as well as from Hannah Gould and Wordsworth. There are several very pretty translations also from the Dutch, the German, and the Italian; and Mr. Whittier and Miss Larcom — whose services he specially acknowledged — have taken care that the fancy of their little readers shall never be cultivated (as often happens) at the cost of their sense of humanity and justice. It is abundantly illustrated with pictures which have sometimes illustrated the poems before and are sometimes new, and are always pleasing.

Of recent prose books for children (or

perhaps we had better say young people, in this case) none is comparable to Mrs. Diaz's "William Henry and his Friends," which will have a cordial welcome from all the readers of the "William Henry Letters." The new book has, in greater degree, the merits of the first, — surprising unaffectedness, and singular fidelity to human nature. It is illustrated by that new process of photographing the artist's design upon a metal plate and printing directly therefrom; and we sometimes fancied, in reading it, that Mrs. Diaz had discovered an equivalent secret in literature, whereby she was able to photograph the very life of the people at Summer-Sweeting farm, and reproduce them exactly as they have their being. The material of the book is of the simplest kind: it is merely the diversions and adventures at the farm during the summer that Mr. Fry boards there with William Henry's grandmother. William Henry has been home some years from school, and throughout this volume is seeking that place in a great wholesale business which he gets at last. He is a veritable young man, as he was a true boy; and we believe there never were more genuine persons in literature than his cousins Lucy Maria and Matilda, his Aunt Phebe and his Uncle Jacob. The sweetest moral is implied by the whole course of the story, — though it is scarcely a story, — and it is full of a perfectly delightful humor. Indeed, as a humorist Mrs. Diaz must be recognized among the first that amiably and profitably please. Certainly no other American woman rivals her in this respect.

Her people, we think, are realer "Real Folks" than Mrs. Whitney's, who, however, have also their reality, if they *do* seem to behave a little too perfunctorily. There is too much preaching in Mrs. Whitney's book, that is the truth. If it were to be read as a homily, there would be no fault to find, for it teaches sincerity, charity, and all active Christian usefulness. There is no objection to religion in novels, we suspect, even on the part of the ideally heartless critic whom Mrs. Whitney takes to task; and certainly we all desire novels to be pictures of human experience. The trouble with highly moralized novels is apt to be that they are not pictures of human experience, but the experience of preternatural automata, and that the only real folks in them are the bad ones, — the awful examples to be avoided. The purpose to do good, which

we wish to be as far as possible from undervaluing, overcomes the author's instinct to be true, and art and religion are involved in a common ruin. Mrs. Whitney's book is charming as often as it is not didactic. For example, one of the best passages in it is that where light, unvaluable Glossy Megilp chats with the other girls at her toilet, and defends its arts: "The little gap in my left eyebrow was never deliberately designed. It was a 'lapsus naturæ.' I only follow out the hint and complete the intention. Something is left to ourselves; as the child said about the Lord curling her hair for her when she was a baby, and letting her do it herself after she grew big enough. . . . Twice a day I have to get myself up somehow, and why should n't it be as well as I can? . . . And one person's dressing may require one thing and another's another. Some people have a cork leg to put on, and some people have false teeth; and there would n't any of them come hobbling or mumbling out without them, unless there was a fire or an earthquake, I suppose." Both "Real Folks" and "William Henry and his Friends" have illustrations uncommonly satisfactory. In the latter the various character is admirably interpreted by the artist.

Another noticeable book for young people is Mrs. Richardson's "Stories from Old English Poetry," written after the example set for all books of the kind by the Lambs in their Tales from Shakespeare. The stories are from Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and other early poets, and they are told with a good feeling for the originals; not always with simplicity, nor with perfect judgment as to what tales are best to tell young people, but prettily, and on the whole blamelessly.

In fiction for their elders there is a dearth of the native sort, or a harvest worse than famine, except for Mr. De Forest's "Overland"; Mrs. Stowe's "My Wife and I" may have been meant to be more a lesson than a delight, and possibly should not be considered as a novel, though it is hard to consider it in any other way. The plot is meagrely this: A young country-bred college-graduate, who goes to New York and lives by literature, marries, in spite of Mrs. Grundy, a young girl of wealth and fashion, and they set up house-keeping on one of the back streets; and in a little house which the artistic feeling and the domestic genius of the wife have made perfectly beautiful, they live happily upon

a beggarly pittance of seven thousand a year. Some toilers in Grub Street would not think this poverty; but Mrs. Stowe achieves for her young people all the social hardship of penury without its discomforts and privations; just as Miss Dickinson plunges her hero into woe by having him marry a negress you could not tell from a white woman. The purposes of the book are good, and we suppose the sketches of the women-reformers and she-Bohemians are not too highly colored: but it seems to want all fineness of touch and mellowness of tone; the reality of Mrs. Stowe's best work is not here, as it is absent from the other books in which she deals with fashion and wealth in a moralistic spirit. We have not so many women of genius that we can afford to lose the first from the service of literature, and we hope Mrs. Stowe will come back to it, and let the lessons of her next book be taught by the character of its people, and not by their conformity or non-conformity to certain social and domestic ideals. The illustrations of the present book are infamously bad.

Mr. De Forest's "Overland" is as good a story of a certain good kind as we have read. But for a little feebleness of outline and general immateriality in the heroine (the weak point in all of Mr. De Forest's novels), it is as admirable as "Foul Play," with which it has much in common in the vivid character and rapid succession of its incidents, though in "Overland" these are often better found if not truer. What ground for his romance could the novel-reader more desire than that Mr. De Forest has chosen in Santa Fé, with Lieutenant Thurstane in love with Clara Van Dieman, and her Mexican kinsmen averse to him for reasons of love and money? The march across the desert to California, with its Apache fights, the sojourn in the ancient Aztec city of the Moquis, the love-making between Clara and Thurstane, the long-baffled and at last successful villany of her cousin Coronado, who sets Thurstane adrift on the Colorado; the thrilling escapes and the sufferings of Thurstane and his companions in their descent through the Grand Cañon, and their final rescue; Texas Smith's attempts on Thurstane at Coronado's instigation; — these form the warp of a story in which innumerable slighter facts are interwoven, with a great variety of character and vivid descriptions of the strange local life and scenery. Mr. De Forest, who is always

strong in the presentation of his characters, has never realized his figures better than in those diverse reprobates, old Garcia and Texas Smith, who unite in themselves whatever is peculiarly atrocious in the Latin and Teutonic races. Coronado, successfully as he is drawn in his adaptability to the varying purposes of hate and friendship, his intellectual appreciation of things he does not feel, his murderous lust of power and money, and his narrow ambition, his patience and impatience, his courage and cowardice, — still seems to us somewhat conventionalized; but those other two (Garcia being scarcely more than a sketch) are dreadfully fresh and powerful in their impression of wickedness. The squat, swarthy, one-eyed, timid Mexican, with his headlong fury for killing whatever kept money from him, and the gaunt, sallow borderer, who saw, when a boy, his mother tortured to death by Indians, and who, with his instincts of destruction and revenge, has led a life of murder with a simple enjoyment of slaying; cruel, stupid, fearless, — these figures are worthy pendants; but they are hardly balanced by the good people of the story. Yet Thurstane is far above the average of heroes; he is a real man of the best sort, with the traits of his army training finely touched. Good, too, of their sort, are the soldiers under his command, with their simple habits of discipline and implicit obedience tempering strong peculiarities; while Clara's strong-minded aunt and Captain Glover, if not perfectly novel, are very amusing in their way. We have heard the descriptions of Western scenery, in which the story abounds, praised for wonderful truth and force by those best acquainted with it.

With "Pictures of Travel" the series of Andersen's works issued from the Riverside Press is complete. The sketches which it embraces, now for the first time given to the American public, are very characteristic in style, and full of his quaint conceits and kindly humor. Among the best chapters are the last two: "The Passion Play at Oberammergau" and "A Visit at Charles Dickens's House." Andersen witnessed the Passion Play in 1860, and he gives us as striking an account of it as we remember to have read. The "Visit at Charles Dickens's House" took place at a time when a series of dramatic performances were given by Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and others for the benefit of

Douglas Jerrold's widow. This paper presents Dickens to us as an admirable actor, and gives us new, but unneeded, evidences of the value of his friendship and of his warm heart. "Take the best out of all of Dickens's writings," Andersen wrote in a letter home, "make from them the picture of a man, and you have Charles Dickens." We find in this chapter, also, an excellent critique on Ristori, an interesting sketch of Miss Burdett Coutts, and glimpses of various persons and things prominent in London life.

Miss Proctor's "Russian Journey" is a book which provokes suspicion that many desirable things have been left out from a fear of burdening the reader with details, and so he does not do as prompt justice as he ought to what is really given him. The journey is a tour of the great Russian cities from St. Petersburg to Moscow and Nijni and Kazan, and thence through the eastern part of the Empire and the Cossack country down to the Crimean coasts, to Sevastopol and Odessa; and its story is told in a succession of careful, neatly touched, conscientious pictures, which are sometimes vivid, and always admirable for evident truthfulness and honest study. The description of the fair at Nijni and the sketches of river-travel everywhere are good examples of what is best in Miss Proctor's manner, who makes her reader see all the variety of the great mart, and feel the sublime monotony of Russian scenery with whatever reliefs it has. There is a very good sense given, too, of the old Tartar city of Kazan, and when we come into the Crimea, we have the enjoyment of lands and cities little visited by travel, in some fresh, bright sketches of people and landscapes. Miss Proctor reminds us from time to time of the facts of recent history in Russia; she is an ardent Russian in politics, and enthusiastic about the reforms projected or accomplished by the Czar.

Before we leave the books of travel, we must speak of the charming new translation of "A Journey round my Room," which Hurd and Houghton have published in a shape wholly worthy of De Maistre's exquisite little masterpiece. As a bit of mere book-making it is not equalled in tastefulness by anything yet done in America, we think, and ought to be so praised. The fine workmanship might almost be an inspiration from the pretty story or reverie, which, whatever its attenuation, is of unsurpassable sweetness of tone, and most

subtly satisfies with its airy touches of humor and sentimentality.

Mr. Huntington's work, "The Church Idea," opens with an expression of the dissatisfaction, perplexity, and longing for unity which mark Christendom to-day; and his purpose is to define catholicity, to show that the Church is a living body, and that unity therefore belongs to it of right, and to indicate the way in which the "Church of the Reconciliation" is to be established. This he does from a Churchman's stand-point, and the solution which he offers is the acceptance of the essential Anglican idea, — which he believes to be the true Church Idea, — a position which he supports in a very interesting manner. Believing that Christ meant there should be built up in the world a Church bearing his name, he reviews the principal misapprehensions to which he thinks the original thought has been subject, namely, Romanism, or the exaggeration of the divine idea, Puritanism, or the diminution of the idea, and Liberalism, or its distortion. The reconciliation of the discordant forces of Christianity Mr. Huntington believes must be based upon the Anglican position; and his exposition of the essential Anglican idea is very clear, and it will be of service to those who are unable to dissociate Anglicanism from a vision of surplices and choristers and Gothic towers and the whole picturesque costume which English life has thrown around it. Uniformity in divine service and other features of the present Episcopal system may be best, but these are subjects foreign to the direct issue and all open to men's discussion and preferences. In the author's searching analysis, none are corrected more freely or called upon to yield more than Churchmen who are mere denomination-alists; and however men may differ from him, none will fail to admire the spirit of his work.

We can praise for the same virtue Mr. Robert Dale Owen's new book, which we have space here only to mention, but to which we hope to recur soon again. "The Debatable Land" is in great part a record of those spiritualistic phenomena which Mr. Owen believes take place, like the miracles, under law, and which he feels to be a very essential condition of belief in immortality. His collection of facts is preceded by a prefatory address to the Protestant Clergy, in which he traces the rise and gradual decline (still continued,

he declares) of Protestantism; and in a summary of his opinions and impressions at the close of the work, he affirms that between Catholicism and infidelity there is no rational ground but the Spiritualism which accepts all supernatural occurrences in all times, not as abnormal manifestations of power, but as events strictly in accordance with intermundane laws.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

THE war has naturally left its traces on both the French and German literatures, not only in the shape of military histories, apologies, and explanations of unlucky generals, records of the sieges of Paris, etc., but also in the fiction of each country. This is true to a greater extent of the German novels, whose heroes gallop from one end of France to the other, on their way kindling the love of even the most patriotic French girls by their trim uniforms, jangling spurs, and bold mustaches. Or else we have the simpler tale of the poor girl who is left at home to weep. It is exactly as it was with many of our magazine stories just after our war, when the brave officer held the place now occupied by the penniless artist, — who is a lasting favorite, — and the omniscient professor, who is always sitting by a lamp dabbling in Hebrew, geology, the history of music, comparative anatomy, astronomy, Homer, and botany. While there is no new German novel of any marked merit, — we say nothing about the old ones, — there has appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* during the summer and autumn a story by Victor Cherbuliez, which alone has the material of many a shelf-full of ordinary novels. It is called *La Revanche de Joseph Noirel*. Many will be already familiar with the earlier works of this fascinating writer, and more, we hope, will be persuaded to read this story, which we are willing to call one of the greatest works of fiction of the day. Cherbuliez is a remarkable writer of fiction in a country where the standard is very high, where even the second and third rate

novelists have at least some qualities that are deserving of respect. *Prosper Randonce* and *Le Comte Kostia* are by no means poor because this story is better. This is the best, and the best of a series in which it is easy to detect a steady improvement. They are all marked by the same merits, namely, an ingenious plot, an exceptionally brilliant style, and a cleverness of treatment that is almost unequalled. This praise will not, we think, appear undeserved to those who have read his novels, although those who have not will probably take them up prepared for disappointment, — that is, if they will consent to take them up at all. His brilliancy is indeed his worst foe, because, although it is not distracting, we nevertheless feel that less of it would at times permit the story to have greater force. Out of deference to the possible readers of *Joseph Noirel*, whom Cherbuliez will insure against untimely exercise of their critical faculties while they hold the book in their hands, we will not quote the passage in which it seems to us that he transgresses. It is at the very crisis of the story that, on re-reading and reflection, he seems to us to be too clever. Nothing that he says offends, but a writer of more poetical feeling would have held his hand, no matter what sentence he would have had to cut out. And this is perhaps the point in which Cherbuliez most nearly misses being the greatest writer of prose fiction, for his over-brilliancy where it exists is but one sign of this greater deficiency, a certain lack of real poetry. In general he tells his story as something outside of himself; he seems to own it and to be the master of it; it is with all its beauty, its extraordinary comprehension of man and the world, something bounded, something finite; the poet, on the other hand, tells us something infinite that is ever old and ever new, something that can never be comprehended, only felt. In this respect Tourguénieff far surpasses Cherbuliez, and we hope at some future day to return to the investigation and comparison of their relative merits. But what we have said above is less true of *Joseph Noirel* than of the others. In this story he has drawn a lovely character, the heroine, Marguerite. Nothing could be more charming than the study of her character. All the others are well drawn, the unsatisfactory Joseph, the vulgar Bertrand, the Count, but she stands pre-eminent. Through all her troubles, which are manifold, she is always calm, self-possessed,

* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof & Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Iwan Turgenjew's Ausgewählte Werke. Fünfter Band. Visionen, Helene. Mitau. 1871.

Bilder aus dem Geistigen Leben unserer Zeit. Von JULIAN SCHMIDT. Leipzig. 1871.

Porträts und Studien. Von RUDOLF GOTTSCHALL. 4 Bände. Leipzig. 1870-71.

Chronique du Siège de Paris. 1870, 1871, Par FRANCIS WEY. Paris. 1871.

and the end — But we forbear. Cherbuliez tells the story better than we do.

The fifth volume of the German translation of Tourguénieff, containing "Helena," a rather long story, and a remarkable sketch called "Visionen," has appeared. Both exist in French translations, and "Helene" in English. This is the story of the love of a young girl for a young man, a subject that is ordinary enough, but the way in which it is told is rare indeed. The hero is not of the usual faultless heroes of fiction, nor, on the other hand, is he by any means commonplace, but a compound as rare in novels as it is frequent in life, of good and bad qualities. In her eyes his obstinacy is heroic perseverance, his exaggerated severity, manliness. Then, too, love softens him, and we see within his breast the struggle between his love for Helene and his devotion to his country. The way in which he is brought to obey his love by the bold tenderness of Helene is beautifully told. We see human beings actually moved by passion and not society-figures smirking through a flirtation as if it were a figure in a ball-room dance. The book is sad, the end is tragic, but yet it is not merely sad; we see, in spite of its gloomy termination, that there is something that survives even the greatest sufferings of life; that if man is mortal, there are feelings and emotions that are immortal. It is a book that can be read and re-read with pleasure.

Julian Schmidt's *Bilder aus dem Geistigen Leben unserer Zeit, neue Folge*, is scarcely a new book, nor yet one of the most valuable that he has published; for inasmuch as the book appeared during the war, he was so far carried away by his patriotism as to publish a great many of his more recent letters on France, which are not of great interest to the foreigner. There are some other essays, however, which are purely literary. One is on Dickens, and very interesting it is. There is another on Fernan Caballero, which is the *nom de plume* of Madame Cecilia de Arrom, a German by birth, who has for many years lived in Spain. One of her novels is now appearing in the "Catholic World." Following these is an essay on Lamartine, and one on Heine. The modern French novelists receive a few pages of intelligent criticism. We quote a few sensible words from the book: "After all, has the moralist to pass judgment on a work of art? Has art anything to do with

morality? Is it not free from those bonds which limit and condition actual life? In fact, one could dispense with the moralist's view of art, if art would not concern itself with morality. Whoever wished to judge a landscape from a moral point of view would make himself ridiculous, but where human actions, principles, thought, and sensations are concerned, one can hardly regard the characters of a novel otherwise than as human beings, — that is to say, one will form an opinion about their morals and examine whether this opinion agrees with that of the author. Now, moralizing is one of the main occupations of the writer in modern times, and there is scarcely a novel that does not bring its examples even of the strangest actions and thoughts under general principles. Our age is more inclined than earlier ones to reflect, to ponder over the cause and effect in the moral as well as in the physical world. Hence the novel is not only the drawing of certain models, but it is the most convenient vehicle for that which especially concerns modern culture." These words are a key to the position that Schmidt takes in all his criticism, for in everything he is a decided moralist.

Of less general interest are Rudolf Gottschall's *Porträts und Studien*. One name, in the book, however, Charles Sealsfield, should catch the reader's attention, for he lived many years in this country and wrote novels in English, and in German many sketches of this country. In Germany he is better known than he is here, and this sketch of him would preserve many an American about to go to Europe from an awkward confession of ignorance to the wondering German. Rather solid reading are the two essays on *Die Unsterblichkeitsfrage und die neueste deutsche Philosophie* and *Ein Philosoph des Unbewussten*. This last is a brief analysis of a very interesting, and, in Germany, very popular book, Hartmann's *Philosophie des Unbewussten*. That it is popular is not strange; it is well written, as entertaining as a novel, far more so than any German novel, with no wearying terminology, — we speak of it simply from the point of view of the general reader, — and full of the blackest pessimism. It is interesting as an example of much of the thought of the time.

The *Chronique du Siège de Paris*, by Francis Wey, is entertaining, and moreover full of valuable papers which one would not always be able to put one's hand on.

ART.

THERE has lately been on exhibition in Boston, at the rooms of Messrs. Doll and Rickard, a small but remarkable collection of French pictures. These paintings, we believe, are privately owned in Boston; and united thus in a charming room they afford a pleasant suggestion and premonition of the artistic taste and wealth scattered, potentially, at least, through our supposedly sordid American community. Several of the first names of the French school are represented, — Delacroix, Decamps, Troyon, Rousseau, Jules Duprez, Daubigny, Diaz. They form a group interesting in more ways than one, — as to the reciprocal light they shed upon each other as members of a school, and as to their opportune and almost pathetic testimony just now to the admirable æsthetic gifts of the French mind.

None of them are more eloquent in this latter sense than the great Troyon, — the edge of a wood, seen on a dampish day in September. A cluster of magnificent forest oaks occupies the middle and left of the picture, rich with the waning maturity of summer, with their sturdy foliage just beginning to rust and drop, leaf by leaf, into the rank river-grass, streaked with lingering flowers, at their feet. The trees are a magnificent study, — or rather not a study, but a perfect achievement. They stand there solid and mighty, without the smallest loss of their hugeness and dignity. It is noteworthy too, that, vast and elaborate as they are, they are far from filling and crowding the picture; they are only part of the great landscape beyond and beside them; they seem really, as we may say, to irradiate atmosphere and space. The tone of color in this work is extremely subdued, yet consummately sustained, — sober and brilliant at once; a powerful harmony of gray and gray-green, relieved with quiet russet and brown. The color plays along this narrow scale with a kind of rich melancholy, such as perfectly befits the drama of lusty summer just conscious of the touch of autumn. The especial ground of interest in the picture is its happy grasp of the medium between the hard definiteness of some of our recent English and American ultra-realists in landscape, and that exaggerated make-shift

breadth and tendency to rough generalization which marks so many French landscapists, and of which the large Daubigny, in this same collection, is so striking an example.

Its smaller companion, although of a more familiar and commonplace cast, is still very charming. It represents half a dozen cows, driven through a field by a young girl on a late summer day. The happy, crooked, scattered movement of the cattle; the sweet midsummer whisper which seems to lurk in the meadow-side copse; the rare and natural luminosity, without *recherche*, without a hint of that cunning *morbidesza* which marks the corresponding portion of the small Decamps near by, in the tender sky, dappled at cool intervals, — make of the work a genuine pastoral. It is, perhaps, as a whole, a little blank and thin; but it is indefinitely *honñte*. It reminds us of one of George Sands's rural novels, — *Français le Champi* or the *Petite Fadette*.

By so much as Troyon is a diffuse painter is Theodore Rousseau, who is here represented by two extremely characteristic works, a concentrated one. The dogged soberness of his manner strikes us as the last word of the distinctively French treatment of landscape. We know of no painter who depends less on extraneous effects and suggestions, on the graceful byplay of a Diaz, or the almost literary allusiveness of a Decamps. His sole effort seems to be to enter more and more into his subject. Sometimes, we think, he gets lost in it, as in the overwrought interconfusion of the trees and ground in the smaller of these two pictures. It wears, nevertheless, an admirable expression of size and space, of condensed light and fresh air. The sky, in spite of a thick, over-glazed look, is full of a natural cloud-filtered radiance. The picture, altogether, has more nature than grace. Its larger companion, however, is a thoroughly noble and perfect work. A broad low plain at dusk, with a small stone farm-house and its wall to the right, and, to the left, in mid-distance, a light screen of thin young trees, form the lower portion; over this is erected as true a sunset as ever was painted. The field of sky is immense and the distribution of cloud most elaborate; but the

composition is admirably free from that cheapness of effect which attends upon the common sunset of art. It is not an American sunset, with its lucid and untempered splendor of orange and scarlet, but the sinking of a serious old-world day, which sings its death-song in a muffled key. The tone of the clouds is gray, that of the light a deep grave crimson; and this crimson and gray, this conflicting cold and warmth, play against each other in the vast realm of evening with tremendous effect. It is all admirably true; you seem, as you look, to be plodding heavy-footed across the field and stumbling here and there in the false light which is neither night nor day. The struggle and mixture of the dusk and glow in all the little ruts and furrows of the field is perfectly rendered. If we were asked for an example in painting of that much-discussed virtue "sincerity," we should indicate this work as a capital instance.

In just the same measure we should indicate the beautiful Decamps hard by as a signal instance of factitious art. Decamps won his spurs years ago as one of the first of the modern realists, and we fancy that we might trace in his successive works a vivid reflection of the private history of the movement he represents. Poor realism! we can fancy the puzzled sadness with which she beholds herself imaged in this little canvas of Decamps. We can imagine her crying out with the old woman in the nursery song, who in her sleep was curtailed of her petticoats, "Lord, have mercy! this is none of I." Decamps represents that gifted class of artists — they exist in literature, in music, in the drama, as well as in the plastic arts — whose mission is the pursuit of effect, without direct reference to truth. Decamps was superbly endowed for this pursuit; the effect he sought he seldom missed. He has certainly not missed it in this little picture of "The Centurion." A more subtle piece of painting we have seldom beheld, — a work in which skill and science and experience offer a more effective substitute for the simplicity of genuine inspiration, for that quality which is so strongly embodied in that least clever of fine pictures, the small Delacroix which hangs near it. It is in this respect a striking example of its class. In refinement of taste, in delicacy of invention, in a nice calculation of effect, it is incomparably fine; and up to a certain point it grows and grows upon the mind; but it lacks the frank good faith of the best mas-

ters. The nominal subject of the work is the incident related in the first gospel, of the centurion who comes to Jesus at Capernaum to demand that his servant be healed, and who finds that, inasmuch as he believed, in the selfsame hour it was done. There is something that provokes a smile in the attempt of a painter like Decamps to treat a Scriptural subject, — a painter who represents the opposite pole of art from even the most sceptical of the great pietistic masters. But in truth, he has shown his good taste by touching the theme as lightly as possible, and making it the mere pretext for a bit of picturesqueness. The face of Christ is not even painted; faces were evidently Decamp's weak point. It is as a fantastic composition that the picture must be judged. We know not what warrant the author has for his conception of the colossal architecture of Capernaum; but, after all, what better warrant need one have in such a case than such a penetrating imagination? The little group of figures occupies the middle of the scene, dipped, as it were, in a wash of cool purple shadow; out of this rise mightily, into a glow of afternoon light, the walls and towers and ramparts and battlements of some visionary city of the antique world. The great success of the picture is in its hint of this pagan vastness (you see the heavy smoke from a perfumed altar rising in the distance) and in the golden luminosity with which the scene is suffused. It seems to us to bear about the same relation to probable fact as some first-rate descriptive titbit of Edgar Poe or Charles Baudelaire; whereas, if we were to seek for a literary correlative for that sadly imperfect Delacroix near by, we should find in it some fragment of Shelley. Our Decamps, in its somewhat arbitrary and ambiguous air of grandeur and lustre, might have been painted by a kind of unimpassioned Turner. Say what we will, it is only a supremely vivid fancy that could have conceived those dizzy and mellow-toned walls and towers and distilled that narrow strip of morbidly tender sky. The predominance of the picturesque in painting is very possibly the token of a decaying system; but this surely is the picturesque at its best; and when we think of all the antecedent failures, all the efforts and gropings the refined æsthetic experience implied by just such a success, the interest of the work is doubled.

It is still further increased when we compare the picture with the neighboring Dela-

• croix. We have left this work to the last, because it is the most difficult to characterize fairly, — because, indeed, we find it hard even to fix our impression of it. It is a signal example of the author's strength and weakness, of the qualities which charm and those which irritate. These are so grotesquely combined in his genius that it is nearly impossible to separate them and open a distinct account with each. We may even say that he pleases, in certain cases, by virtue of his errors, — by reason, at least, of a certain generous fallibility which is the penalty of his generous imagination. Delacroix, more than any painter we know, must be judged by the total impression. This, at least as a final one, is often very slow to come; but it may, we think, generally be resumed in some such conclusion as this, — that here is a painter whose imaginative impulse begins where that of most painters ends. It is not that, as a rule, he selects grotesque or exceptional subjects; but that he sees them in a ray of that light that never was on land or sea, — which is simply the light of the mind. This conceded, we must admit that the light of Delacroix's mind produced some very singular optical effects. Some of the painter's eccentricities of manner in the present work are so flagrant that any child can point them out. The scene represents a dozen men in Eastern dress, gathered about a camp-fire, before which one of them stands, with outstretched hand, delivering himself, apparently, of a story or a chant. The fire round which the Arabs are gathered emits no light; as a fire it is quite unpainted; the faces and limbs of the men themselves are so many apologies for the things they represent; the horses tethered in the background are indicated by the very simplest design that will decently serve. Yet in spite of these salient faults, the picture is singularly forcible and true. The *sentiment* of the attitudes, the accidents, the "form and presence" of the scene, throb there with such a vital warmth, that we can imagine ourselves seeking and enjoying it, in its permanent human significance, long after the hundred literal merits of certain other painters of mark have come to seem stale and soulless. We can imagine ourselves becoming intensely fond of a Delacroix, — never of a Meissonier. Delacroix takes you so frankly into the confidence of his faults, that you scarcely resent them, and by the very fact, indeed, stand in a closer

sympathy with him. Like all really great masters, — like his great brothers in art, Turner and Tintoretto, — he can be described only by seeming paradoxes and contradictions. He is at once the most general and the most specific of painters. His drawing is in the last degree incorrect, and yet he produces unsurpassed effects of design, form, and attitude. As with Tintoretto, you fancy him one of the slightest of colorists, till you begin to conceive he is one of the greatest. His great merit, to our mind, is that, more than any of his modern rivals save Turner, he has an eye for that which, for want of a better name, we may call the *mystery* of a scene, and that under his treatment its general expression and its salient details are fused into the harmony of poetry itself. But we stop short; Delacroix must not be written about; he must be seen and felt. In speaking of him thus, we pretend merely to record a personal predilection.

Of the small Diaz and the Jules Duprez there is nothing especial to be said. Diaz is as usual a charming trifter, and Jules Duprez a very worthy rival of Rousseau. We should have liked, with more space, to devote a few words to three or four American pictures lately visible in the same rooms. The most important of these is a large landscape by Mr. John La Farge, the view of a deep seaward-facing gorge, seen from above, at Newport. This is in every way a remarkable picture, full of the most refined intentions and the most beautiful results, of light and atmosphere and of the very poetry of the situation. We have rarely seen a work in which the painter seems to have stored away such a permanent fund of luminosity. There are parts of the picture which might have been painted by a less sceptical Decamps. A portrait of a little girl, in the most charmingly quaint dress of black velvet and lace and pearls, by Mr. R. C. Porter, demands also very explicit recognition. In complexion and costume, and in the masterly treatment she has received, Mr. Porter's bewitching little model reminds us of some swarthy Infanta of Velasquez. This work, at least, is a purely American product, the author's opportunities for study having been such only as our own country affords. The firmness and richness and confidence of the painter's execution, the excellent modelling of the face and neck, the hint of a sort of easy and spontaneous enjoyment of his materials, indicate that the artist has the real

temperament of the painter. Mr. Porter has, in this and other cases, done so well that he may be considered to have pledged and committed himself. His admirers, in future, will be expectant and exacting. We must note, in conclusion, a small picture by Vedder, — a little pictorial lyric, as we have heard it called, on the theme of faded stuffs. A young woman, dressed in a charming bedimmed old silken gown,

stands before an antique escritoire, in relief against a *passé* hanging of tapestry, opening a box of jewels. The tone of the picture is suffused by a hint of that elegant and melancholy hue which is known, we believe, by the name of ashes-of-roses. A certain flatness and semi-decorative monotony of touch is very discreetly apportioned, and operates as an additional charm.

MUSIC.

THE musical season in Boston promises to be one of peculiar interest. The symphony concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, organized some years ago for the benefit of the musically educated few, have now become a most important agent in the higher education of the musical many; and, in spite of a somewhat ungenial spirit of conservatism evinced in their programmes, they claim our respect and gratitude, by their unswerving adherence to the cause of art alone, where so many others have made art a mere pecuniary speculation. The so-called Ballad Concerts of the Dolby Troup were rather a disappointment, notwithstanding the excellent singing of some of the artists. There was little of the real ballad and madrigal element in their programmes, and the wishy-washy, sentimental music of Balfe and Wallace is hardly worthy of artists like Mr. Santley, who stands almost without a rival in the interpretation of the greatest music of all schools, and Mr. Cummings, whose singing of Handel will not be easily forgotten. The great musical fact of the season in New York and Boston is, of course, the appearance in opera of Christine Nilsson. She is in the fullest sense of the word a lyric actress, one who makes the music of her part go hand in hand with her acting, and who makes both acting and singing subservient to the dramatic intention of the poet, rather than to the purely musical expression of the composer. Great as were her successes in the concert-room, she evidently felt herself hampered and constrained; and though her genius infused new life into many a well-worn song, and showed to us much of the music with which we had thought ourselves well acquainted

in a new and higher light, yet she impressed us more by what she was than by what she did, more by what she perceived and felt than by what she expressed. But from the first moment that she appeared upon the operatic stage, one felt that there she was indeed at home and on her own ground. In her impersonations of Marguerite and Lucia the most striking feature is her great dramatic truthfulness. Her acting is not a succession of brilliant "strokes," but she seems actually to *live* her part. In her conception of Marguerite in *Faust* she comes as near to Goethe's Margaret as the text and music will allow. For the Marguerite of MM. Barbier and Carré is a vastly different person from Goethe's Gretchen; and Gounod's music, beautiful and sincerely earnest as much of it is, is thoroughly French in character. Yet Miss Nilsson's impersonation is full of that somewhat idealized rusticity which is so marked a characteristic of Goethe's Gretchen, and is, even in its coquettishness and *naïveté*, far removed from the more commonplace and superficially more refined *espèglerie* of the French Marguerite. Her acting in the first few scenes may seem a little cold, but it is only the natural, instinctive reserve and diffidence of a modest girl in the presence of him whom she has but begun to love in secret, and of whose love she is not yet sure. But as the opera goes on and she hears Faust's love for her from his own lips, then her acting is of a grand intensity that carries everything before it. We have never seen a great, all-conquering passion so vividly and truthfully portrayed. Yet her acting is wholly free from anything like ranting; it is not *violent* acting, it is really and spontaneously *intense*. In the

scenes of the fourth act her subdued and passive grief at her brother Valentine's death, and her utter despair and almost frenzied remorse in the church-scene, are most finely contrasted. In the prison-scene of the fifth act — perhaps the least disagreeable mad-scene in lyric drama — the alternation of passionate expressions of love and fear with moments of terrible calmness and resignation to her fate is grandly conceived. Here, as throughout the opera, she brings the dramatic element into the foreground. When the music of her part helps to intensify and vivify the dramatic situation, her rendering of the composer's conception is always beautiful musically as well as dramatically; but if the music for a moment fails to support the dramatic action, or even interferes with it, then she seems to rise superior to the composer, and it is Nilsson we admire, not Gounod.

This is more striking in *Lucia* than in *Faust*, for Gounod's music is essentially dramatic, and in most cases rather helps than impedes the dramatic action; and however much MM. Barbier and Carré may have diluted and distorted Goethe's idea, yet something of the original Faust, Gretchen, and Mephisto still is left. But when we come to consider Salvatore Cammarano's *Lucia*, we look in vain for even a single trace of Scott's Lucy Ashton. Instead of the affectionate, womanly girl with the great power of loving, whom we have learned to look upon as one of the most beautiful types of womanhood, we find a thoroughly characterless *prima donna soprano*, who is weakly in love with somebody, weakly wretched at something, with whom or at what we hardly know or care. And Donizetti's music shows a thorough appreciation of the character of Cammarano's heroine. Not that his music is musically vapid and without soul, but that it interprets the love and distress of a mere operatic *Lucia*. For Scott's Lucy Ashton to express her feelings in such strains would be as appropriate as for Hamlet to console himself for his father's murder by playing Thalberg fantasias. Yet we see in Miss Nilsson a perfect Lucy Ashton, acting real love for Ravenswood, walking before us on the stage as a real woman, not as a mere singing and sighing puppet, and singing Donizetti's music as he, good easy man, little dreamed of its being sung. The Cammarano-Donizetti fabric cannot hold a real woman, so it bursts; and all we have left is Nil-

son, or Lucy, which, for the time being, is the same thing. The mad-scene is peculiarly incongruous; for here the situation is so palpably and irremediably weak and absurd that it seems as if no actor could prevent Lucy from hopelessly degenerating into *Lucia* again. What a difference between the panic-stricken, blood-stained maniac found crouched in the empty fireplace, gibbering and mowing at the intruding crowd, and the lackadaisical piece of insanity that comes sailing in upon the stage between two rows of admiring chorus-singers, sentimentally attired in flowing white drapery and angel sleeves, singing such a disconnected series of *roulades* and scales as to leave us in doubt whether she is really mad or only practising for her singing-lesson! The woman that can make us see but a spark of Lucy Ashton's madness here must be a genius indeed. Miss Nilsson does wonders in the scene, and at times the real Ashton fire flashes out through the clouds of melodramatic *Lucia* idiocy; but in the greater part of the scene her acting is only interesting as a *tour de force*, as showing how much genius can make out of so little.

Miss Nilsson's appearance on the stage is a musical event of the really important kind. It is so, because she brings before our very eyes an illustration, which is better than volumes of treatises, of what the lyric drama can and ought to be. She also shows upon what weak foundations that very questionable art-form, the modern Italian opera, is built, and what flimsy absurdities the composers of the school have allowed themselves to use as a framework which they were to tapestry and cover over with their music. No doubt the composers themselves were quite as well aware of the worthlessness of their opera libretti as we can be. With them the music was the only thing of importance. That was what the public were to admire, and the libretto, or, as we have called it, the framework, was to be kept out of sight. This was so much the case, that the only requisite in an opera libretto was that it should show off the music to the best advantage, — that is, *each particular piece of music*. All consistent form in the opera as a whole was sacrificed to the perfection of the almost independent parts. The Italian opera was literally, as it is often called on the title-page, a *Dramma per Musica*, a drama for (the sake of) music. But what was to become of the music when the weak framework rotted

away or was broken down, it never seemed to enter the composers' heads to consider. The music must inevitably fall too; and this has been the fate of many operas whose texts were too palpably absurd to be endured. But such lapses were not noticed by the public. The operas passed quietly away, unnoticed and unlamented. There were some few conspicuous exceptions. Sometimes the music was strong enough to stand by itself, and much of the Italian operatic music has thus held its own in the concert-room long after the operas themselves have disappeared from the stage. But even in these cases people rarely troubled themselves to think of the reason why. Now Miss Nilsson brings this wretched weakness in opera libretti before our very eyes. She does not knock away the frail timbers and so cause the whole structure to collapse; she starts from the inside and builds a larger, nobler, stronger framework. But the old musical tapestry is too small for the new frame. Here and there great rents appear, and not only the strong framework, but also the half-rotten *débris* of lath and plaster of the old Cammarano libretto are seen peeping through the cracks. Surely we owe Miss Nilsson many thanks for helping us to learn this lesson.

No *débutante* has ever been more foolishly or clumsily advertised among us than Mrs. Charles Moulton. She has been compared in various ways to most of the great singers of both continents, — including Homer! It must seem fainter praise than we intend, to say after this that we should rank her among the first concert-singers. She has the genial, Transatlantic cheerfulness which is a necessary part of every wholesomely artistic nature, and which, added to the beauty of a voice of a rich, mellow quality rare in America, makes her singing really inspiring. We have never heard a more beautiful and sympathetic voice than hers, and her execution is as near perfection as any that we know. She sings with that French artistic refinement and absence of exaggeration so refreshing after the vocal ranting and melodramatic desperation of the modern Italian school. She gives evidence of much dramatic power, but she makes the dramatic element subordinate to the musical expression, as it always should be, excepting on the stage. She is a *singer, par excellence*, and thus in strong contrast to Miss Nilsson, whom we have characterized as a lyric actress. She also gives evidence of a most

genial and refined *vis comica*, and appears to great advantage in the Rossini-Donizetti *buffa* music, especially when seconded by that wonderful *buffo* barytone, Signor Ferranti.

In recent publications we notice several pieces above the average in sheet music.

Es rausche das rothe Laub (Koppitz, Prüfer & Co., Boston) is quite a good song by A. H. Sponholtz, in the modern German *salon* style. It lacks Franz Abt's warmth and naturalness of melody, but it has a certain strength and genuineness of sentiment that places it above most songs of the sentimental Abt school. The restless introductory figure in the accompaniment is quite happily carried out in those parts of the song that are in the minor key. If the song have a striking fault, it is that in some passages both melody and harmony lack decision and vitality, the return from the little episode in $B\flat$ major to the first theme in the minor being particularly ineffective and clumsily managed.

Pour qui sera and *Serenata di Zanetto* (G. D. Russell & Co., Boston), by J. Massenet. Two little songs of more than common merit. They are wholly free from that vulgar, Frenchy piquancy of rhythm that so offends in Meyerbeer, and fascinates us in spite of ourselves in Offenbach, and they are full of the vague, dreamy charm of which we find so much in Gounod. The persistent syncopation of the accompaniment of the first song, and the use of some rather transcendental harmonies in both may sound affected to some ears, but much that might seem affectation in other people is but natural expression in a Frenchman, and we cannot quarrel with M. Massenet for being true to his national instincts. The songs will well bear comparison with many by Robert Franz, which, barring the difference in nationality, they very much resemble in style.

Mandolinata (G. D. Russell & Co., Boston), Roman Serenade, by E. Paladilhe; a very pleasing song, of rather French than Italian character. The melody is very piquant and taking, and the accompaniment is generally well managed, the little interlude between the verses being particularly charming and pretty. One or two passages are marred by some rather clumsy eccentricities in harmony, which, from the poor effect they make, should be set down rather as unmusician-like blunders than evidences of originality.

Serenata (Koppitz, Prüffer, & Co., Boston), for piano-forte, by William Sterndale Bennett. *Zur Guitarre* (G. D. Russell & Co., Boston). Impromptu by Ferd. Hiller. Two quite pleasing piano-forte pieces of the so-called modern romantic school. Neither of them has any very salient qualities, but both give evidence of thorough musicianship in the composers, and their finished style as well as the admirable way in which they are written for the instrument places them above many pieces which bear more clearly the stamp of genius. Of the two, the Bennett piece strikes us as the better, though there is a lumbering sort of quaintness in the other that gives it the air of greater originality.

Praeludium and *Menuet* (Koppitz, Prüffer, & Co., Boston), for piano-forte, by A.

Krause. Two very good compositions. The Prelude abounds in strong, healthy harmony, and is very well written for the instrument, though the last few bars are rather commonplace and bring the piece to a weak, unsatisfactory conclusion. The Menuet is thoroughly charming throughout.

The Alfredian Grand March (White, Smith, & Perry, Boston), for piano-forte, by J. W. Cheeney. Although evidently not the work of a practised musician, there are some quite good points in this march. Both melody and harmony are vigorous, albeit somewhat commonplace, and, as far as it goes, it will bear comparison with much of Meyerbeer's *Fackellara* music. It is badly put upon the instrument, however, and thus loses much of the effect it would otherwise produce. The edition is not without some typographical errors.

SCIENCE.

THE appearance of Dr. Bastian's monograph on the "Mode of Origin of Lowest Organisms" will add to the interest with which the so-called question of "spontaneous generation" is now regarded. The great importance of the subject will justify us in giving some account of the controversy which has long been raging, as well as of Dr. Bastian's ingenious experiments, recently made in London, by which the case is brought to a still more definite issue than by those of the French investigators, Pouchet and Pasteur.

In the chaos of ideas concerning the phenomena of life which prevailed until quite modern times, it was not strange that organisms, even of a high order of complexity such as bees and ants, should have been believed to be now and then directly evolved from lifeless matter, under favorable circumstances. Such a belief, however, clearly belongs to the most rudimentary stage of biological science, when the true character of the difference between living and lifeless matter is wholly unknown, and when the relationships between the myriad forms of organic life are as yet unclassified. To such views, which hardly deserve to be ranked among scientific hypotheses, there succeeded, in the seventeenth century, the doctrine, maintained by

the illustrious Redi, and since generally held by philosophic biologists, that under no circumstances can life be originated save under the influence of pre-existing life. The doctrine *omne vivum ex vivo* consorted admirably with the metaphysical hypothesis of a "vital principle," maintained by Paracelsus and Stahl, according to which the peculiar activities displayed by organic bodies are the manifestations of a primordial life-force, distinct from the forces of inorganic nature. And as this hypothesis survived into the present century, the doctrine of Redi was generally received as impregnable. Phenomena which seemed to contravene it were explained away by means of additional hypotheses, the most famous of which is the panspermist theory, of Spallanzani, — that the atmosphere is full of invisible germs, — by which the evolution of apparently self-generated organisms was supposed to be satisfactorily accounted for.

But during the present century the attitude of the prevailing philosophic thought with reference to these doctrines has been materially changed. Since the creation of the vast science of organic chemistry, the researches of histologists, and the discovery of the transformation and equivalence of forces, the hypothesis of a "vital principle"

has become generally discredited, and it is held by most biologists that all the activities displayed by any organism result simply from the compounding of the various dynamic properties possessed by the ultimate units of which it is built up. The chasm which the old physiology had dug between the inorganic and the organic worlds has thus been partly bridged over, and it becomes less improbable that between the lowest organisms and the most complex aggregations of non-living matter some genetic relationship may be established. In the second place, owing mainly to the brilliant investigations of Darwin and Wallace, nearly all naturalists — at least in England, Germany, and our own country — have come to believe in the derivation of the more complex organic forms from ancestral forms that were less complex; so that the hypothesis of the evolution of the least complex organic forms from highly complex non-organic forms finds a less inhospitable reception than formerly. And in the third place, the discovery of organisms far lower in the scale than those which were until lately supposed to be lowest has begun to teach us that the sharp demarcations once thought to exist in the scheme of nature have really existed only in our own ignorance of that scheme.

Indeed, the organisms with which Dr. Bastian's experiments are chiefly concerned — monads and bacteria and vibriones and leptothrix filaments — are far less widely removed from inorganic matter than even the amœba and protococcus, which are nothing but simple nucleated cells, resembling those of which the tissues of higher organisms are composed. They rank even lower than Professor Haeckel's monera, which are merely patches of albumen, possessed — as crystals are — of the power of growing, and of occasionally breaking in two. Dr. Bastian's monads are simply structureless specks of albuminous matter, no bigger than the motes which float in the sunbeam, and distinguished from inorganic specks only by the capacity of multiplication. Yet upon the filmy surface of sundry organic solutions these motes have the power of growing together, gradually segregating from the liquid medium in which they float, until they have become built up into an amœba-like cell. Now the great question at issue in the so-called "spontaneous-generation" controversy is as follows: When monads and bacteria are found in solutions containing all the unorganized materials

requisite for the production of a living thing, have these living motes been produced, after the fashion of crystals, by the simple union of their inorganic elements, or have they been only reproduced from other monads and bacteria pre-existing in the atmosphere in which the solution is bathed?

If the former alternative be the one which experiment forces us to adopt, the bridge between the organic and inorganic worlds becomes at last complete, and light is thrown upon the origin of life upon the surface of our planet. But if, on the other hand, we are forced, in this particular instance, to reaffirm the doctrine *omne vivum ex vivo*, the result is purely negative, and we are not entitled to affirm, on the strength of it, that the genesis of living things from non-living matter does nowhere and under no imaginable circumstances take place. Still less are we entitled to affirm that such primordial genesis of life may not have secured, independently of miraculous origination, in earlier stages of the earth's history, when its physico-chemical circumstances were certainly different from what they now are. The fact, if it be established, that Dr. Bastian cannot artificially produce bacteria in a flask, is not sufficient to prove a negative with reference to what may now be going on among Professor Haeckel's albuminous patches on the sea-bottom, or to what may have gone on in days in comparison with which the era of the Canadian eozoon is recent. Not only, therefore, may the consistent evolutionist view with equanimity the overthrow of Dr. Bastian's conclusions, but we need not be surprised at finding in the ranks of Dr. Bastian's opponents a thinker like Professor Huxley, who avowedly believes in a primordial genesis of living things from non-living matter. There is no reason whatever why the purely scientific inquirer should not examine Dr. Bastian's experiments and reasonings, without the least desire to come to one conclusion rather than another.

Viewed in this impartial light, it must be admitted that in his various papers on the subject Dr. Bastian has made out a very strong case; and although it would be too much to say that the results of his experiments amount to anything like a demonstration of the inorganic ancestry of his monads and bacteria, we are, nevertheless, bound to say that they present a very hard nut for those to crack who refuse to believe

in such inorganic ancestry. Let us glance at one or two of his arguments.

Obviously the first requisite in an experiment of this sort is the absolute exclusion of all organic germs from the solution in which the new organisms are expected to appear; and a very difficult requisite it is, to be sure, that we have fulfilled. The method ordinarily employed is to isolate the solution in an impervious flask, while raising it to a temperature sufficiently high to destroy any and every living thing. It becomes necessary, then, to ascertain what is the highest degree of temperature compatible with the preservation of such living things as the flask may contain before it is sealed. Now upon this point experimenters have been singularly unanimous. It has been generally admitted that none of the living things of which there is any question in these experiments can withstand, when immersed in liquids, a temperature of 100° C. kept up for fifteen minutes. In Schwann's experiments the solutions employed were boiled in the flask for this length of time, while the upper portion of the flask was filled with calcined air from which all living germs must have been destroyed during its passage through a red-hot tube. When these precautions were taken to exclude all possible organic sources of life, as in the experiments of Schwann and Pasteur, it was found that no living things afterwards appeared in the flasks; and this result was for some time held to have settled the question. Nothing could, at first sight, seem more conclusive. When the air, with its contained germs, is allowed to enter, you get bacteria; when it is kept out, bacteria fail to show themselves; obviously, therefore, there can be no bacterium without its organic parentage.

But, as Dr. Bastian observes, when you come to examine this argument more critically, it does not look so conclusive. Bear in mind that we do not positively know that the air is full of germs capable of developing into vibriones and bacteria: the existence of the germs, which are themselves invisible, is only an inference from the existence of the bacteria; and, as already noticed, the doctrine *omne vivum ex vivo* is here on its trial and cannot be summoned as a witness. It is admissible to maintain that with liquids differently constituted the results of the experiments might have been different; or that the process to which the flask was subjected, in order to slay all the contained life, also left the solution unfitted

for the production of new life. In Schwann's experiments, for example, the molecular changes going on in the cooling liquid were often attended by the disengagement of gases, always causing excessive tension, and sometimes bursting the flask. The opponents of the germ-theory are quite at liberty to argue that the non-appearance of new organisms was due, not to the exclusion of germs, but to the abnormal tension created within the flask by the freed gases.

With a view to getting rid of this source of ambiguity, Dr. Bastian decided to leave a vacuum in the upper portion of the flask, rightly judging that a vacuum would be as likely as calcined air to be an inhospitable place for intrusive germs. The vacuum was produced by a simple expedient. The neck of the flask was drawn out by means of the blowpipe to an almost capillary tenuity, and then, while the rapidly boiling liquid was rushing out in puffs of vapor the mouth was hermetically sealed by the blowpipe. On the cooling of the liquid enough empty space remained in the flask to prevent any undue tension from freed gases. A temperature of 100° C. prolonged for fifteen minutes having been generally admitted to be destructive of all the kinds of life in question, Dr. Bastian often subjected his flasks during four hours to a temperature of 140° to 150° C. The results obtained after these precautions were certainly very interesting. For while in some cases living monads, bacteria, vibriones, or leptothrix filaments were found to have been developed within the sealed flasks, in other cases no signs of life were manifested; but in all cases the presence or absence of living organisms was found to depend upon the character of the liquid solution employed. Infusions containing a large amount of organizable materials were generally found to contain a multitude of living things; while few living things, or none at all, were found in infusions poor in organizable materials. The menstrua employed were usually infusions of hay, turnip, beef, or urine. But as all these were substances dependent for their existence upon pre-existent organic life, — an element which it was desirable to eliminate entirely from the problem, — Dr. Bastian next proceeded to try what could be done with purely inorganic solutions containing organizable materials, such as sodic phosphate, ammoniac tartrate, phosphate, acetate, and oxalate. With these he succeeded in obtaining monads, fungus-spores, spirally-

twisted, organic fibres, and confervoid-looking filaments.

The conditions of a trustworthy experiment, in a question of this sort, are so difficult to satisfy, that it would be altogether premature to say that Dr. Bastian has actually overthrown the theory of the panspermatists. Nevertheless, it can hardly be denied that, until the panspermatists have offered some satisfactory interpretation of Dr. Bastian's results, the force of the purely negative conclusions reached by Schwann and Pasteur must be regarded as materially diminished. So far from the theory of Redi being "victorious along the whole

line," as Professor Huxley would have it, we have yet to see how well it can withstand the opening of this new battery. Here, after satisfying all the conditions prescribed by Pasteur, living things are found in the flasks; and it is incumbent on the panspermatists to point out some way in which they could have got there, otherwise than by development *de novo* from the organizable materials contained in the solution. Without feeling himself bound to advocate either view of the case, the student of biology will, at least, recognize the extreme interest attaching to the inquiry.

POLITICS.

FORTY years since a distinguished French author made a voyage, for the purpose of acquainting himself with the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the country, to Utopia, and placed on record some curious observations concerning the patriotism, or what he chose to call the restless vanity, of the Utopians.

"If I say to a Utopian that the country he lives in is a fine one, 'Ay,' he replies, 'there is not its equal in the world.' If I applaud the freedom which its inhabitants enjoy, he answers, 'Freedom is a fine thing, but few nations are worthy to enjoy it.' If I remark the purity of morals which distinguishes the country, 'I can imagine,' says he, 'that a stranger, who has witnessed the corruption that prevails in other nations, should be astonished at the difference.'"

Since that time there have been a good many changes. Forty years since they were indeed a happy people in Utopia. Perfect laws passed by perfect legislatures, and enforced by perfect courts; perfect equality, justice, freedom, and peace; — all these things contributed to make Utopia the happiest country in the world. War was at an end, for there was no army or navy. The poor and the rich had no longer any cause to look upon each other with suspicion or dread, for the simplicity of Utopian institutions prevented those vast inequalities of fortune which existed in other countries. There was no danger, either, of any degeneration, for the intense interest

taken by the Utopians in politics always brought into the foremost positions their best men, fully able to avert danger from whatever quarter it threatened. In private life the same serene, unclouded sky. The strict bonds of domestic duty were relaxed, but, far from producing laxity of morals, this had only made way for the free play of affection. Children feared their parents less, but respected and loved them more; parents in return early taught their children that they demanded of them no cringing subservience, but confidence and good-will. Marriages were always happy, infidelity unknown, and divorce undreamt of. Dishonesty there was none. Directors and bank presidents were faithful to their shareholders, trustees to their responsibilities, lawyers to their clients. In commerce the inhabitants of this Happy Valley were no doubt sagacious; but their keen sense of justice and exquisite power of sympathy fully supplied the place of old-fashioned integrity. The perfect confidence of the Utopians in the permanence of this delightful order of society was expressed in the national proverb, when any danger threatened, that "it would all come out right in the end." Meanwhile, how different was the case with those countries so unfortunate as to have a different form of government! War, pestilence, famine, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office, robbery of the poor by the rich, hatred of the rich by the poor, cruelty, corruption, impurity, fraud, rapine, violence,

—these were the portion of the rest of the world. No wonder that we were a contented people in Utopia forty years ago.

If De Tocqueville were travelling here now, he would be struck with the changes which time has produced. Imagine him in New York, fairly passed through the clutches of the public servants of Mr. Thomas Murphy or his successor, and beginning to occupy himself with the observation of the features of society. If he entered the courts he would find justice administered by Barnard and Cardozo; if he inquired into the character of the Legislature, he would find that for years its members had been bought and sold like sheep in the market. If he asked an explanation of the charges of fraud and robbery filling the air, he would be told that the absorbing occupation of the inhabitants of the principal city of America was the recovery of public funds stolen from them by men whom they had year after year elected by overwhelming majorities to govern them. If he went to Pennsylvania, he would find the Pennsylvania Railroad, stretching, like one of the old crown grants, from ocean to ocean; buying legislatures, intimidating courts, and gradually establishing a despotism of wealth on pretence of ministering to a public necessity. In the South he would find open plunder the order of the day, and organized violence only suppressed by the intervention of the military arm. In the adjacent islands he would learn that the United States fleet is carrying on war with a nation with which the United States are at peace. In New England the career of General Butler would explain to him the present condition of the New England town. In Illinois and Indiana, he would learn something of the American system of divorce. In all these matters he would find, also, a singular unanimity; no one would question the facts. Some people would laugh at them; some would bewail them; all would admit them. If De Tocqueville were living he would allow that forty years may make great changes even in Utopia.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary for us to say that we do not intend to weary our readers with Utopian politics. The day for that has gone by. Our ancestors discovered Utopia, lived in it, made themselves happy in it, and finally departed their Utopian life. We have succeeded to the inheritance. What the inheritance will finally prove may be a matter of dispute, but at all

events, it is admitted that it is not what it was in their day. We have already seen what it is, in some regards, and we may profitably glance at other aspects of it. In the first place, an auspicious event, which has been often predicted during the past ten years, has at last taken place. The death of the Democratic party is announced; the most reliable authorities are agreed that the unterrified Democracy is no more. The question which now agitates those who lately called themselves Democrats is whether they will make a Democratic nomination for the next Presidential election and be beaten, or will help to elect some Republican. This alternative shows more plainly than anything else could the present condition of the party. Its "passive future" need not be discussed. It has no future before it. It is dead, having in its last delirium dreamed of Mr. Thomas Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as a candidate for the Presidency.

On the other hand, what is the position of the Republican party? The fall elections were generally expected to strengthen the ranks of the Democracy. They have, on the contrary, proved a complete triumph for the Republicans. Their immediate effect seems to be to render certain the renomination and re-election of General Grant. There are, it is true, a good many influential journals and a good many influential men of his own party who are now opposed to him. Neither the Cincinnati Commercial, nor the Chicago Tribune, nor the Springfield Republican, nor the New York Tribune would be displeased if General Grant failed in securing a renomination. There are many reasons, too, why General Grant's continuance in office would be regretted by other people. As a rule, military men are not the stuff to make good statesmen for an unimilitary and commercial society. For the most part they entertain a professional contempt for law, even when they avow their loyalty to it. Of this peculiarity General Grant's administration has given at least one signal illustration. Declaring himself firmly opposed to intervention in the affairs of foreign nations, he has for some time past maintained a protectorate of San Domingo, which is in reality an illegal war against Hayti, carried on in the teeth of a distinct provision of the Constitution. Again, General Grant seems ignorant of the elementary principles of economical science to the ex-

treme of believing that the chief source of the wealth of this country is to be found in the mines of California. His system of appointments has been unintelligible. Appointments such as Mr. Murphy's and Consul-General Butler's are possible, we see, because commissions have been issued to them; but how the same man who appointed Mr. Murphy and Consul-General Butler should also have appointed Mr. Fish and Judge Hoar is inexplicable. Besides all this, he has shown a singular want of delicacy, to say the least, in receiving innumerable presents, and indirectly profiting himself out of government contracts. To own stock in a commercial enterprise is one thing, but to own stock in a corporation which is daily making valuable contracts with the departments at Washington is, for the President of the United States, quite another. We do not impugn his honesty. He is no doubt innocent of all share in the management of the "administration quarry," but such a scandal ought not to be possible.

Nevertheless, he is a better candidate than any who is likely to come into the field between now and June. His administration has on the whole been, from the popular point of view, a success. He has maintained, if not order, at least stagnation in the South. He has, no matter how, reduced the debt. He has honorably settled the English difficulty; and has involved the country in no troubles with foreign nations, except with one insignificant state, too weak to resist. Taxes have been reduced, gold has gone down, and if he has not reformed the civil service, he has at least expressed a wish to do so. If he has not yet learned what revenue reform means, it is an open question whether the people themselves have found it out.

If the only question in American politics were the election of Presidents, the Republican party would have before it a prosperous career of indefinite duration. But unfortunately, there are other problems of government which must be solved, and political interests which deeply concern any party desiring the public good, or even its own ascendancy. There is a movement—it is yet too early to call it a party—of large numbers in different parts of the country whose aims, desires, and intentions the Republicans will do well to consider earnestly. They are commonly said to be to reform the civil service, to abolish the protective system, to return to specie payments; the new

movement also includes those who desire in the various States to introduce minority representation, to abolish the elective judiciary system, greatly to reduce the number of other elective offices, and to lengthen official tenures to such an extent as to secure responsibility, and to prevent, at least for the present, any extension of the elective franchise to women. To those who are given to retrospective politics, there may seem in this list of principles no common bond of sympathy; no doubt it appears to many wise politicians that the new movement merely represents the local and personal discontent always ready to array itself against the party in power.

But there is a feeling common to all those interested in the reforms we have mentioned, that the course of administration in this country during the last forty years has been in the direction, not of good government, but of anarchy. The method of selecting judicial officers, the tenure of office, representation, the circulating medium, the civil service, the collection of revenue, the limits of the franchise, all questions relating to these subjects belong to the department of administration. They have little to do with the form of government; they do not touch upon natural rights; they are questions of administration, pure and simple. The new movement, then, is to effect reforms in the machinery of politics and in administration; it is to evolve order out of chaos, government out of anarchy.

The political ideal of the Anglo-Saxon is liberty. With Englishmen and Americans the most perfect government is that which governs least; the most perfect state is that in which moral self-control is substituted for the sanctions of government. This is the goal at which we are always aiming. If ideals were the only political realities, the goal would have been reached long ago. But the measures of politics are always carried by a compromise between the real and ideal. The real in political matters consists of the habits, customs, dispositions, and interests of society. The ideal consists in aspirations which must be reconciled with these. For forty years the country has been pursuing an ideal end, and has at last attained it. Meanwhile the realities of the national life have been quite disregarded. It is the aim of the new movement to take these into account.

THE overwhelming defeat, of Tammany

in the November elections shows what may be done towards redeeming a city from misgovernment by a violent spasmodic effort on the part of the honest and intelligent classes. We say a spasmodic effort, because such virtuous energy cannot in the nature of things last long. For a few elections the polls will be watched, and fraud prevented, and respectable men elect respectable candidates. But then a reaction will come. People will begin to say that the city government is not so bad as it once was; that it is as good as need be; that all this nominating and voting and watching cannot be necessary; that their business is quite as important as a vote which counts neither one way nor the other; the old indifference and apathy will set in, and then new Tweeds and new Tammanies. The history of San Francisco shows this conclusively. The Committee of Seventy is the counterpart of the Vigilance Committee of that city, but with this difference, that the latter, as it had power of life and death, was much the stronger of the two. The effects of its action ought, therefore, to have been more lasting than those of the New York committee can possibly be. But San Francisco is at present one of the worst governed cities in America,—its rings plundering the treasury, just as if there had never been any Vigilance Committee at all. Spasmodic virtue in politics is of course not to be objected to; it may do a great deal of temporary good. But it is not government.

The great problem in the government of a city or any other kind of government is this, How can the interest of the citizens in law and order be made use of in such a way as to produce, through the ordinary action of interest on human motives, good selections of legislators, of judges, of administrators? Of course it is assumed that there is enough interest to make self-government possible. If there is not, the question soon resolves itself into one of anarchy or usurpation. But if there is, the question becomes, How shall it be so used, under all the circumstances of the case? The constitution-makers of 1846 thought that the solution of the problem was to be found in frequent elections and universal suffrage; the result has proved that they were mistaken. Can no other way be found?

Some interesting articles on this subject have appeared recently in *The Nation* proposing a novel solution of the difficulty. A modern city, the *Nation* says, though

called a government, is in reality nothing but a corporation. The objects of this corporation are such as lighting the city, paving it, supplying it with water. The people, therefore, who are interested in having good roads and water and gas are those who should control the government of the city. Those who use water should be considered stockholders in a water company (having a power in the control, we suppose, proportioned to the amount used), and so of gas, roads, bridges, street-cars, and other similar functions. This would insure, if anything could, that taxes should be voted fairly, since the effect of any fraud would come directly upon those whose neglect of their own interests caused it. The administration of justice and the police power would then go to the State, to which they properly belong. This scheme would take away from a mass of ignorant and dishonest men the power of mischief which they now possess, and which arises from their being allowed to vote away property which does not belong to them. It is obvious that there is something wrong in a system which gives any houseless vagabond who can quarter himself upon a city for a few weeks the right to regulate the citizen's consumption of the necessities of life. The existing system of city government, with its mimic houses of parliament, its local judiciary, and its toy executive, is a mediæval tradition, handed down to us from a time when the city, being a political unit, was obliged, by that very fact, to legislate and administer as a sovereign power. In modern communities all sovereign attributes belong to the state. If she delegates any of them, like that of taxation, or the administration of justice, to local bodies, it is only for convenience, not because they have a right to them; and as soon as it can be shown that the public good is not advanced by this delegation, it ought to cease.

The only objection to this plan that we have seen, is that it is beneath the dignity of a city to become a corporation. In other words, the citizens under the new *régime* would not feel themselves of so much importance to the world at large as they do now. On the whole, we cannot say that this would be a bad thing.

The same difficulty which has risen to such frightful proportions in New York is already beginning to be felt in every large city in the country. Brooklyn, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Chicago, New Or-

leans, Cincinnati, Boston, St. Louis, — all have their rings. All of these cities contain a large ignorant and criminal class, whose share in the government is every year growing greater and greater. In the city government of Boston, which is probably the least badly governed city in America, the number of men who are fit for their positions is small, and grows less every year. In Cincinnati recent investigations have disclosed a sort of partnership between the police and the criminal classes. In Brooklyn voting-lists have been stolen by sworn officials for the purpose of enabling them to effect a fraud in the election. It is needless, however, to repeat instances. It is the same story from one end of the country to the other. It is not an incurable disease, however, if it is only recognized as a disease, and not as the normal condition of the body politic.

ONE of the interesting facts connected with the Chicago fire is the failure of the plan of hanging General Sheridan for a conspiracy to murder Colonel Grosvenor. As a great deal of excitement has been caused in the West by the case, it may be worth while to state what the reasons for the "military occupation" of Chicago really were. The truth is, that the city government of Chicago, being mainly in the hands of incompetent and dishonest officials, was perfectly useless, nay, worse than useless, and it was evident from the beginning of the conflagration, that, unless some external authority intervened, the city would be given up, not only to fire, but to a general sack by the criminal classes. The government in Chicago was the same kind of government under which New York has till lately suffered, of which Brooklyn is now trying to rid herself. It is well known that in any emergency during the last ten years in New York, the military has been a necessity. It was so in July, 1864; it was so last year when the Orange celebration took place; again in the November elections of this year it was only threats of military interference which rendered unnecessary the actual use of force. One or two significant facts as to the condition of Chicago before the fire have come to light recently. It was found essential to take out of the hands of the officials all supervision of the distribution of funds, for the reason that the funds would otherwise have been stolen;

and such has been the character of the Chicago fire-service that the Fire Commissioners declined for some time to investigate the causes of the fire, on the ground that the investigation "might produce a revolution in the department." The head of the department was a politician of the camp-follower sort, totally incompetent for the position, who managed the fire-service as a political machine. The question had been, not how to extinguish fires, but how to keep in office. The usual results ensued. When the fire broke out, there was no organization and no discipline. The police was in similar hands. The way the city was protected against fire may be inferred from a single fact. An excellent law had provided that no wooden buildings should be erected within or removed to a certain portion of the city. In 1867 men who had contracted to move some wooden buildings out of the more compact part of the city obtained a modification of this law. The Board of Health remonstrated, but the buildings were moved. It was in this part of Chicago that the fire began. A military organization, then, during the fire was a necessity. But Governor Palmer thinks that the State militia only should have been called in, and resents the interference of General Sheridan as an intrusion on the part of the general government within the sacred domain of State rights. Technically, he is no doubt right. But there was little time for technicalities. A soldier of decision and reputation was required; General Sheridan possessed both requisites, and every one, including Governor Palmer himself, turned to him in the extremity. The Governor would do better now, instead of engaging in academical disputations, which can have no possible effect either on the past or future, to direct public attention and indignation to the state of society which rendered the interference he complains of necessary. The fact may be worth mentioning, though we do not attach much importance to it, that it appears from the published correspondence that he thanked General Sheridan at the time for what he now calls his usurpation. This has been denied, but unless very strange principles of interpretation are applied to the letters, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the satrap and his mercenary hordes created in the mind of the lawful ruler at first only sentiments of gratitude and respect.